NOVEMBER 1989

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The Atlantic

THE MYSTERY OF HYPERACTIVITY / HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

BACK TO EDEN

THE PRICE OF MODERN FARMING METHODS IS THE LOSS OF OUR SOIL AND THE POLLUTION OF OUR DRINKING WATER. A MAVERICK GENETICIST ARGUES THAT IF MAN IS TO SURVIVE HE MUST TAP THE SECRETS OF THE PRAIRIE.

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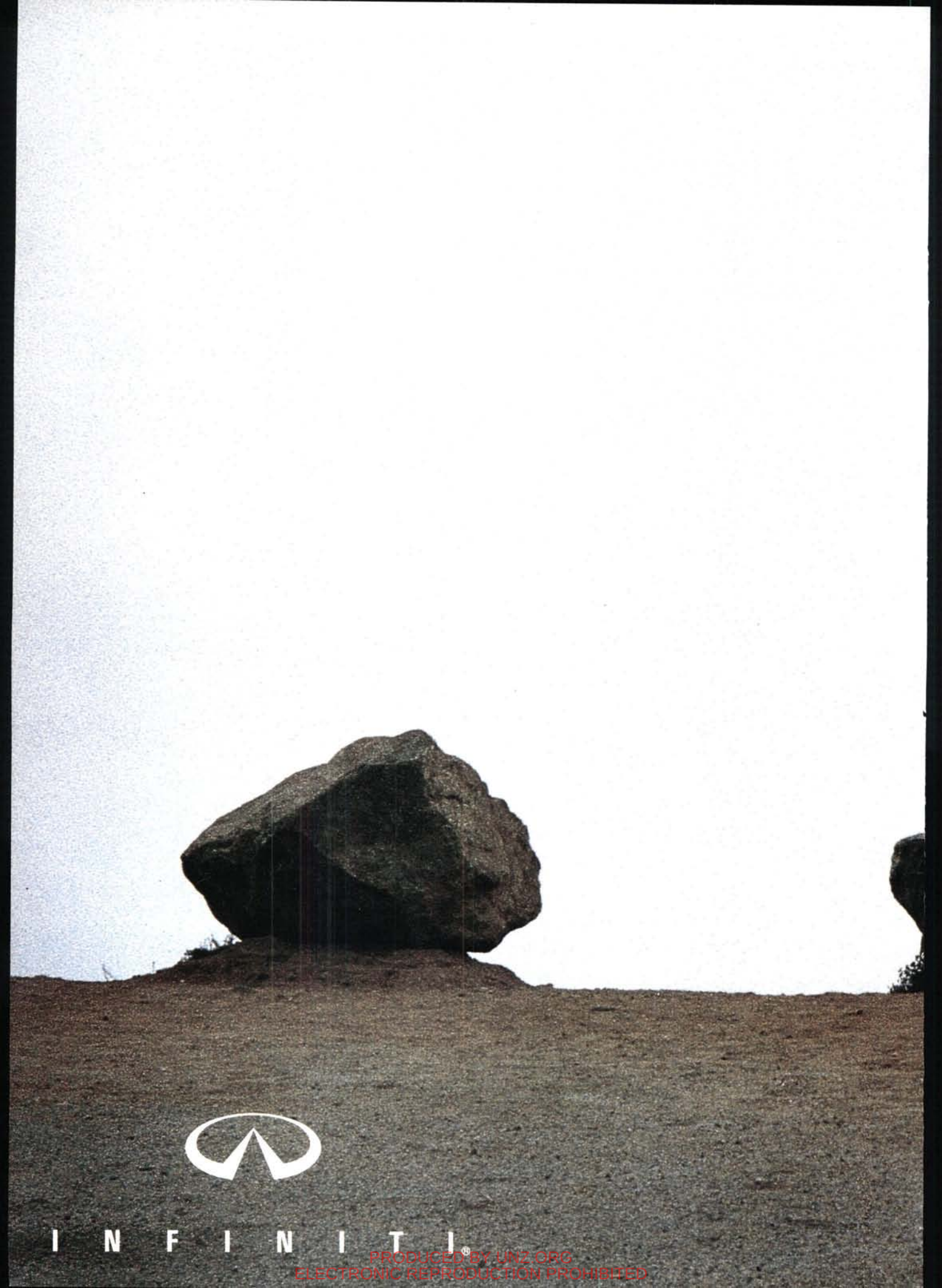

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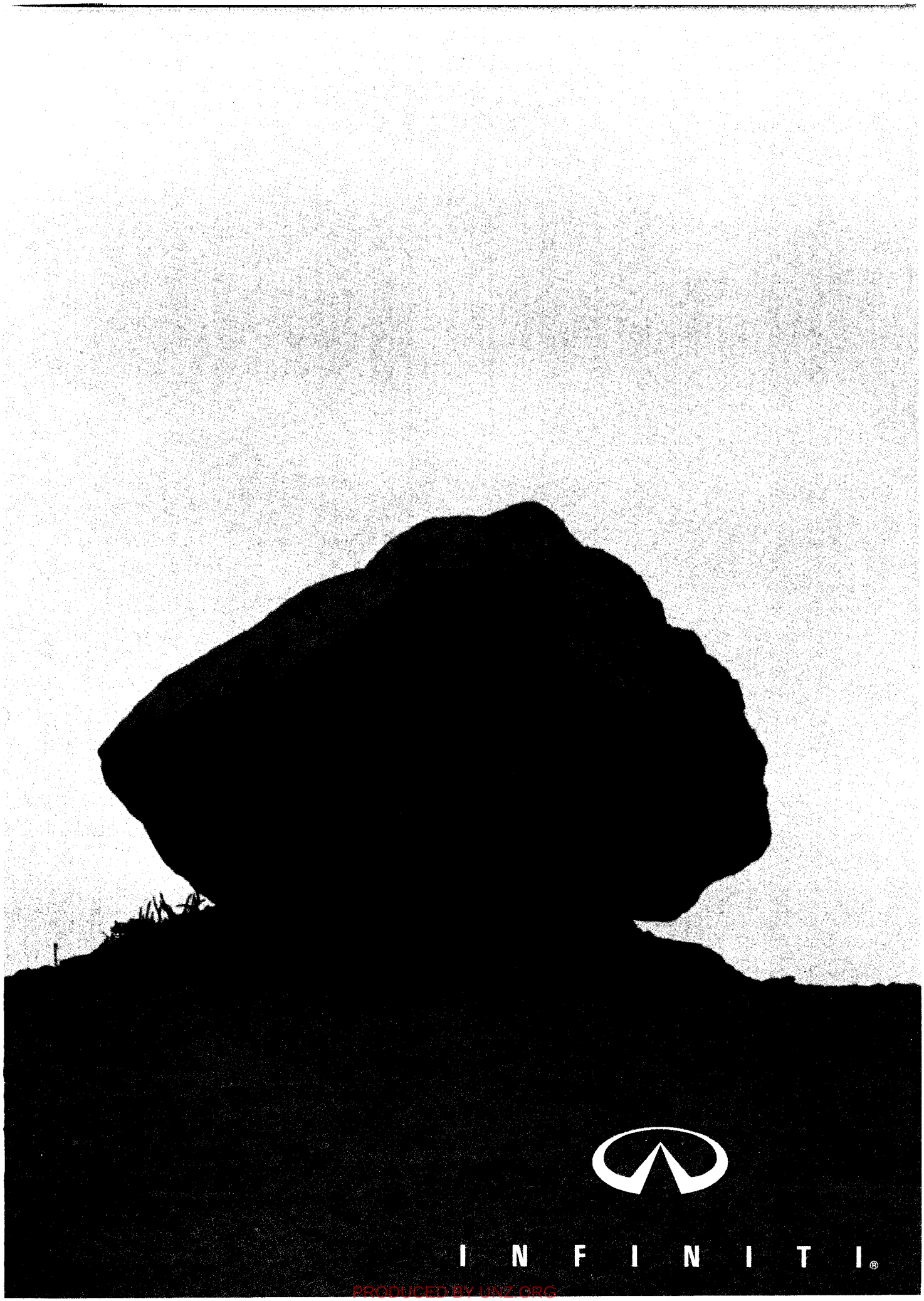

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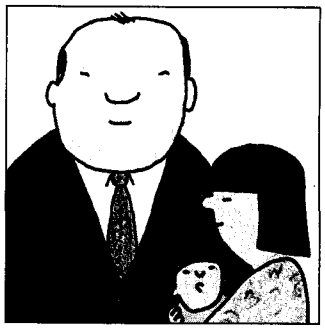

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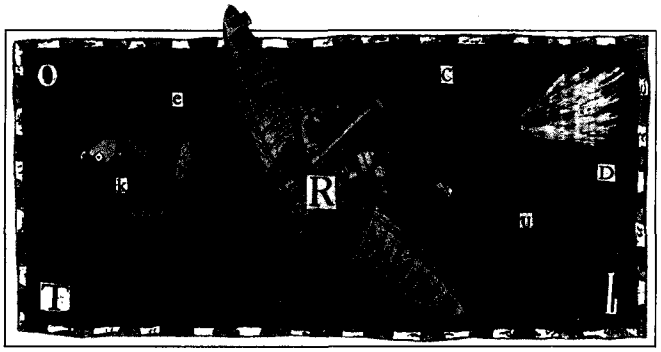

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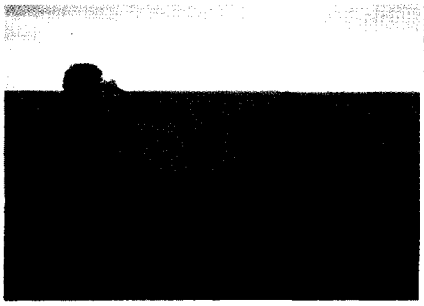
745 BOYLSTON STREET

THE PHOTOGRAPHS that accompany our cover story, on Wes Jackson and his ideas about agriculture and prairies, are the work of Terry Evans (below), who lives in Salina, Kansas. Evans took her first close look at the Kansas prairie about a decade ago, when she became involved in a project at Jackson's Land Institute. The prairie soon became an Evans specialty, and a handsome collection of her photographs, *Prairie: Images of Ground and Sky*, was published in 1986.



SAM EVANS

"I started out recording some work being done at the Land Institute in early spring," Evans recalls, "and as the seasons progressed I began to see more and more diversity. I found myself being drawn to the prairie, and ended up working intensively on it for six years. The prairie is very subtle and demands a lot of attention. For a photographer, it's not like going to the Southwest, where you have big red mesas to work with, or going to the ocean's edge. A prairie is dense with information, but eighty-five percent of it is underground. And yet I find the prairie to be somehow very sensuous."

Coverage of the environment and the natural world, of which Evan Eisenberg's "Back to Eden" is an important example, has been a staple of *The Atlantic Monthly* from the very beginning. *The Atlantic* came to maturity in the Gilded Age, as the railroads and the Industrial Revolution changed—and sometimes blighted—the face of America. A frequent contributor to these pages was the naturalist and explorer John Muir, who urged the nation to protect vast tracts of wilderness from the ravages of advancing settlement. "Every other civilized nation in the world has been compelled to care for its forests," Muir wrote in 1897, "and so must we if waste and destruction are not to go on to the bitter end, leaving America as barren as Palestine or Spain." Muir's pleas found a sympathetic ear in President Theodore Roosevelt (another *Atlantic* contributor), and during TR's seven years in office some 148 million acres of forest were set aside and five national parks created.

The environmental challenges confronting the nation and the world are more formidable today than they were when Muir was writing, and more resistant to simple solution. *The Atlantic* will continue to address them. —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

EVAN EISENBERG ("Back to Eden") is a writer whose articles on culture, nature, and technology have appeared in *The Village Voice*, *Connoisseur*, and *The Nation*. Eisenberg is a 1977 graduate of Harvard University, and he has done graduate work in biological and ecological anthropology at Hunter College. He has worked as a synagogue cantor, a music critic for *The Nation*, and a gardener for the New York City parks department. Eisenberg's book *The Recording Angel*, a study of recorded music as an art in its own right, was published in 1987.

TERRY EVANS (cover photographer) teaches photography at Bethany College, in Lindsburg, Kansas. Her work is in several collections, including that of the National Museum of American Art, at the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C.

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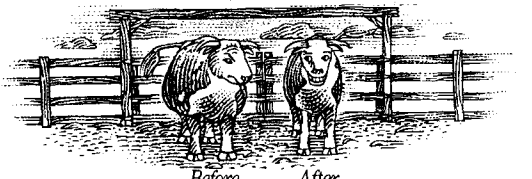
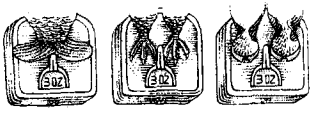


Before After

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.



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TOP LOIN
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172 calories

TOP ROUND
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162 calories

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TENDERLOIN
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(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories

SIRLOIN
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAR IS HELL

I regret having to take issue with Paul Fussell ("The Real War 1939–1945," August *Atlantic*), many of whose writings I have admired. But he has apparently misunderstood, and has certainly misrepresented, my role as public-relations officer and staff historian with the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal in 1942.

Fussell writes, "[Merillat] had the job of censor: he was empowered to pass stories consonant with 'the war effort' and to kill all others." I had no such job or powers. I served as the conduit for press copy (most of it from the civilian press corps), which was flown out of Guadalcanal to Pacific Fleet HQ at Pearl Harbor. I read all stories, and so did the division chief of staff. So far as I recall, he never tried to kill *any* story. I can remember only one occasion when I personally urged a civilian not to file a certain story, and that one was not of the war-is-hell variety.

Censorship of press dispatches was the responsibility of Pearl Harbor or the Navy Department in Washington. It is there, if anywhere, that one should look for official suppression of stories about "the real war."

My duties included the loose supervision of four Marine combat correspondents (CCs), assigned to various units. Their main job was writing stories about individual Marines for local newspapers, which were sent to Marine Corps HQ in Washington for distribution.

Fussell quotes an entry from the diary I kept on the island, recorded in my book *Guadalcanal Remembered*. It concerned one of the CCs who had been on the island only two weeks. After suffering through one naval shelling and two aerial bombings he wrote a stark war-is-hell piece that, I tried to tell him, gave a badly skewed picture of terror and demoralization. Most Marines then on Guadalcanal, including myself, had gone through three and a half months of shellings and bombings, but had somehow bounced back. These frightening events had been the subject of many press stories. Fussell uses my talk with the CC as an example of "how the people at home were kept in innocence" of the real war, not as a piece of editorial advice. It is a fragile base for the heavy weight he makes it bear.

H. C. MERILLAT
Washington, D.C.

To report on the use of faulty equipment or the negligent treatment of troops is a moral obligation. But what good comes from describing in detail the mutilation and broken bodies of soldiers, or pointing out that even among the best of us can be found rapists, looters, and cowards? Such information would distress many and comfort few. Its omission is only responsible journalism in a time of crisis.

SCOTT HOWELL
Newport News, Va.

I read with morbid fascination Paul Fussell's "The Real War 1939–1945." Growing from age seven to thirteen during the war, I always felt extreme unease at the glowing, rah-rah version presented by adults. Even our small rural church in southern Michigan on Sunday evenings regularly showed War Department films of great battleships and triumphant America. The pictures of these gigantic machines terrified me. And this church forbade members from watching motion pictures under pain of damnation. A small portion of me feels healed after reading Fussell's piece.

HERSCHEL ENGEBRETSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

The brilliant article by Paul Fussell brings to mind pre– and post–Pearl Harbor attitudinal problems and how they necessarily relate to censorship. A large segment of America was already convinced by 1941 that Hitler was in-

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vincible and victory for the Third Reich inevitable. Charles Lindbergh and other notables openly voiced this point of view, a position of impelling logic since Germany had an unbroken string of smashing victories then, and the world was seemingly helpless against her. "The Necessity of Euphemism"—as Fussell puts it— was genuine and justified. The clear suggestion of his article is that the American people were denied the unadulterated facts, that the truth was deliberately violated. Of course it was! It is in every war.

After Pearl Harbor most of our fleet was on the ocean floor. Our army and air arm were totally unprepared. The press highlighted every minute and inconsequential advance of the war effort. It played down the truth: we were losing the war. Furthermore, as the author shows, the horror of it was unknown to all but the combatants. Would you have had the media do otherwise? I consider myself a staunch, wholly committed supporter of the Bill of Rights. Nevertheless, the enthusiastic support of the populace is critical in a war for survival. Unfortunately, there is no room for blatant negativism, even though errors of omission border on dishonesty. In this kind of warfare the alternative is no war. Perhaps that is what Fussell is suggesting. A worthy objective, but not acceptable to most of us, given the choice of national capitulation or destruction by the enemy.

HERBERT A. HOKE
Chicago, Ill.

In his moving and effective search for the reality of combat in the Second World War, Paul Fussell writes that American soldiers knew the German light machine guns designed in 1934 and 1942 were superior to the U.S. Browning automatic rifle of 1918. He continues with other examples of better German weapons: tanks, mines, artillery.

Still more might be added, such as the obsolete Mark VIII torpedo, which was known by the U.S. sailors who tried to use it to be erratic and undependable if not, in fact, more likely to hit U.S. ships than those of the enemy.

However, I am surprised by Fussell's failure to mention the clear superiority of the basic weapon of the U.S. combat infantryman of the Second World War: the M-1 semi-automatic rifle, invented by John C. Garand. In contrast, the German infantryman was armed with a bolt-action rifle adopted in 1871 and basically unchanged since 1898. The Germans first came under semi-automatic rifle fire from Russian infantry on the Eastern front. As W.H.B. Smith, the authority on the small arms of the Second World War, has written, "After 1941 the Germans were striving desperately to develop automatic rifles of the type of our successful Garand."

The Germans never caught up. By September of 1943 the Springfield Armory was making 4,000 Garand rifles each day, and by VJ Day more than 4 million Garands had been produced. On January 26, 1945, General George S. Patton wrote, "In my opinion, the M1 rifle is the greatest battle implement ever devised."

WINSTON WESSELS
Plymouth, Mich.

You can die as grotesquely in a plane crash or a car crash as you can in war. The difference is that when the war is *just* (sad that so many educated people flinch from that word today), as our participation in the Second World War clearly was, it is immoral (another flinch-worthy word) to reduce the sacrifices of war to segmented corpses and to suggest that because all corpses are the same, the dying of our boys meant no more than the dying of their Japanese and German counterparts. Pardon me for being old-fashioned, but I believe that American ideals were and are superior to those advanced by Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan.

GEORGE REIGER
Locustville, Va.

Surely Paul Fussell is not trying to demonstrate that because of the war's horrors, it would have been better to submit to the barbarism of the Nazis and their allies in Italy and Japan.

Like Fussell, I am a veteran of the Second World War, although I was more fortunate and did not serve overseas. However, I have relatives and friends who were in the thick of the fighting, and though most of them are not anxious to talk about their experiences, I never heard one of them, even during the height of the conflict, express any doubt that American equipment was superior to that of the enemy and that American soldiers were up against overwhelming odds in the battle. The uncertainty that Fussell found can exist only in his imagination, distorted by the lapse of time.

Unfortunately, when the world is faced with mad, tyrannical behavior by one country or a group of countries, the only way to meet the challenge is by going to war. We should not forget where the blame lies for the needless slaughter in the years of Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini. History revisionists dishonor the memory of all who shed blood in that conflict to preserve freedom, by implying, even indirectly, that we should have turned the other cheek.

WALTER GRIMES
Arlington, Va.

The problem of lack of time to teach the history of "conventional wars" of the twentieth century in many grade school and high school history classes, particularly those in the inner city, might matter less if Paul Fussell's article were required reading for all students of history in our country.

VIRGINIA CLARK
Milwaukee, Wis.

Paul Fussell replies:

H. C. Merillat's explanation of his duties seems to confirm what I wrote. The discouragement of absolutely free expression by any means, including persuasion, coercion, or appeals to patriotism, is a form of censorship. While doubtless necessary during the war, just as the war was necessary, censorship is certainly not a nice thing, and it helped sustain the false and optimistic view of the war held even today by many Americans.

My response to Mr. Merillat would seem to serve as well for Herbert Hoke. That I deplore censorship and misrepresentation does not imply that I wanted Hitler to win.

Scott Howell wants a more cheerful report than I am able to supply. I'm sorry for his distress, but I don't believe that the truth is a menace.

I am happy to agree with Winston Wessels about the superiority of the M-1 rifle. I carried one myself, and I owe my life to it. However, I wish I could agree with Walter Grimes about the superiority of American munitions. And I don't see how my recalling that U.S. anti-tank mines blew up by themselves in sub-zero weather suggests that I wanted to turn the other cheek.

I would remind George Reiger that

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no war is just, although the cause for which one is fought may be. War is a crime, no matter how necessary. Of course, I'm happy to agree about the superiority of American ideals. But that wasn't the point.

Finally, I'm grateful to Virginia Clark for her approval. But I wonder if we are rational enough to "learn" anything from our wars. Bill Mauldin once said, "One of the startling things you learn in war is how much blood can come from a human body."

KIDS AS CAPITAL

Jonathan Rauch's article "Kids as Capital" (August *Atlantic*) contained some useful ideas regarding child care and parental leave, but it quickly degenerated into a warmed-over version of the "birth dearth." Writers of this persuasion generally ignore several basic facts: (1) The United States has the highest population-growth rate among the industrialized nations. (2) The United States takes in more immigrants than the rest of the world combined. (If they are such a "rich resource," why does Japan not emulate us?) (3) Our population is not necessarily leveling off; fifty years from now it will still be growing unless immigration is controlled and present birth trends continue.

The author reasons that we need to make more babies so that they can grow up and care for our increasing aged population. A fourth-grader can see the vicious circle. Assume Rauch's advice is followed for a couple of generations. In 2059, with a growth rate of just two percent, we would have a staggering *one billion* people here—and we would still be growing. Once we curbed the growth, we would have an aging population again, but the problem would be vastly magnified.

TIM HARDIN
Albany, Oreg.

As most of us who have lost a dollar or two in the market can tell you, commodities have great value when they provide what people need and little value when they don't, or when they provide an oversupply.

Rather than grind out more poverty-level "inventory" that will cost us more to warehouse than we could ever hope to recover on the open market, we should improve the quality of our existing inventory by remanufacturing our current raw materials, through a new education initiative to replace the one that disappoints us so.

If there is one thing that we can learn from observing the world we live in, it is that more people does not lead to more ideas, or to more productivity, or to more output. More people leads to a greater need for capital-intensive life-support systems that overburden our limited physical and intellectual resources. It is hard to justify expeditions to Mars when inadequate housing leaves children sleeping in the snow.

STAN ROSENZWEIG
Stamford, Conn.

Jonathan Rauch's article recommending a larger allocation of resources to the welfare and training of children in

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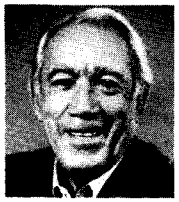
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our society seems indecisive and uninformative in significant ways. Rauch tries to justify the encouragement of child-rearing by asserting a need to provide support for retiring Baby Boom citizens. The argument seems questionable, however, because children, as he notes in his third paragraph, are very expensive, as are immigrants and their children (though he does not note that), so if there were fewer of both children and immigrants, more resources should be available to support retirement plans. Rauch does not give us an accurate accounting of those tradeoffs.

PHILIP J. CHAMBERLAIN
Lansing, Mich.

Jonathan Rauch's ideas about beefing up the population are disturbing, particularly if one has always thought it is public-spirited *not* to have children. To unleash a few million more Americans upon an overpopulated world (and we all know that Americans consume many more resources and pollute many times more than other peoples) because a bunch of Baby Boomers are getting old doesn't seem a necessary answer to a problem. Actually, Rauch quite easily answers his own question with the suggestion that we advance the retirement age. Make it seventy-five, and we'll all be happier.

ESTHER WANNING
San Francisco, Calif.

Jonathan Rauch seems to have overlooked some of the definite benefits that can accrue to society from a long-term low birth rate. First of all, a shortage of qualified and well-trained persons is by no means an unmitigated drawback to a country. Society is forced to become far more flexible and innovative in the conduct of its collective economic life and to make the most of each individual. Arbitrary barriers can no longer be maintained. These include not only the outward signs of blatant discrimination but also such absurdities as making a graduate degree a qualification for a job that can easily be done with a B.A. degree (or less). There is much greater potential for upward social mobility. An inflationary tendency may accompany a labor shortage, to be sure, but there are well-demonstrated ways to limit this with appropriate public policies. Rauch's concerns about the poor are well taken, of course, but let us remember that most of today's middle class (and many of our millionaires) have come directly from the poor of previous generations. One of the worst handicaps to the poor for the past twenty years has been the presence of the Baby Boom in the labor force. Now, just as we are about to see some relief from that problem, is no time to call for another tremendous wave of new births. Nothing would damage the prospects of underprivileged groups more than a new baby boom among the middle and upper classes.

DANIEL H. EHRLICH
Albany, Oreg.

It seems to me a silly approach, in Jonathan Rauch's essay, to urge a solution to our problems by suggesting tax advantages to poor people as an incentive to have more children. The solution is certainly not more children but rather methods that will ensure a higher level of literacy so that we can use the human resources already here. We'd be wiser to provide better education for our children now and in the future than to launch a support program for more poor children.

CARLTON M. HERMAN
Hendersonville, N.C.

Jonathan Rauch replies:

My article did not call for "tax advantages to poor people as an incentive to have more children" or for "beefing up the population," and it did not say that "we need to make more babies." It did say that hard economic realities—the high cost to parents of raising kids, the increased proportion of children in poverty, society's ultimate dependence on those children when the work force is no longer growing so rapidly—are forcing government and business to socialize more and more of the costs of child-rearing.

The point isn't that we need to make more babies. I don't carry that brief (although I quoted someone who does). The point is that one way or another, people who don't have dependent children are going to have to chip in more to help people who do.

MORE ON LOVE CANAL

In his update on Love Canal ("A Toxic Ghost Town," July *Atlantic*) Michael H. Brown repeats without comment the claim that Hooker Chemical "foist[ed]" the canal upon the school board. The facts are quite different from this conventional interpretation of events, as Brown should know.

The initiative for taking over the Love Canal site lay with the Niagara Falls Board of Education, which held the threat of condemnation over Hooker's head if it did not donate the property. The company insisted on special provisions in the deed which would have required that the property "be used for park purposes only, in conjunction with a school building to be constructed on premises in proximity," and that title would revert back to Hooker if the property ceased to be used as a park. The school board balked at these provisions, permitting only a one-paragraph warning stating that chemical wastes were present on the site, that they could cause injury or death, and that the school board agreed to accept liability for any harm that might result.

Soon after the school board took title to the land, it began disturbing the four-foot clay cover, removing "fill" for grading in 1953 and 1955. When the board tried to sell part of the property to home developers in 1957, Hooker's attorney appeared at two November board meetings to protest, arguing that there should be no construction involving basements, water lines, sewers, or any other excavations on the property. This time the board took the company's warning to heart.

Unfortunately, the city's public-works department paid no attention to all this: in 1957 it constructed a sanitary sewer line right through the walls of the canal, on a bed of gravel, thereby creating a leach-line system to distribute chemical wastes throughout the neighborhood. And in 1960 the same department built a storm sewer line through one wall of Love Canal.

Whatever the final verdict on the extent of harm caused by the chemical wastes, the reason they seeped out of Love Canal was not negligence on the part of Hooker Chemical but negligence on the part of the school board and the city government.

ROBERT W. POOLE, JR.
Santa Monica, Calif.

Michael H. Brown replies:

On August 28, 1989, a federal judge, John T. Curtin, of Buffalo, after years

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of contemplation, found, in a decision that won't please Mr. Poole, that Hooker (now Occidental Chemical) is liable for Love Canal after all. To anyone truly acquainted with the facts of the case, this judgment is hardly surprising. "It lays to rest Occidental's principal defense that selling the landfill to a school district relieved the company of its responsibility for the harmful health effects caused by Occidental's dumping on the land," notes New York Attorney General Robert Abrams. "In fact, the company palmed off what it knew to be an enormous toxic-waste site for one dollar."

The attorney general's viewpoint is the one I have always held. Any construction by the city at the most hastened a crisis that was already destined to occur. Whether a clay cap ever existed is subject to enormous doubt. Had Hooker adequately warned either the school board or homeowners about the nature of its wastes (as opposed to including a brief, vague, and standard-sounding injury disclaimer in its quitclaim which said nothing about toxicity), the crisis might have been less severe. Fortunately the corporation now has new men at the helm, but right up to 1978—a quarter century after the land changed hands—Hooker declined to characterize the nature of all the waste materials fully and accurately, arguing, at one critical point, that its chemicals shouldn't even be described, necessarily, as "toxic." I'm sure even Mr. Poole would agree that toxic these chemicals were.

FALLOWS ON JAPAN

In "The Japan-Handlers" (August *Atlantic*), James Fallows berates Japan for pursuing a mercantilistic trade policy and at the same time denounces the views of the free-traders (No. 2 in his somewhat arbitrarily defined pantheon of Japan specialists). Criticizing the naiveté of supposedly weak-kneed free-traders seems to imply that the United States should be embracing its own form of protectionism—a course of action that would match the very policies of the Japanese which Fallows seems so particularly eager to attack. To be fair, I may have misinterpreted or simply overstated Fallows's argument. Rather than striking out against protectionism per se, he may be criticizing the gap between Japan's policies and its political rhetoric. This seems hardly fair, though, given America's predilection for political conjuring tricks. President Bush can defend free trade while at the same time caving in to the interests of steel producers by agreeing to an extension of "voluntary" steel quotas.

Not only does this call Fallows's argument into question but, perhaps more important, it indicates a profound weakness in American thinking on Japan. A country in which the burning of a piece of cloth can pose a threat to liberties that, we are constantly reminded, lie at the heart of America's distinctive political tradition; in which President Bush justifies the U.S. space program partly in terms of "America's destiny to lead"; and in which downtown Washington, D.C., tourist buses exhort citizens to "take pride in America" is hardly a country unused to patriotic fervor. Yet Americans, while criticizing the self-interestedness of the Japanese, are strangely reluctant to acknowledge that the same tradition of nationalism exists within their own society. Without defending nationalism, I find it unfair for Fallows to attack the self-interest and double standards (assuming that these do, in fact, exist) of Japan while ignoring the same tendencies within the United States. It would be healthier to recognize that despite its undoubted contributions to world security and economic prosperity, the United States does not have an unblemished record where internationalism and disinterested global cooperation, whether political or economic, are concerned.

JOHN SWENSON-WRIGHT
Washington, D.C.

I can appreciate that when a dedicated and talented journalist like James Fallows spends several years covering a single country, he may from time to time be guilty of coloring his reports through the lenses of his particular station. However, when he claims that Japan is the largest trading partner of the United States, he repeats a common misconception, which even Richard Nixon once fell for.

In fact, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, the total of imports and exports between the United States and Japan for 1987 was $111.3 billion. While this is a lot, the corresponding figure for the United States and Canada is $131.3 billion. And given that Canada occupies the northern half of the continent and is the Belgium of the nuclear age—midway between the United States and the USSR—I doubt that Japan can be considered the most important strategic ally of the United States either.

MARC A. SCHINDLER
Gloucester, Ont.

James Fallows replies:

Mr. Swenson-Wright is making a "people in glass houses" argument. Since U.S. politicians mislead the public, and since they shamelessly protect the steel industry (and sugar producers, and others), how can Americans complain about Japan's double standard?

This is an admirably fair-minded point, but it's based on an unrealistic factual premise. It is absurd to imagine that the degree of protection in the two societies is similar. Trade statistics by themselves do not prove that Japan's economy is more closed, although on their face the huge surpluses for Japan and the huge deficits for the United States suggest that it is easier for foreigners to sell here. But other measures do indicate that Japan's economy is more thoroughly and systematically protected. The simplest one is the difference between "world price" and "domestic price" for a variety of products. The more open an economy is, the less difference there will be between these price levels—the most efficient supplier, no matter where it is located, will win that country's business. For virtually every category of commodity and manufactured product the gap between world price and domestic price is much larger in Japan than in the United States. This *must* mean that Japan's economy is more closed. To say that Americans should not point out this fact, because of our foolish import quotas for sugar, is like saying that the Japanese should not comment on America's very high rate of violent crime now that they've had a few serial killers of their own.

Am I a hypocrite for saying that the United States should compromise its free-trade principles even further? No. I am saying that we should do it, and we should *say* we're doing it.

No offense meant to Canada, land of (some of) my forefathers.

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WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

I want you to know that "Stone Cowboy on the High Plains" (June *Atlantic*) is the best story I've seen in *The Atlantic* in months, if not years. I hope Mark Jacobs appears again.

MARY MCGARVEY
Brunswick, Ga.

I was saddened when Deborah Chanley Weiss, in her otherwise well-written short story ("Someplace Like New Jersey," August *Atlantic*), depicted her mother's lover in the demeaning sentence "Stefan Oleander, a man older and poorer than my father, a man with a glass eye. . . . "

She used the prosthesis to flaw that person. This sentence lessens the mother's lover by suggesting that his glass eye is a major impediment to desirability. Obviously, many wearers of prostheses are as desirable as those without.

JAMES L. MCMANUS
Oakdale, N.Y.

Deborah Chanley Weiss replies:

As a person with her own handicap, I am disinclined to equate anyone's inherent worth, attractiveness, or desirability with his or her physical status. My experiences have taught me, however, that people with handicaps are sometimes too quick to feel defensive and offended. True perception and understanding have to do not with perfect vision or perfect health but with tolerance and sensitivity—even toward those who are rich, famous, beautiful, and in Olympic good health.

ANDY WARHOL

Sanford Schwartz ("Andy Warhol the Painter," August *Atlantic*) would have us believe that the commercial illustrator Andy Warhol earned his credentials as an important and true-blue fine artist by intentionally misprinting silk-screen photos and by endlessly and mindlessly repeating photographic images.

Determining what is or is not art has always been a difficult exercise, but most informed people would at least agree that creativity is in considerable measure dependent upon invention and, furthermore, that there is much more to invention than merely smudging or duplicating photographs—which themselves are fundamentally uninventive.

ARNOLD SINGER
Ithaca, N.Y.

It is heartbreaking to find in one of our most respected magazines an article and several letters pleading for better education in America and a serious consideration of the work of Andy Warhol. Warhol's work is shallow and pathetic. That it has been received by the American intellectual community as significant art is tragic. The result of such choices on the part of that community has been, is now, and will be catastrophic.

ROBERT PATRICK
New York, N.Y.

Congratulations for the thoughtful review by Sanford Schwartz of the retrospective Andy Warhol exhibition organized by the Museum of Modern Art. To me, Warhol looms larger than any of his works, and his contribution to the visual arts is only one of his achievements in many fields. His contribution to literature, and even more to the movies, is very clear (although Hollywood is apparently going to take its own sweet time about recognizing him).

LOCKWOOD THOMPSON
Cleveland, Ohio

PRACTICING THE POLKA

If Robert P. Crease's knowledge of English country dancing approached even distantly his impressive acquaintance with the polka, he might not have committed the gaffe in his article "In Praise of the Polka" (August *Atlantic*).

The gaffe was, of course, his slighting reference to "the comparatively inert English country dance." Compared with what? Crease must never have encountered the exuberant and athletic English Morris dancing, and the wonderfully airy English clog dancing must somehow have escaped his notice, along with English sword dances.

Though all of these are contemporaneous with the polka and fall under the heading of English country dancing, I will concede that they may be classed as special cases; but the many examples of "footing" and "rant-steps" cannot. These lively—and exhausting—dance steps are firmly embedded in the most countrified of English country dances.

The foregoing has begun to make clear Crease's basic error, which was to compare the polka, a dance step, with a diverse and very rich dance medium. The polka, joyous though it is, is constrained by the basics of its form and music. English country dancing, in all its variety, is not.

"Comparatively inert" indeed. One might just as well say that ballet is comparatively earthbound, or that ice dancing is relatively sluggish.

H. R. CLARKE
Charlotte, N.C.

An interesting sidelight to Robert Crease's winning essay on the polka: even Duke Ellington wrote a polka—"Klop," part of the 1972 *Uwis Suite*, written for the University of Wisconsin and available on *The Ellington Suites* (Pablo Records). Ellington's autobiographical *Music Is My Mistress* contains an amusing account of having played a polka ball with Yank Yankovic many years before. It is difficult to imagine another musical form common to artists as diverse as Igor Stravinsky, New Wave bands, Lawrence Welk, and Duke Ellington. Clearly polka is pervasive.

MICHAEL LEDDY
Charleston, Ill.

Your outrageous association of the word "moronic" with the polka, blatantly displayed on your August Table of Contents, constitutes a mean-spirited, underhand denigration of Americans of Polish ancestry. Ostensibly a defense of the polka, the article undermines its premise with descriptions of its fans as "crude men in bowling shirts . . . fat women who cook greasy sausage and dance with each other" disguised as "associated with a derogatory Polish stereotype."

Furthermore, to mention ancient *Punch* cartoons depicting polka dancers as "aboriginal-like couples" not only reveals an appalling lack of sensitivity but seems deliberately calculated to perpetuate this myth of Polish inferiority. Imagine the reaction within the black community were you to make such demeaning reference to their performance of a native dance.

Crease may not have been aware of the subliminal messages being trans-

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mitted in his article, but the editors of *The Atlantic* cannot plead ignorance of their derogatory ethnic implications, linking as they chose to do the words "moronic" and "polka" on their August contents page.

I hereby cancel my subscription, paid until October of 1990, and request immediate refund so that I may use the money to help combat denigration of my Polish ancestry. Thus ends fifty years of loyal readership.

HELEN STRZALKA
Antioch, Ill.

Dziekuje! That's "Thanks!" in Polish for your wonderful article "In Praise of the Polka." I do believe that dancing the polka is good for the spirit! Being Polish and Bohemian, I was raised on the polka. And as my contribution to keeping it alive and well in America, I teach it to all the little ballerinas at my dance studio.

Desi [Jr.] and I attend inner-life classes by the author Vernon Howard, where we often discuss the topic "Whatever happened to the old-fashioned, virtuous life of yesteryear?" The classes are at the New Life Foundation, here in Boulder City, and each month we return to yesteryear with a fabulous old-time banquet. The girls cook up a feast, Fireman Frank plays polkas on the accordion, and we all polka. The opera soprano Nancy Shade delights us with beautiful old songs, Aunt Bee and her daughter, Mimi Peplowski, tempt us with Polish pastry, and we all experience the pleasure of a sing-along and spending a day the way people were meant to live.

I am very thankful that there are remnants of the old days and old virtues left on Earth. If it weren't for people who still love decent music, decent living, decent dancing, it wouldn't be very pleasant here at all. I am one person who will support the old-fashioned virtues and polka till I'm a hundred!

AMY ARNAZ
Boulder City, Nev.

RELAXED SOUTHERNERS

Regarding Cullen Murphy's "Breakout" (July *Atlantic*):

Professor Hartman's explanation of the changing enunciation of "didn't" as "the substitution of the glottal for the alveolar stop" fails to provide the reason for such substitutions. It is the presence of *three* such alveolar sounds in succession (*d*, *n*, and *t* are all produced by the identical positioning of the tongue against the gum ridge) that creates the problem. The need to repeat this movement so quickly demands a high degree of control of the tongue. Therefore, the speaker unconsciously omits one of these movements, and offers action of the vocal cords instead.

Southern speech patterns have always reflected the South's more relaxed life-styles. Those patterns include omissions of and substitutions for many sounds demanding energetic movements of the speech articulators (for example, "Ah'm" for "I'm," "comin'" for "coming.")

These substitutions and omissions fit in with a general American trend toward sloppy enunciations. Hence their "attractiveness" and imitation.

SYDONIA PRESSER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Cullen Murphy's July note on the spread of *dit'n* is a mere gloss on the decay of the negative in American (and English) speech.

Most conspicuous, the idiot idiom "could care less" is working its way into acceptance from the earlier cliché "couldn't care less"—a logical negative slurred out of existence twenty-five or thirty years ago.

At least one murder conviction (two, if I recall right) has been appealed on the ground that a material witness's "I didn't see" appeared as "I *did* see" in the trial transcript given to the jury.

LEON LUKASZEWSKI
Walnut Creek, Calif.

FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB

In the September Almanac you said the Vernal Equinox marks the beginning of autumn. In the fifth grade we learned that the Vernal Equinox is in the spring!

IVY LEAHY
Age 10
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Ivy Leahy is but the youngest of several readers who caught this obvious mistake. We are grateful for her—and their—close reading of *The Atlantic*.

—THE EDITORS

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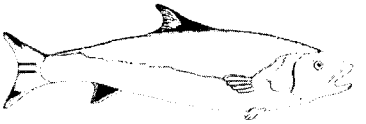

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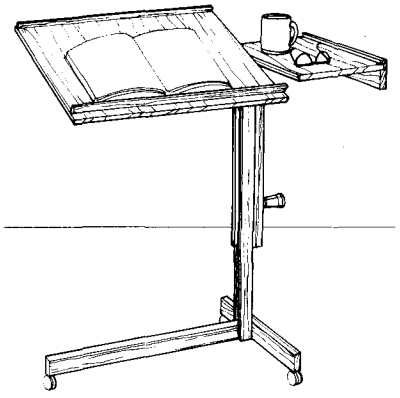

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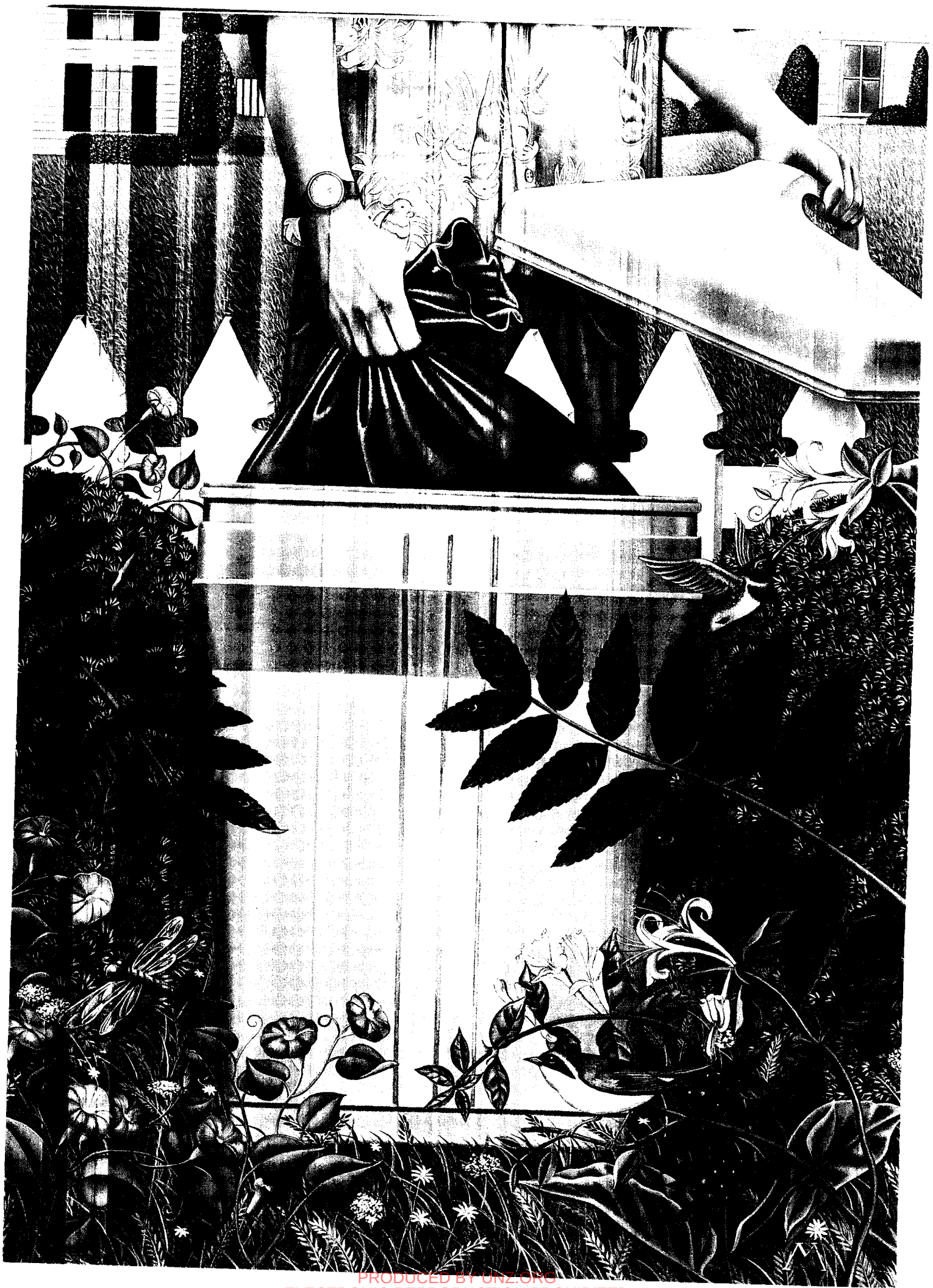

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We'd like to uncover a hidden natural resource.

Did you know that the empty plastic soft drink bottles you throw away every day can be transformed into carpet yarn or automotive parts or fiberfill for ski parkas?

That used glass bottles and aluminum cans can be transformed into new ones?

And that yesterday's newspaper can be transformed into tomorrow's?

It all happens because of recycling. The simple trash we throw away is a "natural resource" that, with recycling, can be used to produce a multitude of new products.

Unfortunately, America recycles only 10% of its garbage, incinerates 10% and deposits a whopping 80% in landfills. As a result, it is having to cope with a monumental solid waste problem.

Our landfills are going–going–gone.

Americans throw away about 160 million tons of garbage a year. Of that total, plastics make up less than 8%, paper about 36%, and glass and metal about 20%, all by weight. Plastics are naturally lighter, but still, when compressed account for only about 20% by volume.

As a result, in the past 10 years our country's landfills have decreased from about 18,500 to 6,000. In five years 2,000 more will close.

In their haste to find solutions, some local legislatures have proposed to ban plastics.

Unfortunately, a ban on plastics would do much harm and no good. We would lose all of the safety, health and convenience features of plastics such as tamper-resistant closures and shatter-proof bottles.

Moreover, packaging would still be needed. A 1987 study shows what would happen if plastics were banned—the energy needed to produce the alternative packaging, its weight, its cost, and the volume of waste collected would all rise dramatically.

What to do?

At Amoco Chemical, we believe part of the answer to America's waste problem lies in recycling everything from glass to metals to paper to plastic.

Today, recycling is on the rise. There are now more than 1,000 curbside separation recycling programs across the country. Many are beginning to incorporate plastics.

Right now, almost 200 companies are recycling millions of used plastic containers into paint brush bristles, traffic signs, toys, floor tiles, wastebaskets and "plastic lumber" for decks and park benches.

Plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle. More than 150 million pounds or 20% of all plastic soft drink bottles were recycled in 1987.

How Amoco Chemical is helping.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a recycling program in New York State demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start-up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create new markets for products made from recycled products.

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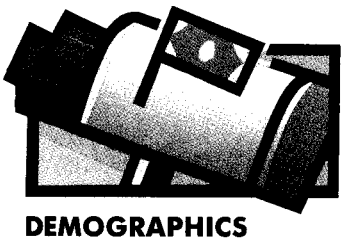
THE NOVEMBER ALMANAC

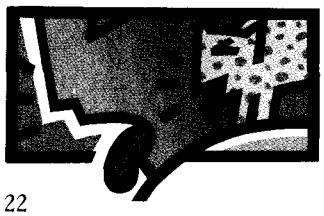


DEMOGRAPHICS

According to a study by the Kleid Company, Americans receive more mail asking for money in November than they do in any other month; nearly 20 percent of fund-raising letters sent in recent years have borne a November postmark. The object is to reach people at a time of year when they are feeling good but before the surge of Christmas spending. A spokesman for the United Way: "Around Thanksgiving we tend to hear more about the needs of the community, and people feel more compelled to give." A university fund-raiser: "By November you can say something about the football team. And most people do their philanthropy at year's end, for taxes."

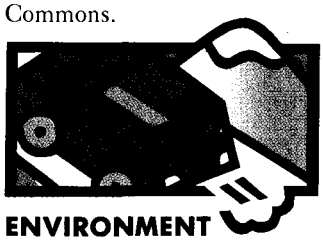
Q & A

What is the worst-tasting thing?
The question is still open, according to Richard Doty, the director of the University of Pennsylvania's Smell and Taste Center—and a lot of money could ride on the answer. Considerable demand exists for compounds that repel feral animals or that render household commodities unpalatable to pets and small children, and a specialized class of researchers spend their days concocting noisome substances. For their purposes, bitterness is the premium characteristic. Many horrible-tasting additives have been patented and marketed, but none works perfectly, and the quest for compounds that taste still more horrible continues.



GOVERNMENT

November **7**, Election Day. New Jersey and Virginia will hold gubernatorial elections. In Maine voters will decide whether to go on record as opposing the U.S. Navy's use of that state to test cruise missiles. In Washington voters will decide whether to embrace a "children's initiative," which would raise various state taxes in order to fund services ranging from prenatal counseling to the treatment of abused children. In San Francisco voters will decide whether to accept or reject a city ordinance that allows unmarried couples, homosexual or heterosexual, to register as "domestic partners." Also this month C-SPAN will begin televising in America some of the frequently raucous parliamentary debates in Britain's House of Commons.



ENVIRONMENT

November **1**, beginning today, and through the winter, gasoline sold in the nine-county "Front Range" region of Colorado (roughly from Fort Collins to Colorado Springs, and including Denver) must contain at least two percent oxygen, measured by weight; Clark County, Nevada (which includes Las Vegas) requires 2.5 percent. The Front Range regulation has been in effect seasonally since 1987, and its apparent success in reducing carbon monoxide in the air around Denver has inspired other Southwestern cities to follow suit: a similar program began in Phoenix in October, and others will soon start in Reno and Albuquerque. Most of these cities are at fairly high altitudes, where gas engines don't work efficiently, and in valleys, where thermal inversions often form in winter.

ARTS & LETTERS

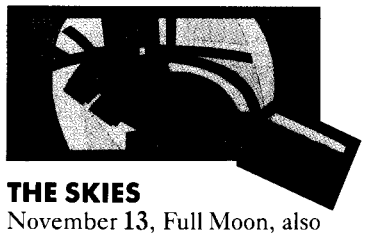
November **14**, fifteen works of art from the collection of Paul Mellon will be auctioned by Christie's; three of the paintings, by Manet, Van Gogh, and Picasso, are expected to bring more than $20 million each. The motives behind the sale, according to various reports, include "pruning" and "reallocating assets." **25**, Garrison Keillor's *American Radio Company of the Air,* the successor to his *Prairie Home Companion,* to be launched. **29**, "The Absolut Concerto," a concert of five new orchestral works, four of them commissioned by Absolut vodka, to be performed in New York City.

HEALTH & SAFETY

November **18**, alcoholic beverages bottled or canned on or after this date must bear a message stating that the drinking of alcohol by pregnant women may cause birth defects, that alcohol impairs the ability to drive cars and operate machinery, and that alcohol may cause health problems in general. Further measures were proposed by Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, before he left office: reducing the blood-alcohol limit for motorists by 60 percent, raising excise taxes on alcohol, and eliminating alcohol advertising on college campuses and at sporting events.

FOOD

The cranberry harvest concludes in November, and most of the fresh cranberries that are sold in a year are sold this month. The nation's largest distributor of cranberry products, Ocean Spray, is responsible for a packaging innovation in this country—the paperboard juice-box with attached straw—that has won wide acclaim from consumers, especially parents. Ocean Spray imported the idea of "aseptic packaging" from Europe, and introduced its first juice-boxes, full of cranapple or grapefruit juice, in 1981. Fruit drinks in boxes now account for some 43 percent of all shelf-stable fruit-drink sales.



THE SKIES

November **13**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Beaver Moon. **17**, the Leonid meteor shower, intense but unpredictable, peaks this morning. In 1933 it was described as looking like "a child's sparkler held against the sky." In 1966 it showered the central western states with the greatest meteor display in recorded history. **28**, New Moon.

75 YEARS AGO

Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, writing in the November, 1914, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Turn to Japan, and you find another wide field awaiting your commercial activities. Europe's exports to Japan amount to 203,000,000 yen per annum. To this total England contributes 116,146,000 yen. Add to this 135,000,000 yen from British India and 881,550 yen from Hongkong, and you see what an enormous trade Great Britain is doing in Japan. . . . Now that the war has stopped all imports from Europe, America is in a position to monopolize the Japanese market. Can the merchants and manufacturers of America afford to let this opportunity slip?"

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THE FAR EAST

A Few Pointers

Our Asia correspondent describes a number of foreign practices worth emulating, and others that we can't emulate, no matter how effective they are

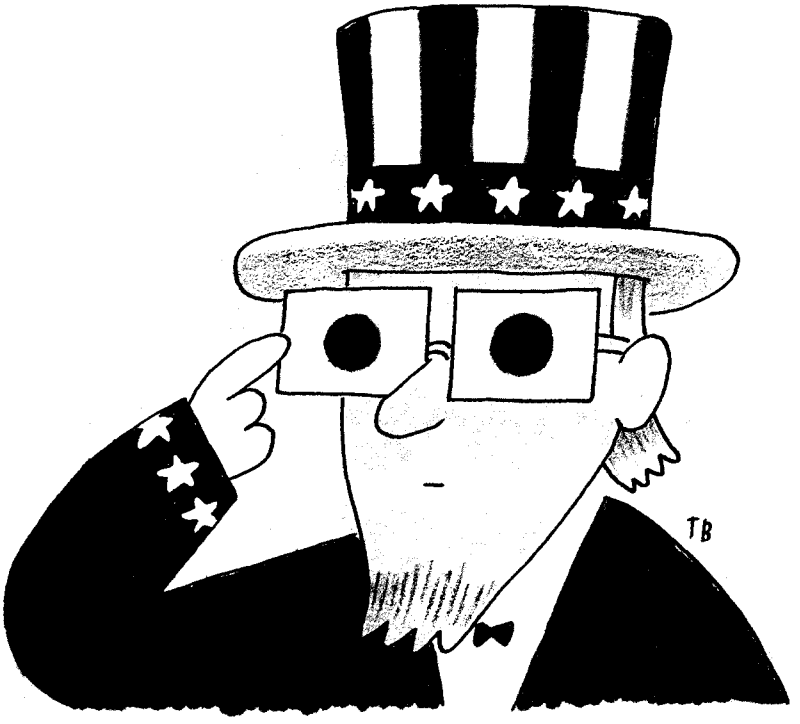
IN MY WANING days as an Asia hand, I have naturally started drawing up a "Useful Tips From Abroad" list. This form of thinking is practically irresistible in Japan, a country that has itself sent out one exploratory mission after another to learn from foreign practices over the past 120 years. Here are some of the tips I've gathered:

• Schoolchildren in America should do what most Asian children do and wear uniforms to school each day. The uniforms themselves vary—in Burma they're bright forest-green *longyis*, or sarongs; in Japanese high schools they are usually sailor suits for girls and black tunics, modeled on those of nineteenth-century Prussian cadets, for boys; in Singapore and much of Malaysia and the Philippines they are cheery tropical shorts-and-T-shirt ensembles—but the benefits are the same. Uniforms save time and a lot of money for the parents; they promote some sense of purpose and fellow-feeling at school; and while they don't end competition for status among children, they do shunt it away from one obvious and costly arena.

• U.S. restaurants, hotels, and even taxis should switch to the "service charge included" policy that is almost universal in Japan. When you view the need to tip from within a nontipping culture, it implies that people have to be bribed to do their jobs. It's no coincidence that in Asia the tipping custom is strongest in Indonesia and the Philippines, where the "always do your best" spirit is so much more precarious than it is in Singapore and Japan.

• Although this sounds even less likely, America should figure out some way to get more of its talented people into government service and schoolteaching, as the Japanese, Koreans, and Taiwanese do. It's not simply a matter of pay—civil servants in Japan make less money than doctors, lawyers, or industrialists there do—it's a matter of respect and social standing. Students who have survived the death struggle of Japanese education, making their way into the best department of the best university (the legal-studies department of the University of Tokyo), proudly take places in the Ministry of Finance or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The permanent bureaucracy is the real power in Japanese life, as it shows by ticking along even when the country can't find a plausible Prime Minister. We would never want a bureaucracy with such all-encompassing, unaccountable power as Japan's now has, but we could stand to make a bureaucratic career more attractive than it is now.

• The United States should hold its elections on Sundays, as many other countries do. It makes the event seem more special, and what's the point of building in a conflict with normal workday responsibilities? (Yes, there would be a conflict with some religious activities, including football, but fewer people are in church on Sunday than



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are at work on Tuesday.) There's not a lot else to learn from Japanese electoral politics, but we should follow Japan's lead and do away with paid TV ads in political campaigns—or make TV stations provide a certain amount of free time to the major candidates. The need to pay for TV ads is what turns modern American candidates into money-raising machines, and we ought to get rid of this temptation to sin.

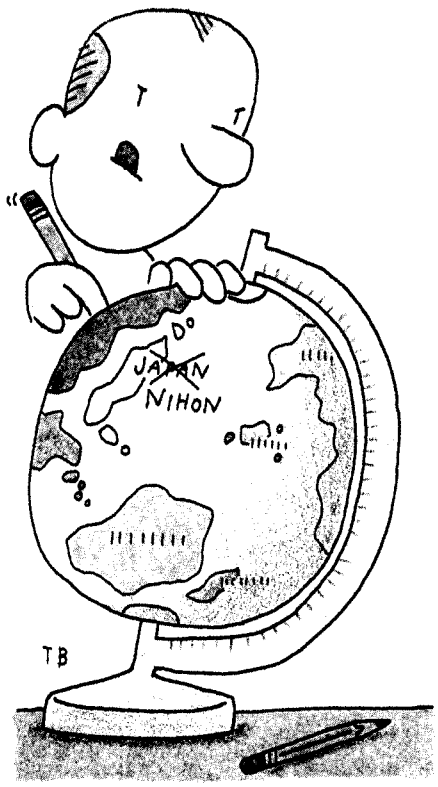
• The Japanese salaryman's habit of handing out business cards to everyone in sight can seem ludicrous, but it is actually quite sensible and should be imitated. It ends the awkwardness of "I didn't quite catch your name . . . " interjections. It eliminates the need to scribble down names and addresses on little scraps of paper.

• American houses should be equipped, as those in Japan (and many other countries) are, with small gas-powered water heaters in the kitchen and bathrooms, rather than with one big cauldron in the basement. These flash on immediately and heat water only as you need it for each shower or load of wash.

• If the United States really wanted to encourage frugality and a savings ethic, it could declare that credit cards can be used only in odd-numbered years, or in months with an *R*. Like many of my neighbors in Malaysia and Japan, I've led a mainly cash existence for the past few years, paying for airplane tickets, hotel stays, restaurant meals, and a used car, and often even paying the rent with big stacks of ringgit or yen. Theoretically $500 on a charge slip is the same as $500 in cash, but psychologically they're quite different, and unless you're a drug dealer, you spend the cash more frugally. As part of its shift toward cash, America could end its stupid policy of printing all denominations of money in the same color and size. When I open my wallet, I can tell a red Malaysian ten-ringgit note from a blue-green fifty at a glance. Most countries vary their currencies in a similar, sensible way. Instant-cash machines in America should be like the ones in Japan, which let you take as much money out of your account at one time as you want. (Maybe the way to put this is that America should be safe enough to permit such machines.)

This leads to the first of a number of Asian examples that the United States is better off not following. The Burmese print paper money in weird, non-decimal denominations. The Burmese currency is now issued in bills worth fifteen, forty-five, and ninety kyat. If you try counting to 1,000 kyat (about $20 at black-market rates) by forty-fives you'll see the problem.

While I'm at it, the United States should also resist the Burmese policy of trying to rename Burma "Myanmar." Every country has a right to call itself what it wants, but there's an internationally accepted naming convention that has little to do with local usage. The English-speaking world calls



Deutschland "Germany" and Nihon "Japan." The Japanese—oops, Nihonjin—call the United States "Beikoku," and we call Dae Han Min Guk "South Korea." Everyone understands and no one gets upset. So to outsiders Burma should remain Burma. The *Far Eastern Economic Review* and a few British publications sensibly resisted pressure from China (that is, Zhongguo) to change the English spelling of Chinese names—for example, the familiar and resonant "Peking" to the graceless "Beijing," and "Canton" to the ugly "Guangdong." The new spellings are allegedly closer to the actual Chinese pronunciation, but so what? Westerners aren't going to pronounce the names correctly anyway, and the Chinese spelling of Western names bears little or no resemblance to their pronunciation. If the Chinese want to write "America" with the characters that mean "beautiful country" and are pronounced "meiguo," that's fine. We should have stuck with "Peking" and "Canton."

I could go on. Japan should follow the American custom of putting the whole country on the same electrical system. (Tokyo and the eastern part of the country get 100 volts, and Hiroshima and points west get 110 volts. It makes a difference for some kinds of equipment.) The rest of Asia, however, should follow the Japanese and American preference for something in the low 100s, rather than 220 to 240 volts. A shock from a 110-volt outlet can be merely annoying; from a 240-volt outlet a shock is dangerous.

Japanese contractors should adopt the American practice of using insulation when they build houses.

Japan might give some thought to the daylight-saving concept. Tokyo is at about the same latitude as New York and San Francisco, but because of the way it has set its time zones, the sun rises in the summer shortly after 4:00 A.M. (It goes down around 8:00.) Conceivably this time frame is useful to farmers, but there are not many of them left, and the disruptive early-morning blast of light through the shutters is one more reason for urban salarymen to feel tired all the time.

Japanese restaurants should supply plastic or lacquer chopsticks, the way restaurants in China do, rather than one-use-only wooden ones, known as *warihashi*. The disposable chopsticks are presumably more sanitary, but the tens of millions that Japanese diners use each day are more than a small factor in the hacking down of rain forests in Indonesia and Malaysia and of woodlands in the American Northwest. Chinese restaurants should teach their employees how to cut a chicken. In most Chinese-style restaurants in China and Southeast Asia, "quartered chicken" means that the chef has taken a cleaver and whacked the carcass a couple of times, as if he were a maniac killer. The Asian restaurateur's habit of handing out hot wet towels before and after meals should be made mandatory in the United States.

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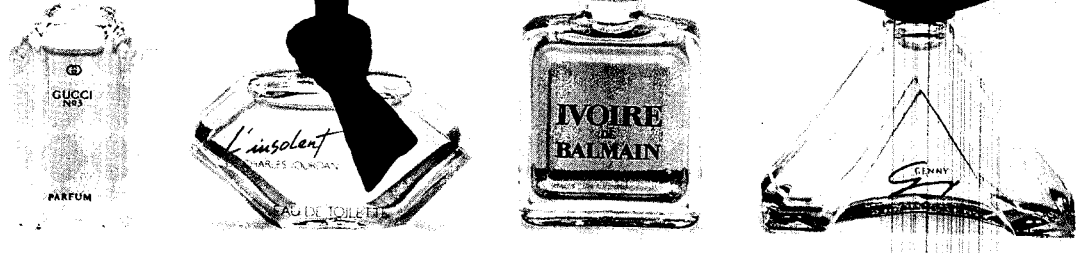

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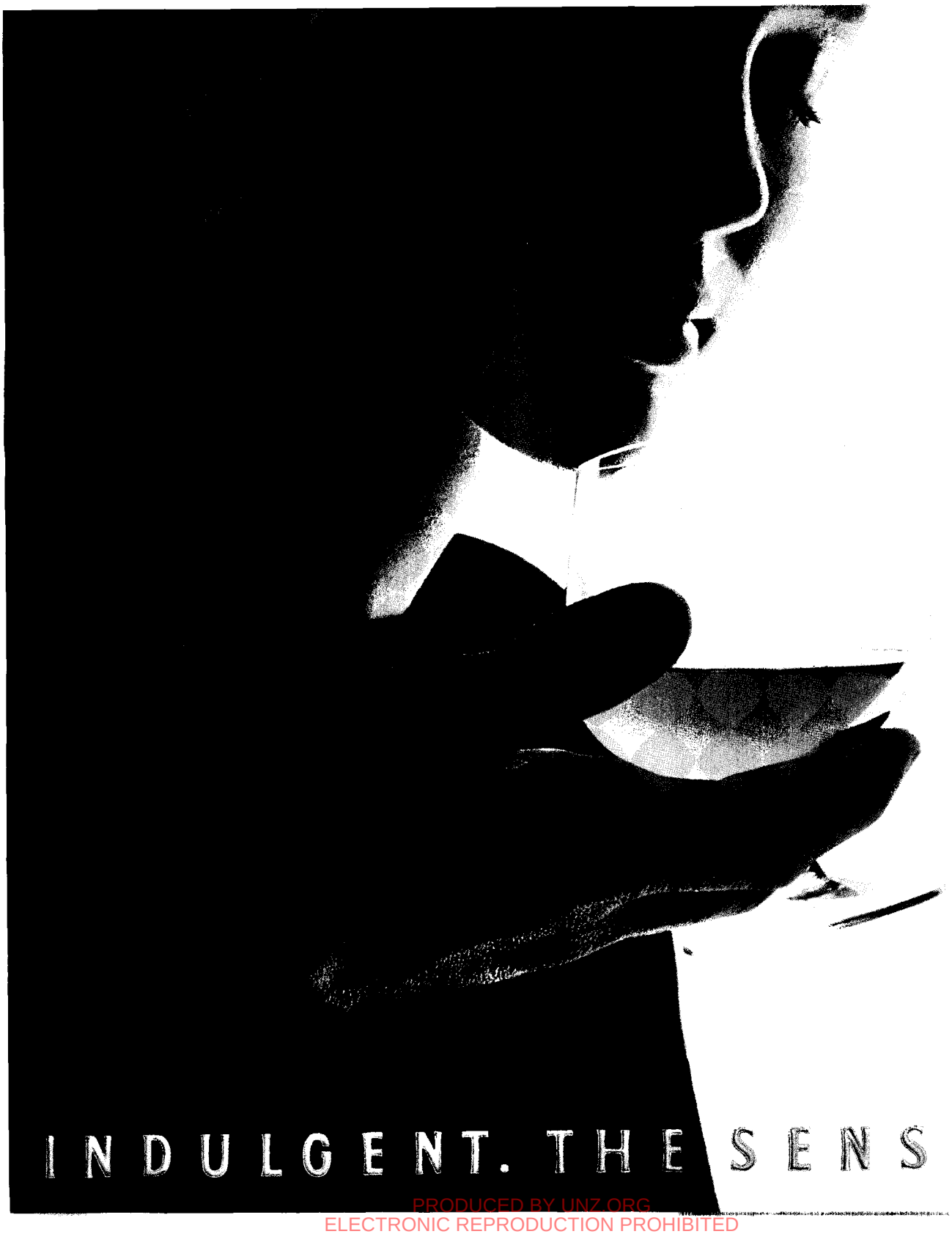

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As part of this compare-and-contrast exercise, I've learned which parts of American culture seem particularly uncouth or incredible to Asians. The first time I went into a Japanese post office, bought a stamp, and licked it before putting it on the envelope, people looked as me as if I'd decided to shine my shoes with my tongue. People in Bangkok or Jakarta may wash their dishes in the same canal that someone else is using as a sewer, but even they don't moisten postage stamps or envelope flaps with their mouths. (Post offices and office desks throughout Asia are equipped with little moisteners.)

I have begun to believe the surveys that place Americans last in knowledge of world geography—particularly in mastery of the simple fact that because the world is round, when it's day on one side of the earth it's night on the other. Most of the time I feel quite fortunate to be operating thirteen or fourteen hours ahead of anyone in America. If I have until first thing Monday morning Boston or New York time to complete a task, I really have until quite late Monday night. I will be sorry to give up this procrastinator's advantage. But I will not miss the 3:00 A.M. phone calls that have come about twice a week. After I grope for the phone and mumble into it, the person on the other end of the line will say dreamily, "Gee, what time *is* it there?" (One American friend in Japan answers all calls in the middle of the night with a chipper "Good morning!") I think these calls help explain why so many foreigners in Japan look like subjects of a particularly cruel years-long experiment in sleep deprivation.

I've also learned which parts of American culture are broadly attractive to the rest of the world. Our neighborhood in Yokohama contains a Kentucky Fried Chicken, a 7-11, and a Baskin-Robbins, all doing brisk business. The shopping mall nearest our house in Kuala Lumpur included a McDonald's, a Swensen's, and a Pizza Hut. They were successful not because they were American but because certain traits natural to America—convenience, quick satisfaction of appetites—appeal to people all around the world. Similarly, Walkman-style radios have swept the world not because they are Japanese but because something natural to Japan—small, light, stylish design—caught on everywhere. American fast food, movies, and pop music still dominate the world, or certainly the Asian part of it. This doesn't make Asia Americanized; it merely indicates that American taste in these areas is something like human taste, discomfiting as that thought may be.

I have even begun to share some of the outside world's wonder at what the nutty Americans think they are up to. At 5:30 each morning the CBS Evening News with Dan Rather is broadcast in Tokyo, less than twenty-four hours after it is shown in the United States. We tape the show (unless it's summer and we're already awake and squinting in the bright sun) and watch it with a sense of amazement that has mounted with the passing months. The show seems more polished, interesting, and informative than its Japanese counterparts; I think this would be true even if I could understand everything the Japanese newscasters were saying.

But the most noticeable thing about American TV news is the whining tone that comes through so many reports. For instance, Ray Brady, the CBS business correspondent, recently said that the latest oil spill was likely to "drive gasoline prices even higher at the pump." Even higher! Adjusted for inflation, gasoline prices in America are about what they were twenty years ago. Ray Brady might have made Americans feel less sorry for themselves if he'd added that prices "at the pump" are roughly a fourth as much as people pay in Japan. A $1-per-gallon federal gasoline tax, which would virtually eliminate the federal budget deficit, promote conservation, reduce oil imports, and bolster America's control over its financial destiny and future supplies of energy, would bring America's prices to only about half the current Japanese level. Maybe someone can make an argument against a gasoline tax, but something like a gasoline tax—some measure to encourage saving and reduce waste—is what America obviously needs at the moment. Or so it seems from here in Japan, the new financial leader of the world.

Living in a foreign culture is, most of the time, exhilarating and liberating. You don't have to feel responsible for the foibles of your temporary home; you can forget about

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the foibles of your real home for a while. Your life seems longer, because each day is dense with new and surprising experiences. I can remember distinctly almost every week of the past three and a half years. The preceding half dozen years more or less run together in a blur.

But there is also distress in foreign living, particularly in living in Asia at this time in its history. It comes not from daily exasperations, which after all build character, but from the unsettling thoughts that living in Asia introduces. As I head for home, let me mention the thought that disturbs me most.

It concerns the nature of freedom: whether free societies are fit to compete, in a Darwinian sense. Until the repression in China last summer, many Westerners assumed that the world had entered an era of overall progress. True, environmental problems were getting worse rather than better, and many African and Latin American societies were still in bad shape. But in Asia it seemed possible to believe that people had learned how to make their societies both richer and freer year by year. As countries in Asia became more advanced and prosperous, they loosened their political controls—and as the controls came off, economic progress speeded up. This was the moral of the Korean and Taiwanese success stories, as those countries evolved toward the ideal set by stable, prosperous Japan. Even China, before the summer, seemed to be loosening up, both economically and politically. China's crackdown made the spread of democracy and capitalism seem less certain than it had seemed before, but even this step backward confirmed the idea that political freedoms and economic progress were naturally connected. Everyone assumes that as China makes its political system more repressive, its economy will stagnate.

I draw a darker conclusion from the rise of the Asian economies. The economic success stories of Asia do not prove that political freedom and material progress go hand in hand. On the contrary: the Asian societies are, in different ways, fundamentally more repressive than America is, and their repression is a key to their economic success. Japan, Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore allow their citizens much less latitude than America does, and in so doing they make the whole society, including the business sector, function more efficiently than ours does. The lesson of the Soviet economic collapse would seem to be that a completely controlled economy cannot survive. The lesson of the rising Asian system is that economies with some degree of control can not only survive but prevail.

The crucial concepts here are "excessive" choice and "destructive" competition. Classical free-market economic theory says that these are impossibilities; a person can never have too much choice, and there can never be too much competition in a market. Asian societies approach this issue from a fundamentally different perspective. They were built on neither an Enlightenment concept of individual rights nor a capitalist concept of

A suite at L'Ermitage Hotel as interpreted by Lowell Nesbitt, Los Angeles.

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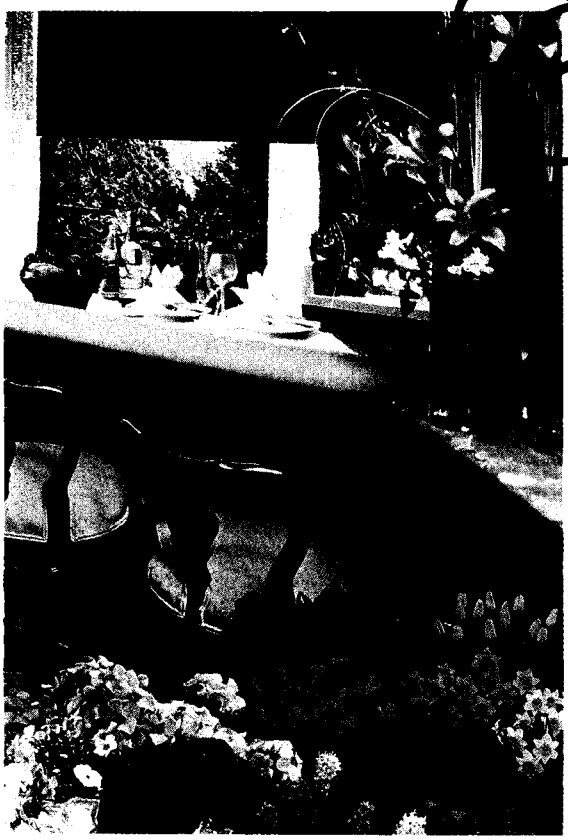
free and open markets, and they demonstrate in countless ways that less choice for individuals can mean more freedom and success for the social whole.

The examples of economic efficiency are the most familiar. Japanese businessmen have almost no freedom to move to another company, even if they're dissatisfied with conditions where they're working. (Of course, they're technically free to quit, but very few reputable big companies will hire someone who has left another big firm.) This may be frustrating for the businessmen, but so far it has been efficient for the companies. For instance, they can invest in employee training programs without fear that newly skilled workers will use their skills somewhere else. Singaporeans have been forced to put much of their income into a national retirement fund; Koreans have been discouraged from squandering their money overseas on tourism (until this year, only people planning business trips and those in a few other narrow categories were granted passports); Japanese consumers are forced to pay inflated prices for everything they buy. All these measures have been bad for individuals but efficient for the collective. In different ways they have transferred money from people to large institutions, which then invest it for future productivity. To illustrate the point the opposite way: Korea has in the past two years become a more successful democracy and a less successful export economy. Precisely because workers have been going on strike and consumers demanding a higher standard of living, Korean companies have temporarily lost their edge against competitors in Taiwan and Japan.

Yu-Shan Wu, of The Brookings Institution, has suggested a useful way to think about this combination of economic freedom and political control. In communist economies, he says, property is owned by the state, and investment decisions are made by the state. The result is a disaster. The style of capitalism practiced in the United States takes the opposite approach: private owners control most property, and private groups make most investment decisions. The result over the past century has been a big success, but now some inefficiencies are showing up. Japan, Wu says, has pioneered a new approach: private ownership of property, plus public guidance of investment decisions. The big industrial combines of Japan are as private and profit-oriented as those of the United States, and therefore at least as efficiency-minded (unlike state enterprises in Russia or China). But in Japan's brand of capitalism some of the largest decisions are made by the state, not the "invisible hand." This private-public approach, Wu concludes, reduces the freedom of people and single companies, but it has certain long-term advantages over the private-private system.

Last year two U.S. companies made supercomputers, the Cray corporation and a subsidiary of Control Data. This year only one does. Control Data abandoned the business, finding it unprofitable. The same circumstances have applied in Japan—difficult but impor-



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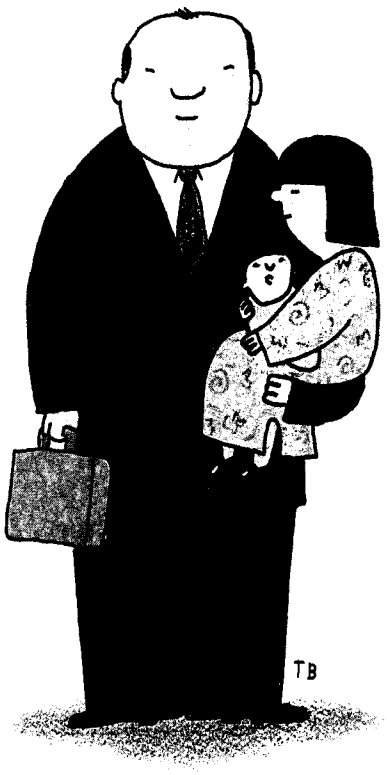
tant technology, lean or nonexistent profits for the foreseeable future—but the results have been different, because the state occasionally overrules the invisible hand. It is inconceivable that the Japanese government would have let one of only two participants abandon an area of obvious future technical importance. If Japan left decisions to the invisible hand, there would be no aircraft engineers at work in the country, because Mitsubishi and Kawasaki cannot hope to earn a profit competing against Boeing. But the big Japanese companies keep their aerospace-engineering departments active, in part because of government-directed incentives to do so. (These range from explicit subsidies, like the FSX fighter-plane contracts, to a system of industrial organization that makes it possible for companies to subsidize unprofitable divisions for years.) Eventually, Japanese planners believe, the aerospace expertise will pay off.

Americans should not be surprised by what the private-public system can accomplish. It's essentially the way our economy worked during the Second World War. People were forced to save, through Liberty Bonds, and forced not to consume, through rationing. Big companies were privately owned and run, but overall goals were set by the state. Under this system the output of the U.S. economy rose faster than ever before or since. (Part of the reason for the rapid rise, of course, was that wartime production finally brought America out of the Great Depression.) For the United States this managed economy was a wartime exception. For the Japanese-style economic systems of Asia it has been the postwar rule. This is not to say that we need a wartime mentality again but, rather, to show that the connection between individual freedom and collective prosperity is more complicated than we usually think. We may not like the way the Japanese-style economic system operates, but we'd be foolish not to recognize that it does work, and in many ways works better than ours.

HERE'S AN EVEN harder truth to face: The most successful Asian economies employ a division of labor between men and women that we may find retrograde but that has big practical advantages for them. Despite some signs of change—for instance, the rising influence of Takako Doi at the head of the Socialist Party in Japan—the difference between a man's role and a woman's is much more cut and dried in Asia than in the United States. It is tempting to conclude that a time lag is all that separates Asian practices from American, and that Japanese and Korean women will soon be demanding the rights that American women have won during the past generation. But from everything I've seen, such an assumption is as naive as imagining that Japan is about to be swept by an American-style consumer-rights movement.



There is a lot to dislike in this strict assignment of sex roles. It's unfair in an obvious way to women, because 99 percent of them can never really compete for business, political, academic, or other opportunities and success. I think it's ultimately just as bad for men, because most of them are cut off from the very idea of dealing with women as equals, and have what we would consider emotionally barren family lives. The average Japanese salaryman takes more emotional satisfaction in his workplace life than the average American does, but less in his relations with wife and children. Nonetheless, this system has one tremendous practical advantage. By making it difficult for women to do anything except care for their families, the traditional Asian system concentrates a larger share of social energy on the preparation of the young.

The best-educated American children are a match for the best in Asia, but the average student in Japan, Korea, Singapore, or Taiwan does better in school than the average American. The fundamental reason, I think, is that average students in these countries come from families with two parents, one of whom concentrates most of her time and effort on helping her children through school. Limits on individual satisfaction undergird this educational achievement in two ways: the mother is discouraged from pursuing a career outside the house, and she and the father are discouraged from even thinking about divorce. The typical Asian marriage is not very romantic. In most countries arranged marriages are still common, and while extramarital affairs are at least as frequent as they are in the United States, they seem to cause less guilt. But because most husbands and wives expect less emotional fulfillment from marriage, very few marriages end in divorce. Individual satisfaction from marriage may be lower, but the society enjoys the advantages of having families that are intact.

The Asian approach to the division of labor is not one that Americans want to emulate, or can. Except in emergencies we have believed in satisfying individual desires rather than suppressing them. But, to come back to the central point, we shouldn't fool ourselves about the sheer effectiveness of the system that the Asian societies have devised. Their approach to child-rearing, as to economic development, is worse for many individuals but better for the collective welfare than ours seems to be. The Asian model is not going to collapse of its own weight, unlike the Soviet communist system. So the puzzle for us is to find ways to evoke similar behavior—moderation of individual greed, adequate attention to society's long-term interests, commitment to raising children—within our own values of individualism and free choice.

I hope somebody has figured out the answer to this while I've been away.

—James Fallows

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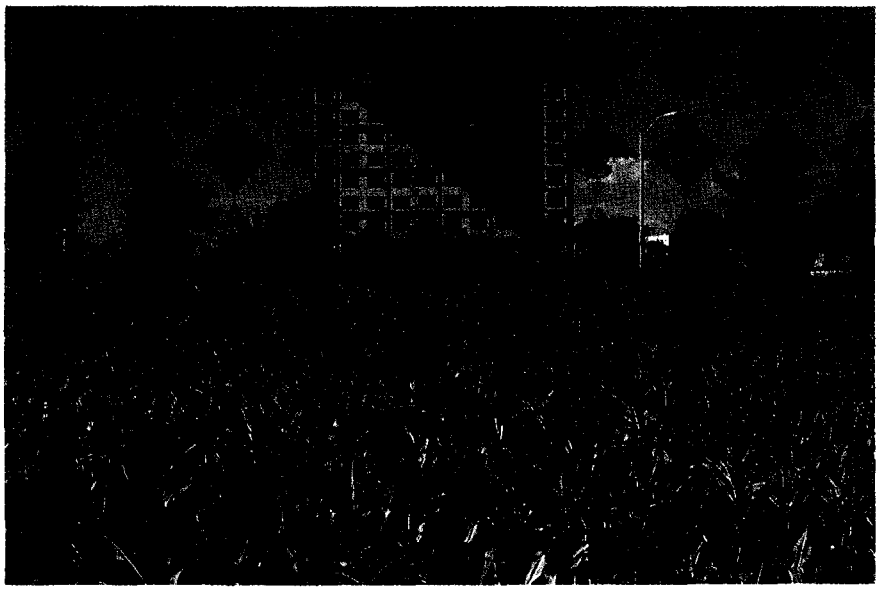

Off I-88 in Illinois a new kind of suburb sprouts among the cornfields.

NAPERVILLE

Stressed Out in Suburbia

A generation after the postwar boom, life in the suburbs has changed, even if our picture of it hasn't

I RECENTLY SPENT some time in Naperville, Illinois, because I wanted to see exactly how our familiar ideas about the suburbs have gotten out of date. Naperville is thirty miles west of the Chicago Loop. It had 7,000 residents in 1950, 13,000 in 1960, 22,600 in 1970, and 42,600 in 1980, and just in this decade it has nearly doubled in population again, to 83,000 this year. Driving there from Chicago, you pass through the West Side ghetto, the site of riots in the late sixties, and then through a belt of older suburbs at the city limits. Just when the suburbs seem to be dying out, you arrive in Oak Brook, with its collection of new shopping malls and office towers. The seventeen-mile stretch from Oak Brook west through Naperville to the old railroad city of Aurora has the look of inexplicable development common to booming areas that were recently rural. Subdivisions back up onto cornfields. Mirrored-glass office parks back up onto convenience-store parking lots. Most of the trees are saplings.

The picture we have of middle-class life in the United States is essentially still set in the suburbs of the 1950s. The sheer volume of information available about the American middle class is greater for the 1950s than for any other period of our history, because there was then a tremendous outpouring of journalism, sociology, and fiction on the subject. The middle class seemed fascinating at the time: it was acquiring a new home, the suburbs, and a new economic base, the large bureaucratic business organization, and these were quickly becoming the dominant social forms in the country. Since the early sixties, suburbia has been taken more for granted.

The people who grew up in fifties suburbia now dominate the country culturally, and from them we are getting a second wave of interest in middle-class family life, which comes from their own involvement in it. Here, too, the basic idea is the fifties; people's concept of suburbia, like their concepts of summer and marriage, comes more from what they knew growing up than from what they've experienced themselves as adults. On television especially, constant references are made these days to the suburbs of the Baby Boom generation's youth as the proper locus of the American middle class. All subsequent developments seem slightly perfidious.

While we've been glorifying the suburbs of the fifties, the suburbs of the eighties have been evolving into places quite different. The most obvious change has been a political-economic one: in the fifties the suburbs were exclusively residential, but businesses have been moving to them over the past fifteen years, and this has broken the iron association of suburbs with commuting downtown. The fastest-growing kind of town in the country is one on the outer edge of a metropolitan area which has acquired an employment base. Christopher Leinberger and Charles Lockwood, writing in *The Atlantic* three years ago, called these communities "urban villages," and there are also several other names for them, including "edge cities" and "technoburbs." The communities have cropped up all over the country—in Plano, Texas, and Tysons Corner, Virginia; the towns in the valleys surrounding the Los Angeles Basin and along the outer reaches of San Francisco Bay; New York satellites like Stamford, White Plains, and Princeton. Because we're fixated on the fifties, we don't have a good sense of what life is like in these places, which, if they're not yet typical of suburbia, certainly represent the direction in which suburbia is heading.

Our notion now of suburbia in the fifties is that it was essentially benign—sometimes gawky, often dull, but on the whole healthy and happy. But in the fifties themselves virtually everything written about the suburbs was negative, even alarmed. The indictment can be summed up in one word: conformity. Working for huge corporations, living in tract homes, surrounded by spookily similar neighbors, the new middle-class Americans had lost their feelings of pride, meaning, and identity. They wanted only to blend unobtrusively into a group.

The run of suburban literature began, roughly, with the publication of David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* (which is not explicitly about the suburbs, but set the tone) in 1950. The deservedly best-remembered of the many books about the suburbs by sociologists and journalists is William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man* (1956). There was also a flood of suburban fiction, of which the best-known works are probably the stories and novels of John Cheever and, because of its catch-phrase title, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, by Sloan Wilson. The

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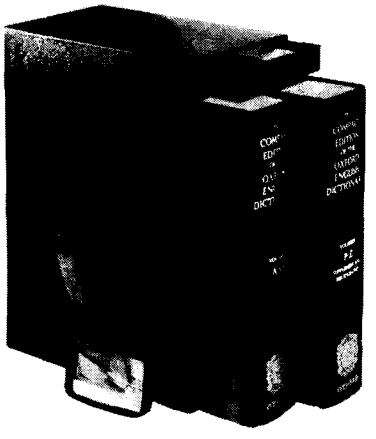

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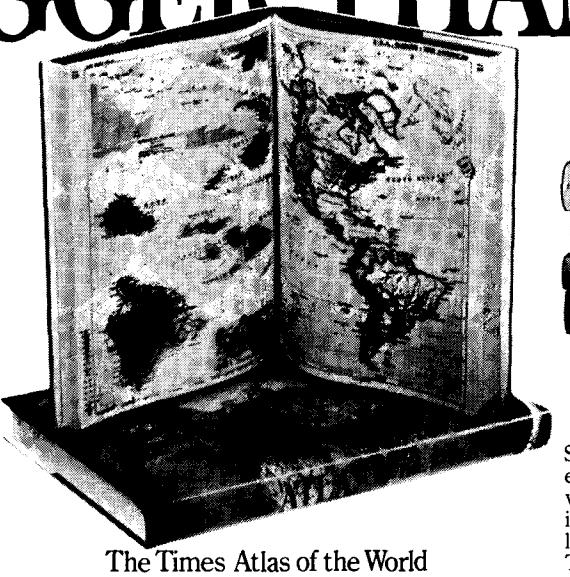

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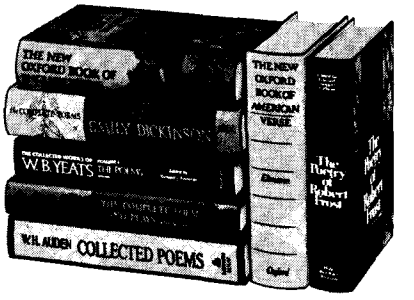

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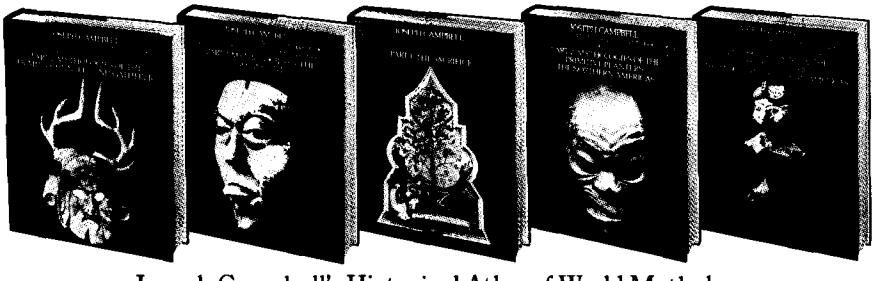

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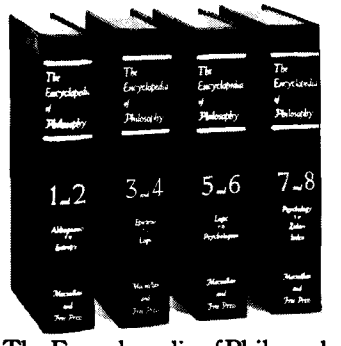

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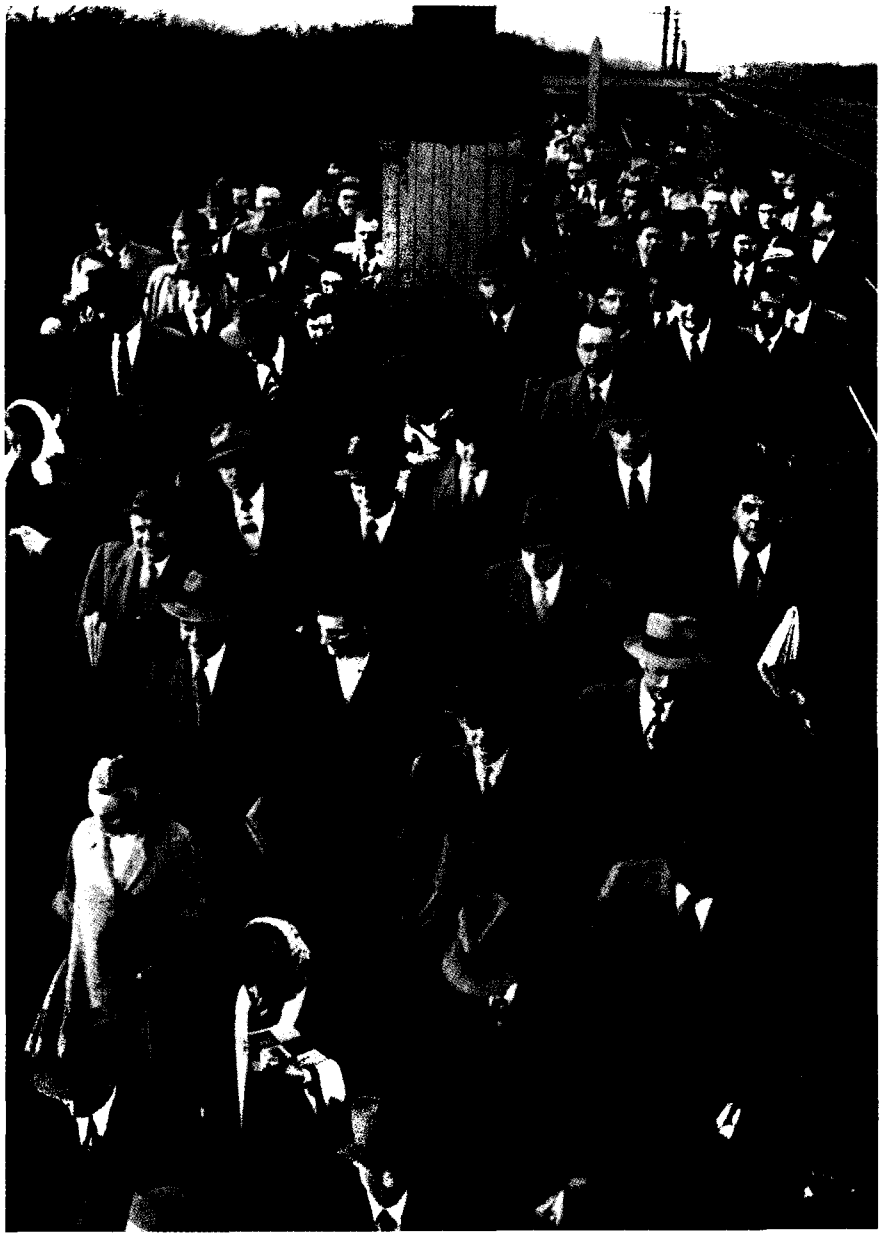

DAN WEINER/COURTESY SANDRA WEINER

A culture of conformity? Commuters in Park Forest, Illinois, after getting off the 4:51 from Chicago—a classic photograph by Dan Weiner.

suburbs took such a beating in most of these books that by 1967 the sociologist Herbert Gans was able to cast *The Levittowners* as an attack on the attackers of the new middle class. Gans argued convincingly that most of the critics of suburbia didn't know what they were talking about, and were animated by a snobbish distaste for the lower middle class. But the idea that suburban society was oriented toward the community at the expense of the individual is so widespread in the literature that there must have been something to it. Today nobody worries about conformity as a national issue, and nobody I met in Naperville mentioned it as a problem. The suburban psychological force that occasionally overwhelms people is not the need to fit in but the need to be a success.

THE HISTORY OF Naperville as an urban village begins in 1964, when AT&T decided to build a major facility there for its research division, Bell Labs, along the new Interstate 88. Before that, as the next-to-last stop on the Burlington & Northern line from Chicago, Naperville attracted some hardy long-distance commuters, but it was mainly an independent small town, with frame houses and streets laid out in a grid.

Bell Labs opened in 1966 and is still by far the largest employer in Naperville—7,000 people work there, developing electronic switching systems, and another 3,000 work at a software-development center in the neighboring town of Lisle. In 1969 Amoco moved its main research-and-development facility from the industrial town of Whiting, Indiana, to a site in Naperville along the interstate, near Bell Labs. Today more than 2,000 people work there. All through the seventies and eighties businesses have built low-slung, campus-style office complexes up and down I-88, which Governor James R. Thompson in 1986 officially subtitled "The Illinois Research and Development Corridor." There are now four big chain hotels on the five-mile stretch that runs through Lisle and Naperville. In Aurora, Nissan, Hyundai, and Toyota have all established distribution centers, and four insurance companies have set up regional headquarters.

In the fifties the force driving the construction of residential neighborhoods in the suburbs was that prosperity had given young married couples the means to act on their desire to raise children away from the cities. In the eighties in Naperville there is still some of this, but the real driving force is that so many jobs are there. Dozens of new residential subdivisions fan out in the area south of the office complexes and the old town center. In this part of town, whose land Naperville aggressively annexed, the school district has built three new elementary schools since 1984 and added to seven others. A new junior high school opened this fall, another one is under construction, and last spring the town's voters passed a bond issue to build another elementary school and additions to two high schools.

In *The Organization Man*, William Whyte was struck by how removed the place he studied—Park Forest, Illinois, the fifties equivalent of Naperville, brand-new and also thirty miles from the Loop—was from Chicago and from urban forms of social organization. Naperville is even more removed, mainly because downtown commuters are a small minority of the new residents. Nearly everybody in Park Forest worked in Chicago. Only five thousand people take the train from the Naperville station into Chicago every day; most people work in Na-

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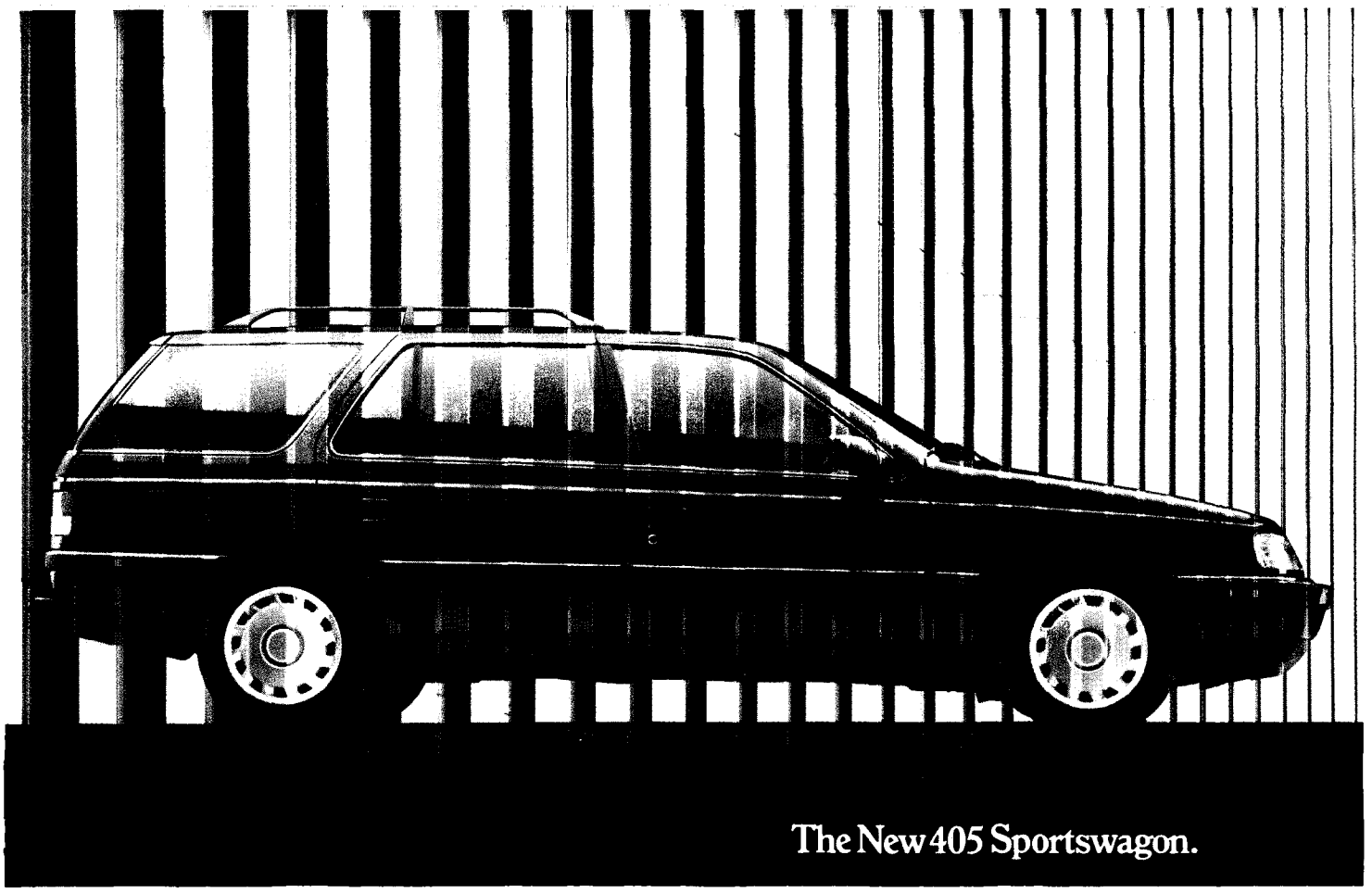

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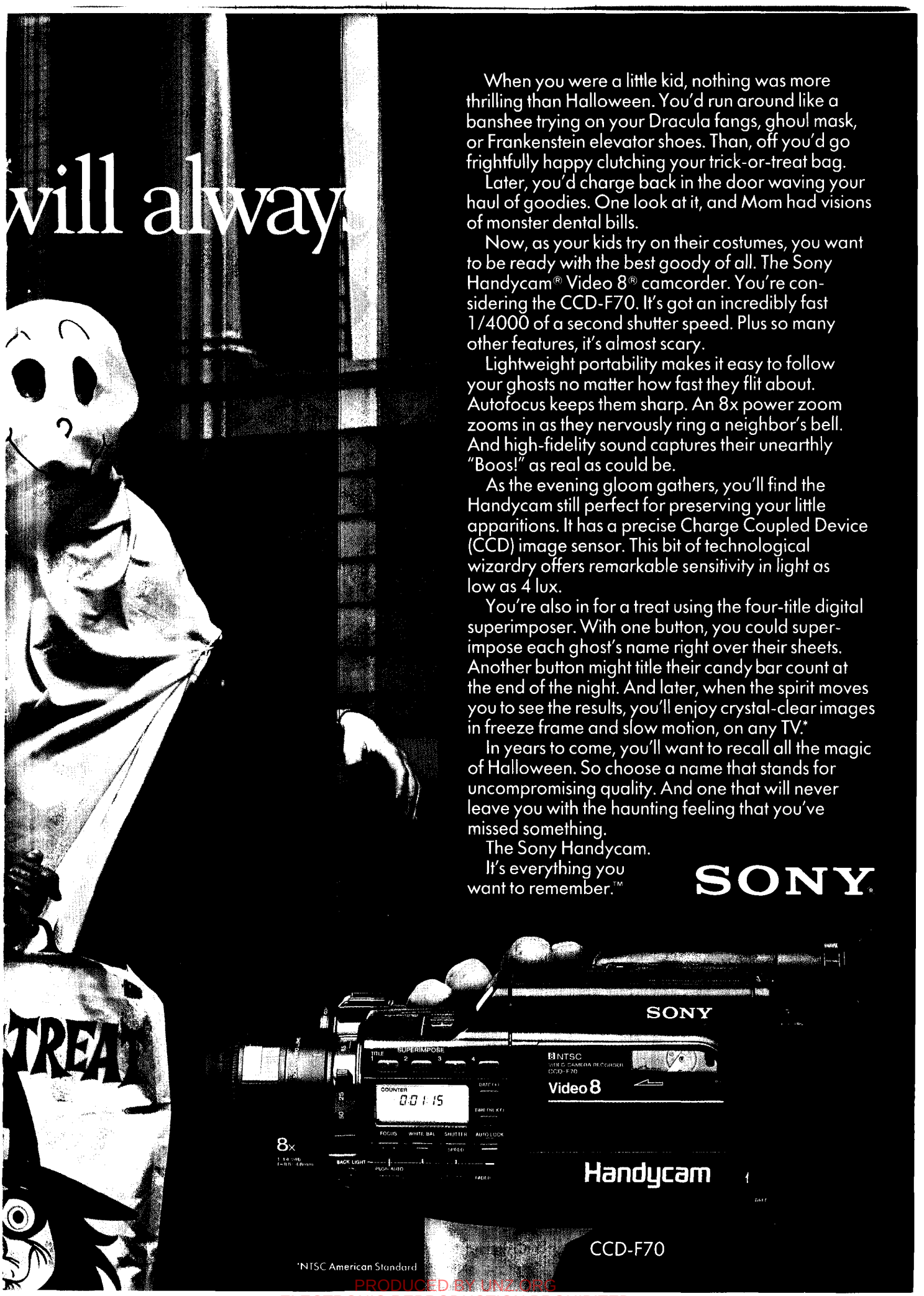

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A kaffeeklatsch in Park Forest, 1953 (above), and a typical subdivision in the same town. "In Naperville it seems much more possible not to know your neighbors."

perville or in a nearby suburban town. The people I talked to in Naperville knew that they were supposed to go into Chicago for the museums, theater, music, and restaurants, so they were a little defensive about admitting to staying in Naperville in their free time, but most of them do. Though Naperville has many white ethnics (and a few blacks and Asians), it has no ethnic neighborhoods. There are ethnic restaurants, but many of them are the kind that aren't run by members of that ethnic group. Naperville is politically conservative but has no Democratic or Republican organizations active in local politics. Nobody who can afford a house lives in an apartment. There are only a few neighborhood taverns. Discussions of Chicago focus on how much crime is there, rather than on the great events of municipal life.

Places like Naperville are often dismissed as examples of heedless sprawl, ugly and unplanned. The charge may be true of some places, but it is not of Naperville, which is extremely well run. A master plan precisely sets forth how the town is to grow, to the point when all its empty space is filled up. The downtown shops have been kept alive. There is an excellent new library, a brick walkway (built by volunteers) along the DuPage River in the center of town, and plenty of green space. City property taxes have been lowered in each of the past three years. Naperville represents not chaos but a conscious rejection of the pro-urban, anti-automobile conventions that prevail among planners.

In distancing itself from Chicago, Naperville has continued a trend that was already well under way in Whyte's Park Forest. Otherwise, most of the ways in which Naperville is different from Whyte's Park Forest and places like it were not predicted by the suburbia experts of the time.

Naperville is much more materially prosperous, and at the same time more anxious about its standard of living, than Park Forest was. The comparison isn't exact, because Park Forest was a middle-middle-class community dominated by people in their late twenties and early thirties; Naperville is more affluent and has a somewhat fuller age range. Nonetheless, since Naperville is the fastest-growing town in the area, it can fairly be said to represent the slice of American life that is expanding *most rapidly right now*, as Park Forest could in the fifties. The typical house in Park Forest cost $13,000 and had one story (the most expensive house there by far, where the developer lived, cost $50,000). The average house in Naperville costs $160,000, and the figure is higher in the new subdivisions. Plenty of new houses in town cost more than $500,000. Most of the new houses in Naperville have two stories; in fact, the small section of fifties and sixties suburbia in Naperville is noticeably more modest than the new housing.

In fifties suburbs the architecture was usually quite simple. In Naperville the new houses are flamboyantly traditional, with steeply pitched roofs, redbrick or stained-cedar exteriors (aluminum siding is banned in many of the subdivisions), leaded-glass windows, massive front doors, cathedral ceilings, fireplaces, gables, even turrets. The names of subdivisions and of house models often evoke European nobility: The Chateaux of La Provence, La Royale, The Golf Villas of White Eagle Club, The Country Manor, Charlemont IV. Whyte had chapters called "Classlessness in Suburbia" and "Inconspicuous Consumption," and described the material ethos of Park Forest as quasi-socialist. Although in the

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fifties the average American, known to intellectuals as "mass man," was materially much better outfitted than he had been, the suburbs had become home to a wider range of people than they had been before the Second World War, and so seemed more democratic. Naperville is much made fun of in the neighboring communities as the home of snobs and yuppies.

Obviously one reason for the difference is that Park Forest in the early fifties was only a very few years into the postwar boom, which left the middle class vastly better off than it had been before. Another is that the consumer culture was young and undeveloped in the fifties. Middle-class people today want to own things that their parents wouldn't have dreamed of.

THE AFFLUENCE OF Naperville is also a by-product of what is probably the single most important new development in middle-class life since the fifties (and one almost wholly unanticipated in the fifties), which is that women work. Park Forest was an exclusively female town on weekdays; when Whyte wrote about the difficulty of being a "superwoman," he meant combining housework with civic and social life. In Naperville I heard various statistics, but it seems safe to say that most mothers of young children work, and the younger the couple, the likelier it is that the wife works. When *Business Week* did a big story on the "mommy track" last spring, it used a picture of a woman from Naperville. What people in Naperville seem to focus on when they think about working mothers is not that feminism has triumphed in the Midwest but that two-career couples have more money and less time than one-career couples.

In the classic suburban literature almost no reference is made to punishingly long working hours. The Cheever story whose title is meant to evoke the journey home at the end of the working day is called "The Five Forty-Eight," and its hero is taking that late a train only because he stopped in at a bar for a couple of Gibsons on the way from his office to Grand Central Station. In Naperville the word "stress" came up constantly in conversations. People felt that they had to work harder than people a generation ago in order to have a good middle-class life. In much of the rest of the country the idea holds sway that the middle class is downwardly mobile and its members will never live as well as their parents did. Usually this complaint involves an inexact comparison—the complainer is at an earlier stage in his career, works in a less remunerative field, or lives in a pricier place than the parents who he thinks lived better than he does. In Naperville, where most people are in business, it's more a case of people's material expectations being higher than their parents' than of their economic station being lower. A ranch-style tract house, a Chevrolet, and meat loaf for dinner will not do any more as the symbols of a realized dream. Also, a changed perception of the future of the country has helped create the sense of pressure in Naperville. Suburbanites of the fifties were confident of a constantly rising standard of living, level of education, and gross national product in a way that most Americans haven't been since about the time of the 1973 OPEC embargo. The feeling is that anyone who becomes prosperous has beaten the odds.

It is jarring to think of placid-looking Naperville as excessively fast-paced, but people there talk as if the slack had been taken out of life. They complain that between working long hours, traveling on business, and trying to stay in shape they have no free time. The under-the-gun feeling applies to domestic life as well as to work. It's striking, in reading the old suburban literature today, to see how little people worried about their children. Through many scenes of drunkenness, adultery, and domestic discord, the kids seem usually to be playing, oblivious, in the front yard. Today there is a national hyperawareness of the lifelong consequences of childhood unhappiness (hardly an issue of *People* magazine fails to make this point); the feeling that American children can coast to a prosperous adulthood has been lost; and the entry of mothers into the work force has made child care a constant worry for parents. The idea that childhood can operate essentially on autopilot has disappeared.

Teenagers in Naperville complain that they have nothing to do, but everyone else is overscheduled, including children. Day care adds a layer of complication to life: Naperville's booming day-care centers accept not only pre-school children but also children who need supervision after school, until their parents get home. The school system's buses drop some children off at day-care centers in the afternoon. Every neighborhood has stories about latchkey kids, too.

A constant round of activities has been organized for children. The Naperville park district, which carries out the traditional functions of a municipal recreation department, runs an elaborate sports program, which parents appreciate while slightly rueing the time they spend ferrying their kids to soccer games and swim meets. "Sometimes we wonder why our kids can't just get a baseball game together," one mother told me. In the elementary schools, as late as the early seventies all students went home for lunch. Now the schools have lunchrooms—and many special new programs, added in part because of lobbying by parents who expect a high level of service from the schools. In the mid-eighties, at the parents' request, the elementary schools added an hour a day of special "enrichment" programs for students with IQs over 125. The high schools added advanced-placement courses. School administrators and parents complain about the competitive atmosphere for students, in which an idyllic midwestern upbringing is a fading memory and it's painful to be average.

Adults in Naperville are competitive too. The people I talked to there were intensely aware of income distinctions within the community, a subject that rarely came up in books about the suburbs of a generation ago. The most direct blast of it that I got was in a meeting with a group of women who had just finished a parenting class taught by the elementary school system's social worker. The parenting class is part of a small culture of therapy that has sprung up in Naperville, in response partly to problems like divorce and drugs and partly to people's increased awareness of psychological well-being as an important issue in life. What seemed to be the real reason the women I met took the class was that they wanted affirmation of their decision not to work, which they felt had consigned them to a slightly lower status level than women with jobs. Their message was that they might have less money and prestige, but they were better parents.

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Working mothers, they told me, buy off their children with copious gifts of new toys in place of maternal contact. They leave their children behind even on vacations, which are spent in expensive glamour spots. They sign their children up for a ceaseless round of overachieving activities, and then expect the full-time mothers to do all the carpooling. The neighborhood children are always hanging around the houses where the mothers are at home. Working mothers' children are kept up ridiculously late at night because that's the only time they see their parents. The mothers don't do volunteer work in the community. The litany ended with the inevitable coup de grace: "You wonder why they had kids."

The new houses in the subdivisions in Naperville clearly show an evolutionary adaptation of domestic architecture to customers who are busier than people used to be and more concerned with the fine gradations of status. The living and dining rooms are shrunken, vestigial spaces flanking the front hall. People entertain at home less and less because they don't have the time to, and so they don't need these rooms. In Park Forest in the fifties (and in most of the suburban fiction of the time), the socializing was so constant—cocktail parties, dinner parties, teas, coffees, bridge-club gatherings—that Whyte found it a cause for concern, because it enforced conformity. In Naperville everybody says that the at-home party is dying. Instead, people go out to restaurants, which are almost completely absent from the mythology of fifties suburbia.

Kitchens are usually built open to a large family room in back, which is meant to contain the main household television set and which has taken up the space left by the shrinking of the living and dining rooms. This indicates that what cooking goes on must not be elaborate or messy enough to bother the family members sitting a few feet away. Other rooms in the houses show that people want to be reminded that they are winners. The bizarrely large and well-appointed master bathrooms that Philip Langdon wrote about in these pages last month are common in Naperville. Often there is a small "study" off to the side downstairs, designed to suggest brandy and cigars and meant to be available for use as a home office. A small but dramatic balcony overlooks the front hall or the family room in many houses.

Because of the placement of the family room, which often opens to an outdoor deck, the new houses in Naperville are oriented toward the back yard, which may be fenced. In the fifties most writers described the unfenced front yard as the locale for much of the children's outdoor life. This contributed to the intense feeling of community in suburban neighborhoods, which led to the joke, quoted by Whyte, that Park Forest was "a sorority house with kids." In Naperville it seems much more possible not to know your neighbors. All the subdivisions have homeowners' associations. These constitute organized politics, such as it is, in the new parts of Naperville. The mayor, Margaret Price (who herself started out as a homeowners'-

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AIG Issues Forum

Why it's vital to all Ame environmental trust fu

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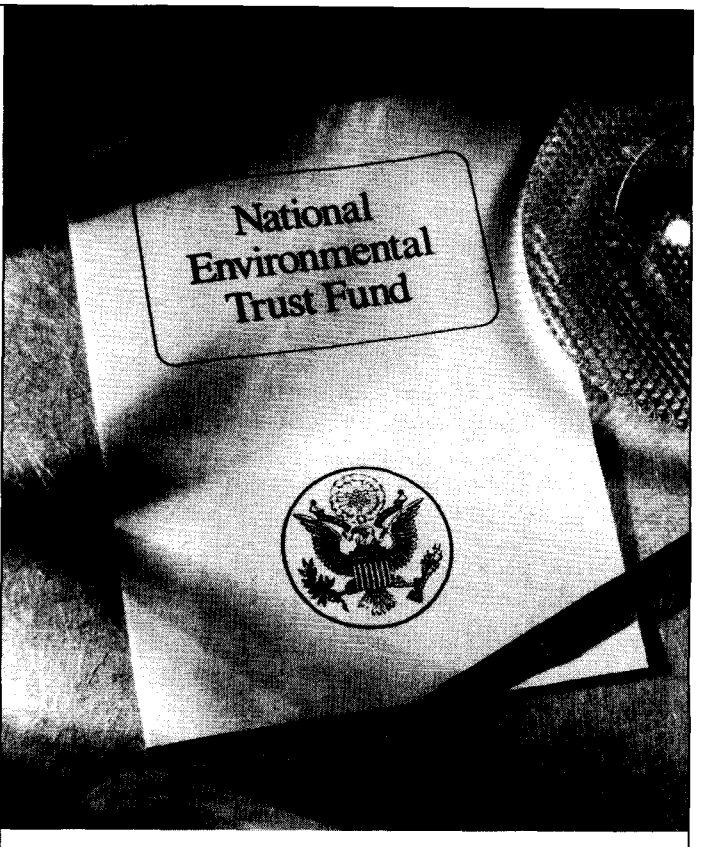

Legislation is needed to create a National Environmental Trust Fund.

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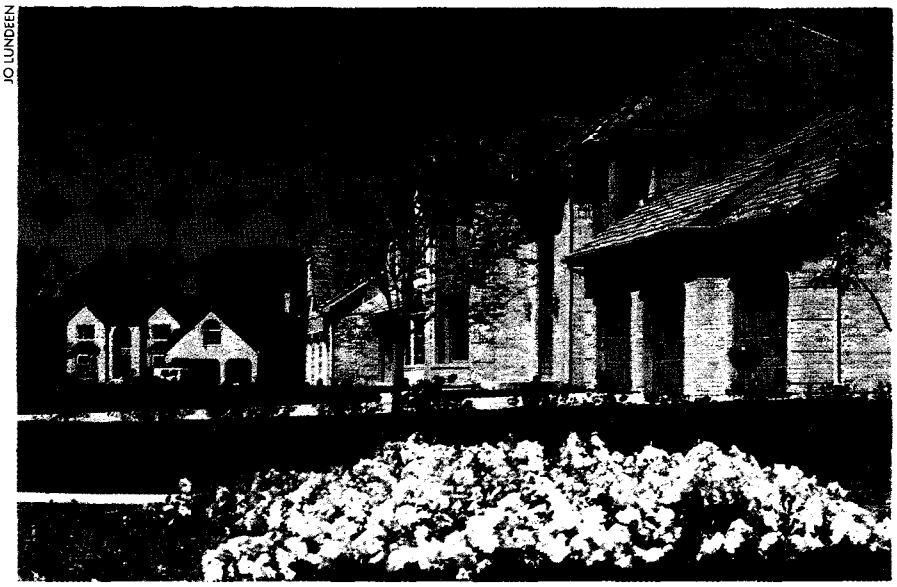

JO LUNDEEN

Not-so-inconspicuous consumption: homes in a new Naperville development

association president), meets with them regularly. But some homeowners' associations take off as community organizations and others don't.

The most reliable connection between subdivision residents and the community is children. Adults meet through the children's activities. I often heard that new neighborhoods coalesce around new elementary schools, which have many parent-involving activities and are also convenient places to hold meetings. The churches (mostly Protestant and Catholic, but the town has places of worship for Jews and even Muslims) have made an effort to perform some of the same functions—there is always a new church under construction, and eight congregations are operating out of rented space. The Reverend Keith Torney, who recently left the First Congregational Church in Naperville, after eighteen years, for a pulpit in Billings, Montana, told me, "We try to create a community where people can acquire roots very quickly. We divided the congregation into twelve care groups. Each has twenty to thirty families. They kind of take over for neighbors and grandma—they bring the casserole when you're sick. People come here for a sense of warmth, for a sense that people care about you."

ALL THESE COMMUNITY-building efforts amount to swimming against the tide, though, because population mobility in the newer parts of Naperville is great. According to local lore, the average house in Naperville changes hands every three years—a turnover rate comparable to or higher than those Whyte and Gans found in Park Forest and Levittown, and they were entirely new communities, whereas Naperville has a large well-established area that presumably brings the average turnover down. Naperville has two school districts; in the one that covers the new subdivisions, new students make up more than a quarter of the enrollment every fall. And this kind of mobility is occurring at a time when corporate transfers, which were thought in the fifties to be the main reason people moved so much, are slightly in decline, because of a lessening in people's willingness to do whatever their employers want.

There isn't any hard information on where new Naperville residents come from or where departing ones go. Most of the people I met had moved to Naperville from elsewhere in the Chicago area, often from the inner-ring suburbs. They came there to be closer to their jobs along I-88, because the schools are good and the crime rate is low, and because Naperville is a place where the person who just moved to town is not an outsider but the dominant figure in the community. If they leave, it's usually because of a new job, not always with the same company; the amount of company-switching, and of entrepreneurship, appears to be greater today than it was in the fifties. Several of the new office developments in the area have the word *corporate* in their names. (I stayed in a hotel on Corporetum Drive.) Since the likes of AT&T and Amoco don't call attention to themselves in this way, the use of the word is probably a sign of the presence of new businesses. People's career restlessness, and companies' desire to appear regally established right away, are further examples of the main message I got from my time in Naperville: the suburbs and, by extension, middle-class Americans have gone from glorifying group bonding to glorifying individual happiness and achievement.

THE BAD SIDE OF this change in ethos should be obvious right now: Americans appear to be incapable of the social cohesion and the ability to defer gratification which are prerequisites for the success of major national efforts. But a good side exists too. Representations of middle-class life in the fifties are pervaded with a sense of the perils of appearing to be "different." William Whyte wrote a series of articles for *Fortune*, and the photographs that Dan Weiner took to illustrate them (which are included in *America Worked*, a new book of Weiner's photographs) communicate this feeling even more vividly than *The Organization Man* does: the suburban kaffeeklatsch and the executive's office come across as prisons. There can't be much doubt that the country is more tolerant now than it was then.

Much of the fifties literature, especially the fiction, is pervaded as well by a sense of despair. Of course, American intellectuals since about the time of the First World War have been trying to prove that middle-class life is empty, while most Americans have enthusiastically embraced it. Still, the dark side of suburbia was detected by so many observers that it's hard to believe they all just projected it from their own minds onto their subject matter.

The darkest of all the suburban novels is probably Richard Yates's *Revolutionary Road*, which was published in 1961 but is set in the summer of 1955, in "a part of western Connecticut." In theme *Revolutionary Road* is similar to the television show *thirtysomething*: well-educated young people who think of themselves as hip and liberal marry, have children, and buy a house in the

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suburbs with the intention of retaining the ideals of their youth. In *Revolutionary Road* this endeavor leads inexorably to boozing, vicious quarreling, self-loathing, madness, and, ultimately, suicide. Frank, the husband, takes a meaningless job in the sales-promotion department of Knox Business Machines, purveyor of the Knox 500 Electronic Computer (computers were fifties intellectuals' favorite symbol of everything that was wrong with America). April, the wife, keeps getting pregnant, to her horror.

Frank and April are not updated versions of the Babbitts. On the contrary, they are determined *not* to be Babbitts: they worry about conformity, listen to jazz, and struggle to understand Freud. So when they are destroyed, the message is not that they are victims of their own moral and cultural insensitivity but that the suburbs have no place for good people. To underscore the point, the minor character who, in occasional appearances, offers the most perceptive comments about Frank's and April's lives is an inmate of a mental hospital. It's only when Frank and April can summon the self-delusion to engage in dull, bourgeois husband-wife role-playing that they feel momentarily content. Intellectual honesty equals misery.

Frank and April's expectations are much lower materially than a similar couple's would be now. A novelist with Yates's talent for the damning detail surely would today have them acquiring lots of unnecessary and expensive trendy household items; in *Revolutionary Road* money is mentioned only rarely, and always in the context of necessities rather than luxuries. But then, Frank and April take it for granted that in every middle-class couple the man can find an easy and secure job that pays enough to support the whole family, and the woman can bear and raise healthy children.

Perhaps suburban life has become enough of a project to have filled in that old hollowness. Even the struggle against depression is much more of a busy-making activity than it used to be, thanks to the proliferation of therapies and support groups. Mortgages are bigger, jobs are more demanding, parenthood is a stretch in every way. Who has time to peer into the abyss?

—Nicholas Lemann

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

WASHINGTON

Republicans for Jackson

A scenario

THE REVEREND Jesse Jackson has moved to Washington, D.C., where he is reported to be considering running for mayor next year. If he runs and wins, it will make at least one Washingtonian very happy. That is George Bush, currently a resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW (Ward 2).

It is no secret that Jesse Jackson would like to be the leader of, and a spokesman for, the Democratic Party. A great many Republicans, including President Bush, have their own reasons for wanting to see Jackson become the leader of, and a spokesman for, the Democratic Party. And, as some Republican strategists are beginning to realize, if Jackson became mayor, President Bush and his advisers could help make that happen.

Imagine the media opportunities. Not a state dinner would take place without the mayor in attendance. Not a foreign guest would visit Washington without paying a courtesy call on the man treated by the administration as the leader of the opposition. No event could occur in the nation's capital—not a Supreme Court ruling or a congressional vote or a presidential decision—without the press's being urged to call upon Jackson for a response.

Why does Jackson create a problem for Democrats? First, because he is controversial. Jackson elicited a 4–3 unfavorable rating among voters polled on Election Day last year by the *Los Angeles Times* and Cable News Network. Second, because he draws support from a narrow racial and ideological base.

Jackson virtually owned the black vote in last year's presidential primaries. *The New York Times* constructed a profile of the national Democratic-primary electorate from exit-poll percentages in thirty primary states. The results showed Jackson winning 92 percent of the black vote but only 12 percent of the white vote. That is an enormous discrepancy—and a problematic one for Democrats, who must compete in a national electorate that last November was 85 percent white.

Moreover, according to ABC News, "Jackson's white support in primaries came . . . mostly from liberal, upscale, well-educated voters." In other words, Jackson leads a coalition of blacks and white liberals. That is not exactly a formula for winning presidential elections in this country. It may, however, be a formula for winning mayoral elections in Washington, D.C., which is a city of blacks and white liberals.

If Jackson became mayor, Bush would win points for treating the nation's leading black spokesman with dignity and respect. At the same time, Bush would be promoting exactly the image that he and the Republican chairman, Lee Atwater, want to promote of the Democratic Party—as the party of blacks and white liberals. Only this time Bush could do it without the harsh rhetoric and inflammatory innuendo of the 1988 campaign. Instead, he could do it kindly and gently.

—William Schneider

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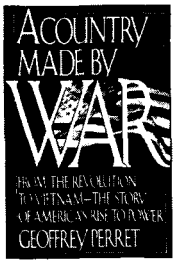

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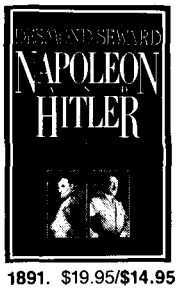

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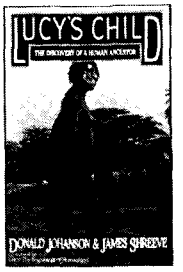

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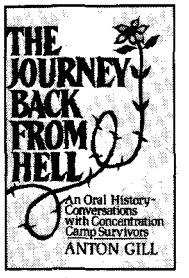

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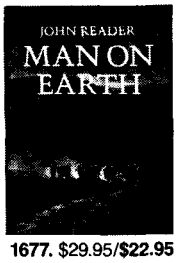

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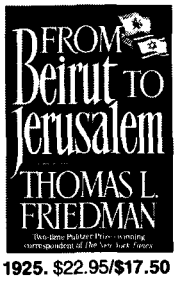

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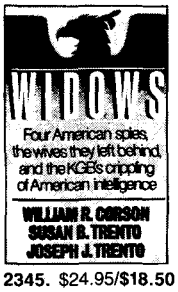

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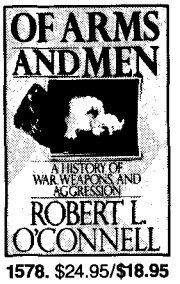

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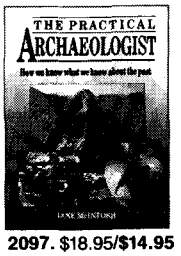

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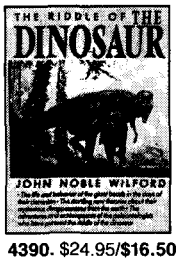

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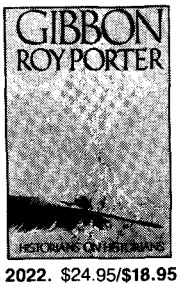

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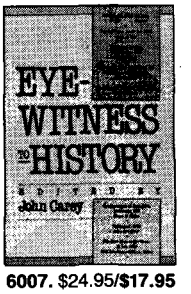

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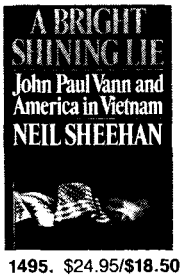

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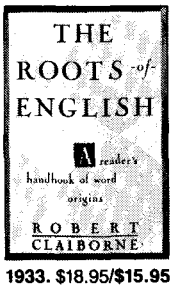

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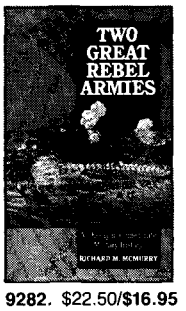

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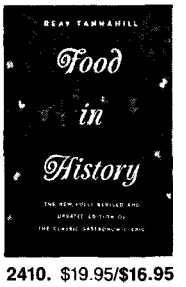

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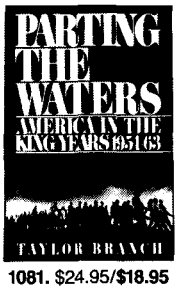

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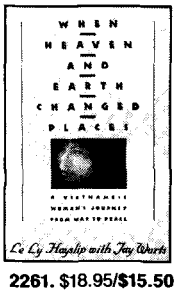

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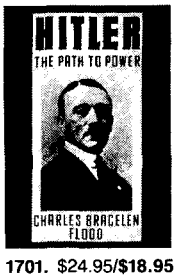

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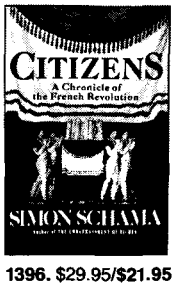

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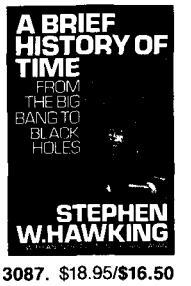

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TOMORROW DOESN'T WAIT

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

ASKED TO FORESEE three major trends that will characterize where we are headed in the nineties and beyond, today's futurists may be expected to glance more and more characteristically over their shoulders and foresee Three Major Trends, according to a recent, rather smirky, "post-futurist" study.

Sometimes four.

Since these major trends are not always the same three, or four, from futurist to futurist, there has been a tendency until recently to dismiss, on grounds of getting on with it, the last several trends cited overall, say emerging experts in the rapidly expanding field of critiquing prescience as such. But a growing demand for less predictable, more overtake-resistant trends has led leading futurists to take a closer look at—well, at their reflections the next morning, for one thing.

Futurists. . . The thing is, you'd have to know futurists. I might have been a futurist myself, but I married young, had children to support. I chose trade journalism and occasional plain-talk commentary. No regrets. Let me tell you something about futurists.

Futurists aren't accustomed to being dwelled on, as such. And when they are, they are just like everybody else, believe me: a long time getting over it. Especially when it comes to futurists (don't call them prognosticators), a breed unto themselves. A kind of frontier ethic . . . and then when you start breaking it down to the neo- or near-futurists, the nextualists, the due-time crowd, the by-and-by boys (not all of them boys anymore)—the squabbles, the hurt feelings, the things best left unsaid.

• Continued overdiversification of software.

Is usually one of them. One of the major trends. In the view of futurists. These young Turks see it a little differently. To them, *everything* can be reduced to . . .

Let me ask you something. Do you recall a time when all there was was hardware?

You may well be too young. You perhaps belong to that class of people which one well-known eventualist terms "teenage lawyers." Plugged into some manner of meta-leverage mergerware deal where already you are conjuring buying power out of thin air, to a far greater degree than the recognized experts or frankly (I have never sought to capitalize on inside knowledge, for reasons . . .) I am, aren't you? It's all right. No, it is.

The days of only hardware. Literal nuts and bolts. You're too young. Even to imagine.

Ah, but that's just it: in those days we *had* to imagine, we didn't have the dreamware, the museware. Used to go down into the basement, take a chisel or a twenty-penny nail and stir around in Pop's toolbox, making a noise like

*scrarglesggggrklblnk*glgnk,

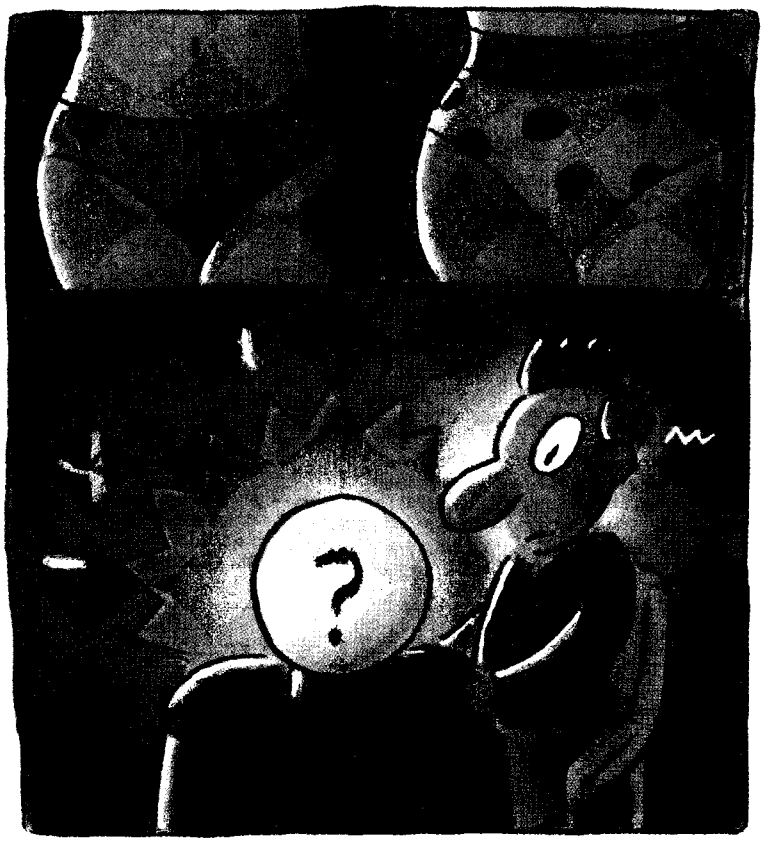
until something emerged. Something magical, because our minds made it so.

Unless what emerged was Pop. He didn't like us in his tools. And see what it leads to. New tools.

Warmware, dourware (which isn't all that dour, if you knew dour in the old days), wistfulware (which . . . oh, well), sweetware, hotware. You take for granted wares that experts in the field only a few years ago could not have predicted without feeling queasy for a moment.

But those blushful days are gone forever, say the post-futurists (let's call them that, for now).

That's what the futurists said, in another time, about bathing suits with skirts and navel coverage. You can forget about ever seeing big bathing suits again, they said, and how warmly that foresight was received! Talk about your backslaps after work, in the bar downstairs! That you may not know. I was there.



You do know of course that navel coverage, broader coverage generally, in swimwear is resurgent. Oh, yes. Baby Boomers are spreading, and learning shame. A waist, as they say, is a terrible thing to mind. And now: affluent people *younger* than Boomers. Here is where it gets interesting.

Trends in the future, some of the new breed suggest, will not just loop back upon themselves, as in the past, but will tend to shimmy.

Shimmer is the term some seem to favor, but that is as may be. The market, as always, will be the judge of *shimmer.*

But shimmy, now.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY BASEMAN

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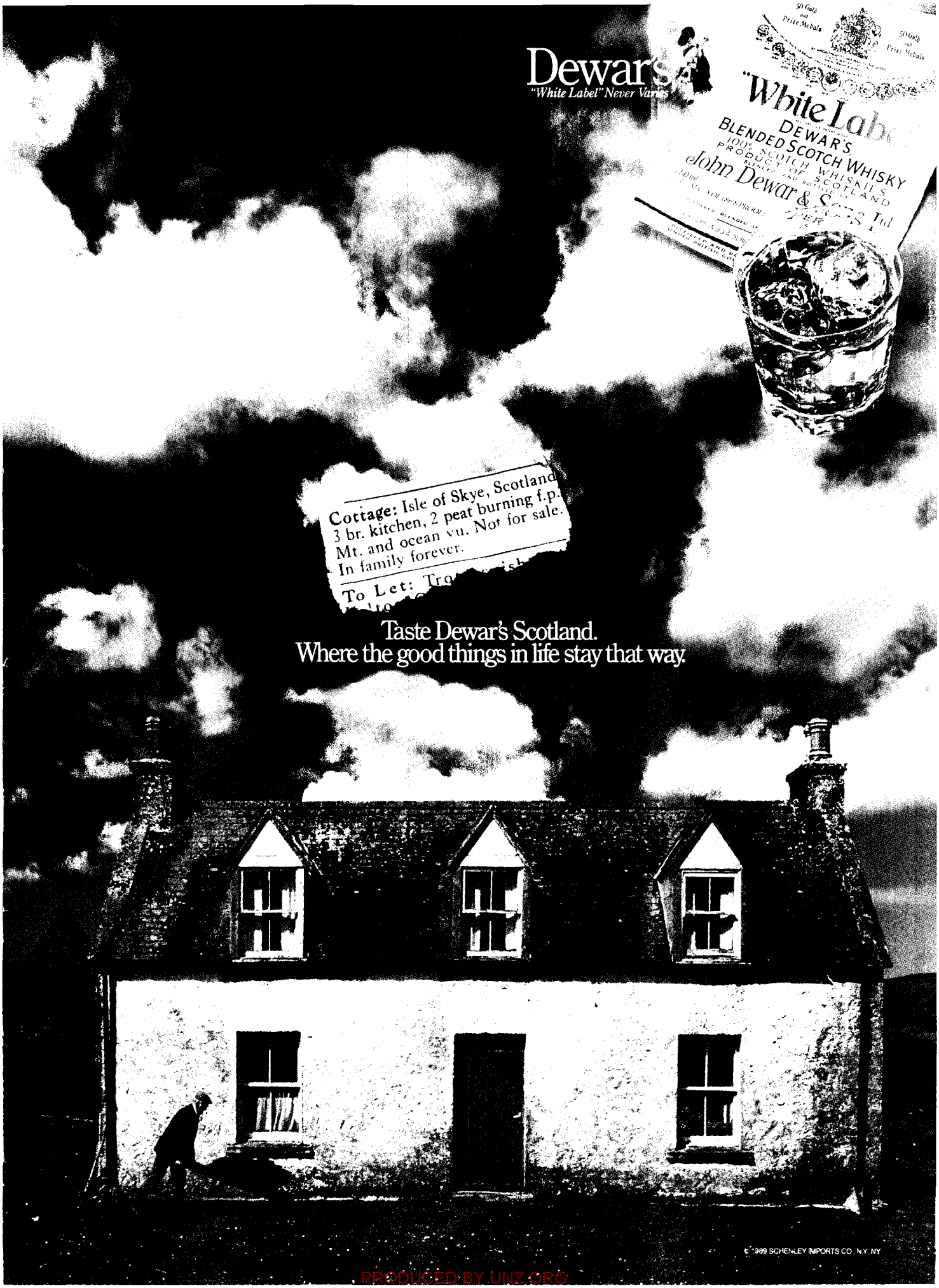

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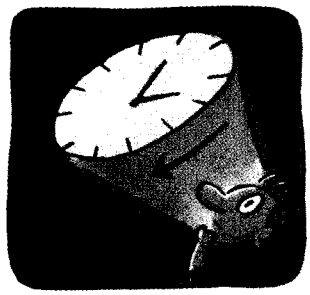
Grown-ups don't shimmy. Not grown-up men.

Of course, more and more, as we know, trends are gender-vague, and so be it. But I'm just saying. I suppose professional male dancers shimmy when so directed, in the workplace, but—we won't get anywhere, here, going into sex differences, because we know what that leads to. Many of the most provocative post-futurists, in fact, *are* female, and far be it from me.

But I'm just saying, as one who has been around for a while, when you talk shimmy, strictly speaking, you're talking one of two things: the front end of a motor vehicle or the hips and shoulders of her sister Kate.



But you wouldn't remember that song. I don't remember it either. I remember people who remembered it.

I spoke with one futurist insider the other day; I won't give his name, but it would be familiar to anyone who wasn't born yesterday. And he tossed a copy of the new counterjournal *Seer Seen* onto the table with such force that it overturned the pork skins. And he said, "I should have seen it coming. Right? Right? So sue me. I don't need this. Right? What do I *need* with this?"

I studied the face of that man, who had said so many then-unheard-of things before, and it occurred to me to hope that we will not lose sight of the good old seat-of-the-pants feel for how it looks down the road a piece, as best we can say from where we stand.

The other day I asked a man how old he was, and do you know what he said?

"I'm seventy-two years old *already*."

Things happen.

IN CLOSING:

• A greater need for essential trust, mixed with readiness to forgive, in the eyes of the beholder (and a corresponding shortage of it), than ever before.

• A recognition, in terms of the market, of the need to lead the bitter to the sweet—as we used to say—rather than, as in the past, the other way around. Though back before that, it was the same way around then, too, but that's going *way* back, oh, I don't rightly know how long. It would've been before Binnie died, because he was with Tocomeco and they had that logo back then, remember, old man Blodwold *drew* it? With a felt-tip pen? No, wait, we didn't *have* felt-tip pens. Drew it with an old smudgy Papermate ball-point that you clicked in and out. You don't see those much anymore, do you, those wonky ball-points that click in and out. Little spring in there. I remember one time in school, I was sitting next to Bird Noles and he sat behind Lianne McGehee, who was so prissy, and Bird, you know, he talked like he had his finger up his nose—excuse me—even when he didn't, and Lianne was wearing this summer dress that revealed quite a lot of her back. And I could see old Bird looking at it, and looking at it, and thinking to himself, and thinking to himself, and clicking that old ball-point pen of his—they were new then—in and out, and finally he just couldn't stand it any longer. He tapped on old Lianne's bare shoulder and she rolled her eyes the way she did and kind of halfway looked around at him, and he said, "Err. *Snrrk*. Kin I draw uh eeeagle on your back?" Said it just like that, you know. "Kin I draw uh eeeagle on your back?"

The things we remember. Of course she didn't let him. Not Lianne McGehee. She would be forty-eight now.

• Buy. Buy something. It doesn't have to be much. That's where a lot of people get sidetracked. It can be just a tiny handful of micro circuit breakers, or whatever you call them, no larger than an active person's hand. But if you don't buy, then I don't buy, she doesn't buy, he doesn't buy, and it snowballs and builds until there goes the future. Let's don't say a handful of micro circuit breakers. Let's say a handful of dreams. I don't think I can impress this upon you enough. By that I mean I believe I can say with confidence that if I end on this note, with a rising intonation, you will like it. □

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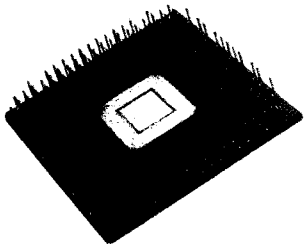

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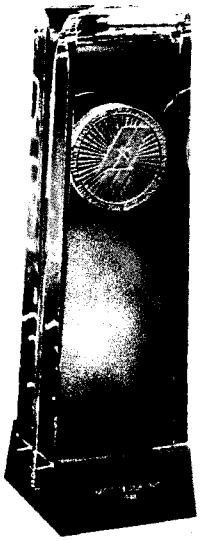
as you near each goal. Set it out of reach all over again. ■ Today, Motorola's standard is Six Sigma quality in all we do by 1992. In statistical terms: 99.9997 percent perfect. Our progress has been swift. Recently, Motorola shared the first Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award, given by the President. ■ Total customer satisfaction, our goal, is now on the horizon. We dare not rest in its pursuit.



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Building On Beliefs

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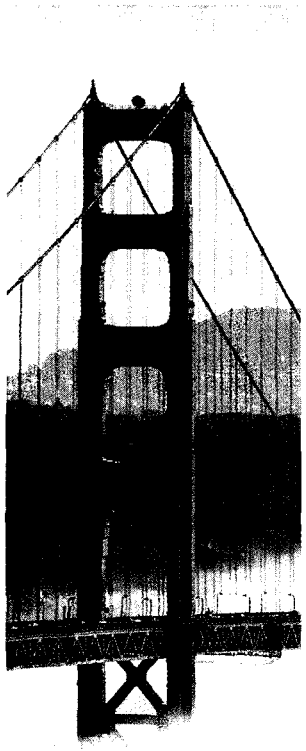

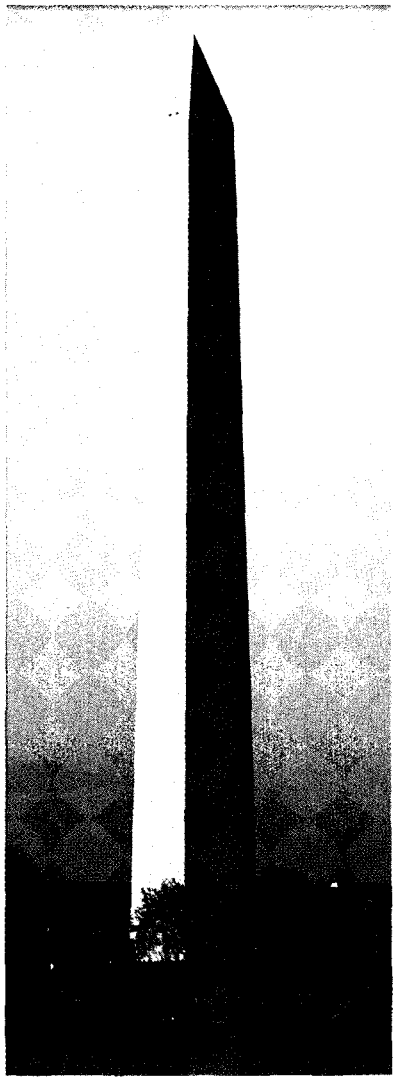

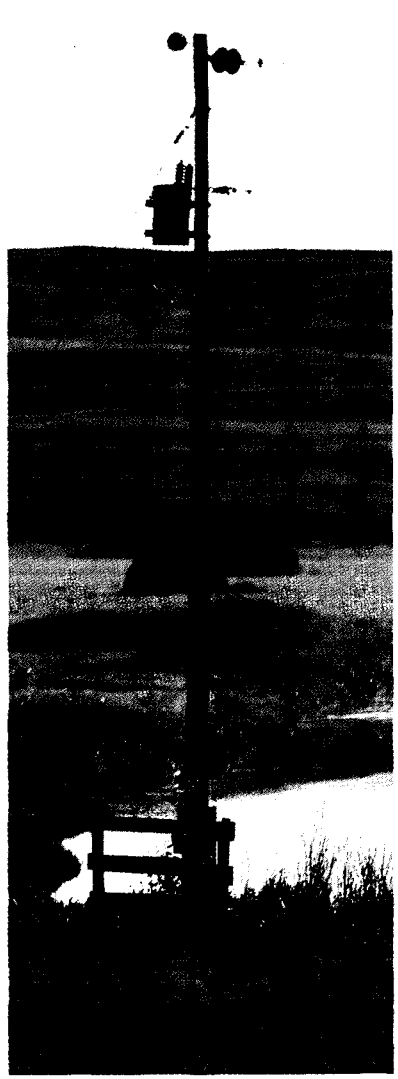

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Agriculture as we know it, Wes Jackson argues, is destroying our topsoil and polluting our environment. Human survival, he maintains, may depend on our learning to use the secrets of the prairie

BACK TO EDEN

BY EVAN EISENBERG

ALTHOUGH AGRICULTURE HAS GIVEN US cities, wealth, the arts and sciences—what we call civilization—on the whole it has been a mistake. That is Wes Jackson's view. He takes a long view, stretching back to the moment some 400 million years ago when a bony planet began to clothe itself in soil. That process, which allowed intricate forms of life to wriggle up out of the oceans and plant themselves on land, began to reverse itself about ten thousand years ago, with the arrival of a form of life called the farmer. It is reversing now at a roller-coaster, sick-in-the-pit-of-the-stomach rate, as if a film we had been watching all day were run backward in seconds. If most of us do not feel sick, perhaps that is because we are not watching.

Photographs by
TERRY EVANS

From a hillock on the Kansas prairie Wes Jackson *is* watching, and what he sees, and says, and does, makes him the most radical of America's agricultural prophets. While most of the others save their thunderbolts for agribusiness, having mainly kind words for traditional farming, Jackson attacks all agriculture as we know it. This business, he says, of scratching the earth and stick-

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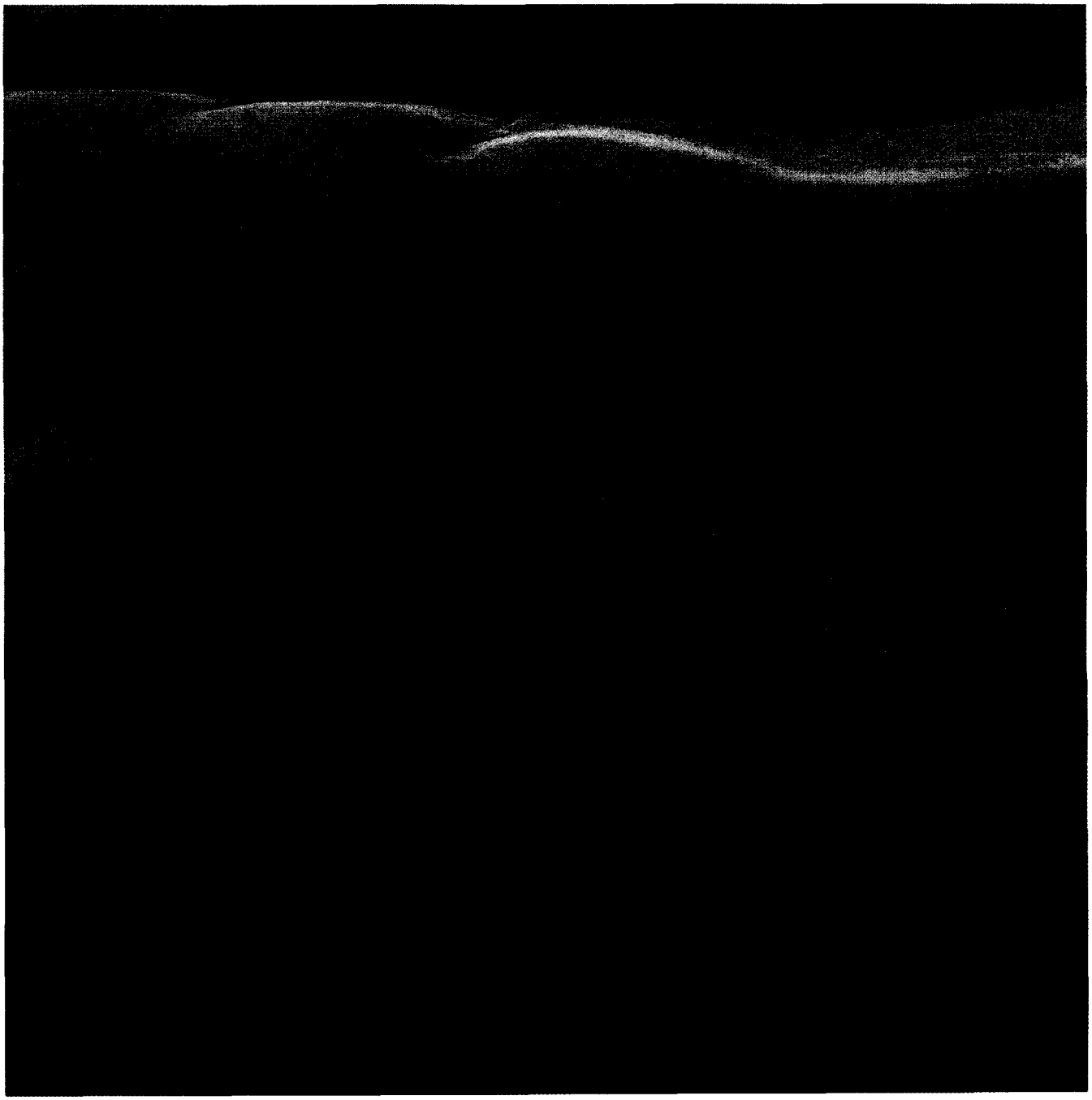

THE KONZA PRAIRIE:
AN 8,616-ACRE CLASSROOM

ing annual seeds in it is a recent notion, and on balance a bad one. Except under the most favorable conditions of climate, topography, and virtue, it has involved a rapid squandering of the earth's hardest-won resource: soil. As Jackson puts it—one prophet taking a swipe at another—"the plowshare may well have destroyed more options for future generations than the sword."

Jackson is not a madman. He is not a flatland druid who would sacrifice human beings to tall grass; he does not ask that ninety-nine out of a hundred of us volunteer to starve while the others revert to hunting and gathering. What he is, is harder to say. I am tempted to use the language of the discipline he was trained in—genetics. If you crossed Isaiah with a bison, you might get something like Wes Jackson. If you crossed Charles Darwin with William Jennings Bryan, splicing in a few choice genes from Will Rogers, you might come even closer. If you crossed a U.S. Department of Agriculture experiment station with Gandhi's Tolstoy Farm, you might get something resembling the Land Institute, which is the outfit in Salina, Kansas, that Jackson and his wife, Dana, direct.

Now, suppose you crossed a wheat field with a prairie, and the product flourished: you would have done what Wes Jackson and the Land Institute have been trying to

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do for twelve years and will keep trying to do for another hundred, if necessary.

The job may take that long. Although wheat field and prairie are both, botanically, mainly grass, they are otherwise as dissimilar as any two things under the sun. The typical wheat field is tilled several times a year; by definition, the native prairie has never been tilled at all. While the wheat field wastes topsoil, the prairie creates it. Heat, frost, and drought often catch the wheat field flat-footed; the prairie, which has seen all these things before, takes them in stride. Left to its own devices, the wheat field is next to defenseless against pests and pathogens that are naturally kept in check on the prairie. Like the wheat field, the prairie is a sprawling factory for turning sunlight into fiber, starch, fat, and protein; but while the prairie relies on today's sunlight, the wheat field lives on mummified sunlight in the form of fertilizers and pesticides derived from oil and gas. The prairie lives on income, the wheat field on capital. What is more, the prairie saves.

Jackson attacks all agriculture as we know it. This business, he says, of scratching the earth and sticking seeds in it is a recent notion, and on balance a bad one.

From the point of view of the ecologist, the prairie is doing everything right. From the point of view of the hungry ecologist, it has a serious flaw. What Jackson has in mind is a prairie that can feed the world.

Jackson likes to tell the story of the old Sioux Indian who watched a pioneer plowing up the prairie sod, examined the furrow, and said, "Wrong side up." Traditionally, the joke is on the Indian.

A century after the Indian's alleged remark, a third of our farmland topsoil, accumulated over millennia, is gone. For every bushel of corn that Iowa grows, it sheds at least two bushels of soil. Farm runoff is causing algal bloom in our lakes and is poisoning our drinking water. Nitrogen fertilizers may be helping to thin the ozone layer. In 1948, at the dawn of the chemical age, American farmers used 15 million pounds of insecticides and lost seven percent of their crops to insects; today they use 125 million pounds and lose 13 percent. Because most agricultural chemicals are made from fossil fuels, we expend three calories of energy to produce each calorie of food we eat. (If processing and transportation are included, ten calories are expended for each one we consume.) In contrast, Tsembaga farmers in highland New Guinea, using Neolithic slash-and-burn methods, expend less than a tenth of a calorie for each calorie they eat. For each American man, woman, and child, our agriculture ingests 160 pounds of nitrogen, phosphate, and potash fertilizer each year, and 325 gallons of water each *day*. The Ogallala aquifer of the Great Plains, which starts just west of Salina, held enough water forty years ago to fill Lake Huron; in another twenty years it may be too low to pump. The great dams of the West are silting up. Sloppy irrigation and poor drainage (worsened by the compaction that heavy machinery causes) have caused saline or sodic conditions on 10 percent of our crop and pasture land. Should we escape the fate of the ancient empires that were done in by erosion, we may instead face that of the Sumerians, whose civilization crumbled as their soil turned salty.

HYBRID SORGHUM

Many people have noticed these problems and offered piecemeal solutions. Jackson thinks the only real solution is to turn agriculture on its head. The field of waving grain he sees in his mind's eye would be plowed maybe once in five years. It would be a mixture, or polyculture, of three or four crops nourishing to human beings or livestock. Like many existing crops, these would yield at least 1,800 pounds of edible seed per acre. Unlike existing crops but like most prairie plants, they would be perennials. Their roots, undisturbed for years at a stretch, would hold the soil in place, and would become adept at finding moisture and sustenance. The only chemicals applied would be those nature applies to the prairie. Agronomists would call this field a herbaceous seed-bearing perennial polyculture. With Jackson's permission, the rest of us would call it a domestic prairie. Presumably the old Sioux Indian would call it "right side up."

Visiting the Land Institute

JACKSON GOT THE IDEA SHORTLY AFTER HIS CLASSroom burned down. The Land Institute, dedicated to finding "sustainable alternatives in agriculture, energy, waste management, and shelter," had enrolled its first class of students in September of 1976. The fire came in October. Instead of going home, the students decided that fate had handed them their first assignment in sustainable shelter. Elbow to elbow with the Jacksons, they built a new, solar-heated classroom from scratch. The institute's modest library having been destroyed, they pooled their beer money and bought a dictionary. Like prairie scoured by fire, the school regenerated from its roots. By Christmas of 1977 it had completed a structure sound enough to meet in, along with an office sound enough for Jackson to sit and think in.

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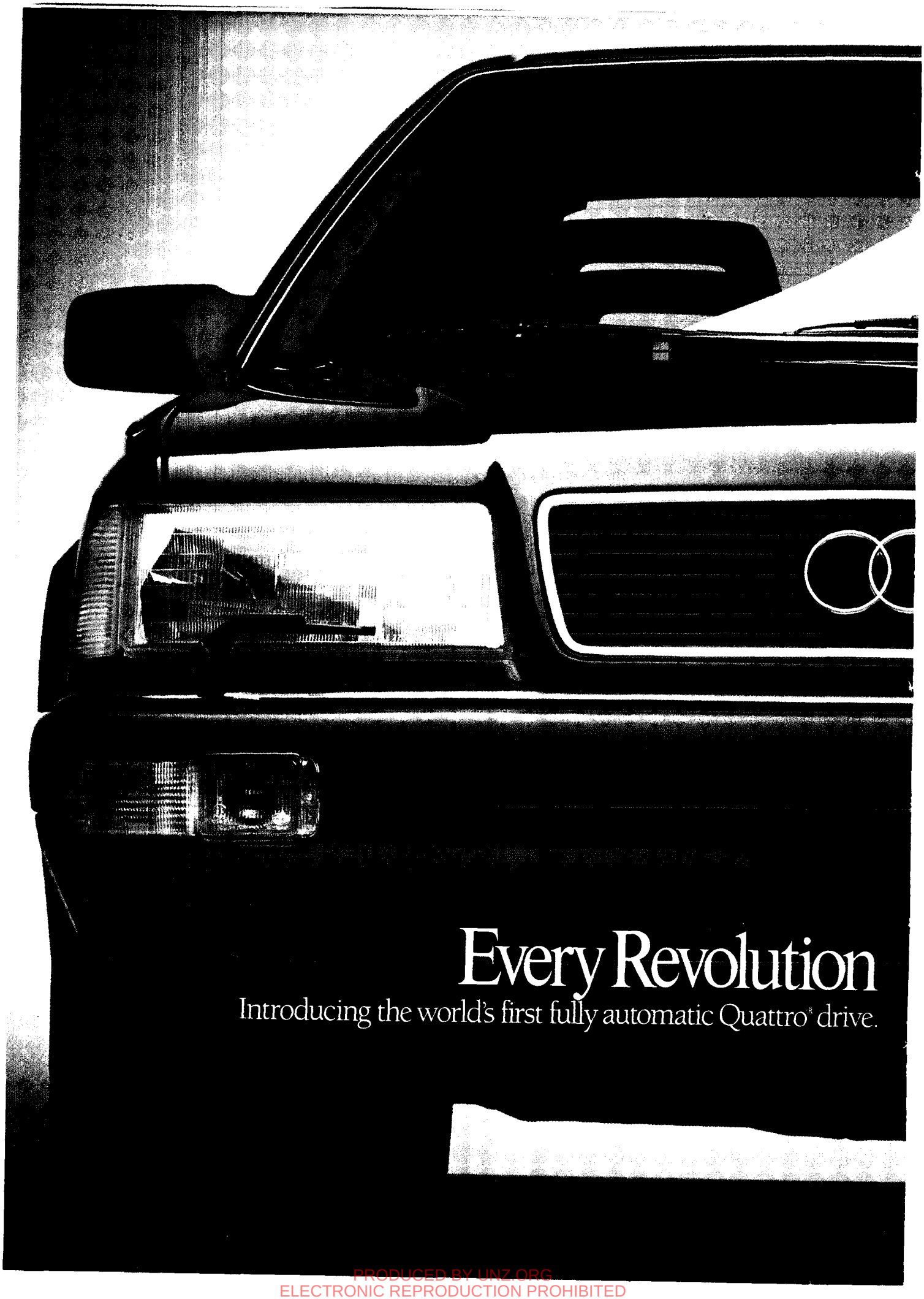

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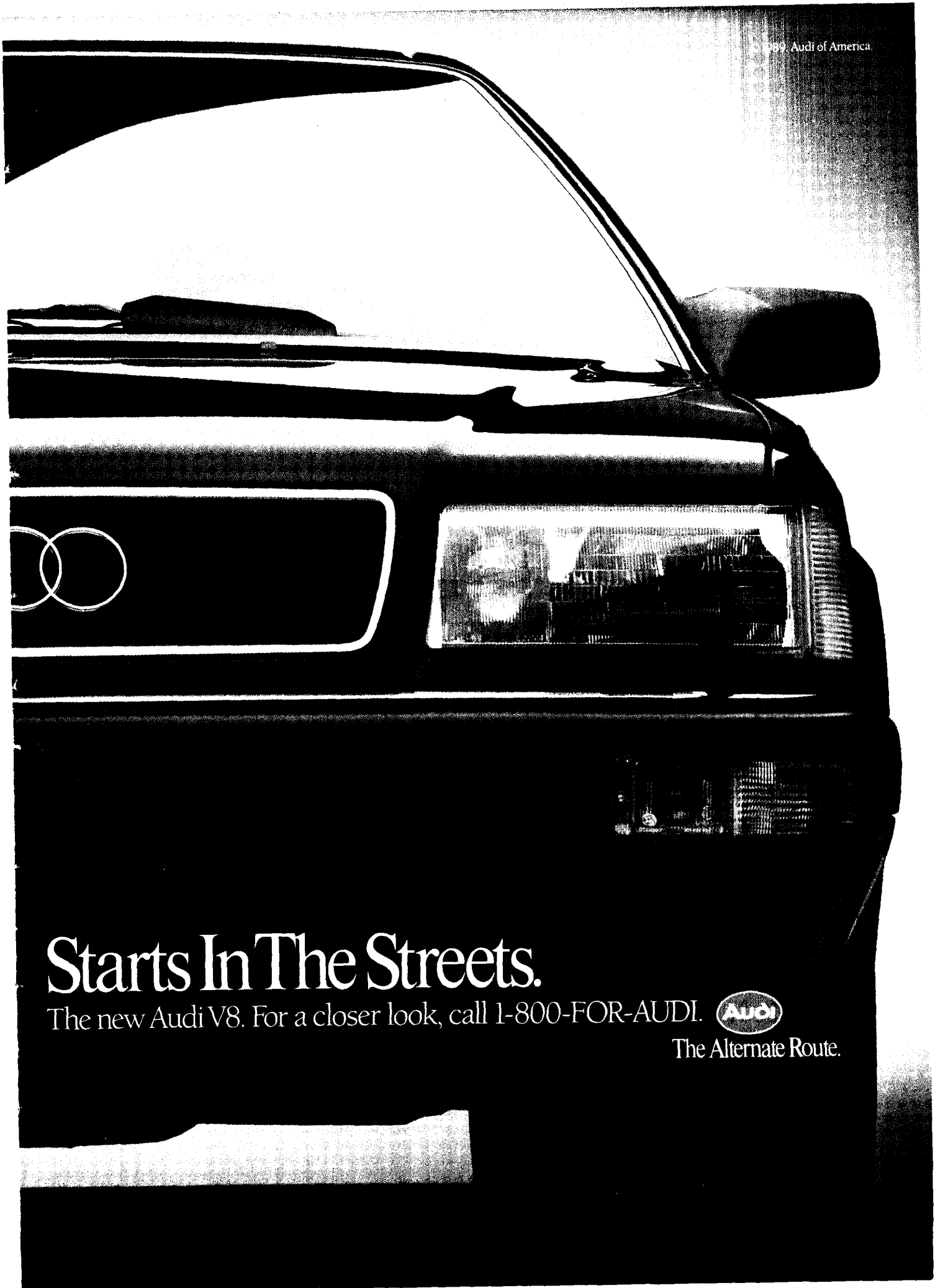

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The fire had put the fear of God in him. In a world where you have to run as fast as you can just to stay in place, the fire said, you had best know where you are going. He jotted down a list of the world's infirmities. Of those he thought he might be able to do something about, soil erosion came out on top. But what unique contribution could the Land Institute make to a problem that had plagued farming since farming began?

That fall Jackson had taken his students to an 8,616-acre classroom called the Konza Prairie, near Manhattan, Kansas. Now, chewing over in his mind's maw the tough, springy, soil-mongering vegetative structure of the tallgrass prairie, he began wondering where it fit in the grand scheme of the plant kingdom as colonized by man. He sketched out a chart dividing that kingdom according to four dichotomies: monoculture or polyculture, woody or herbaceous, annual or perennial, grown for vegetative matter (leaves, stems, wood) or grown for fruit and seed. Four of the sixteen possible combinations described woody annuals, the botanical counterparts of griffins and manticores. That left twelve combinations—of which eleven had some embodiment in farming or forestry.

Like a Count Basie piano solo, the chart was most intriguing where it held back. Just above the line describing the prairie and other mixed pastures ("polyculture, herbaceous, perennial, vegetative") was another line ("polyculture, herbaceous, perennial, fruit/seed") that had a thundering blank where its embodiment in farming should have been. The blank was intriguing because the change in a single parameter—from "vegetative" to "fruit/seed"—made a great difference.

I said before that from the point of view of the hungry ecologist, the prairie has a serious flaw. Human beings have been seed-eaters for many thousands of years, perhaps since our long morning on the African savanna. Seeds, meant by nature to provision an infant plant, are concentrated pellets of energy and protein. Meant to stay intact until the signals are right for germination, they are readily traded, transported, and stored against winters and lean years. The basis of human proliferation is not our own seed but the seed of grasses. Corn, wheat, and rice produce plenty of seed, big bluestem and switchgrass precious little. Quadrupeds can live on the stems and leaves of prairie grasses, and bipeds can live on the quadrupeds, but that arrangement leaves bipeds perched on a high, narrow ledge of the trophic pyramid. We are now too plentiful to fit. We need bread, brought forth directly, as the Hebrew blessing has it, "from the earth."

Could a new kind of prairie bring forth that bread? Jackson had every reason to think the answer was no. A plant has only so much energy to spend. Unlike a national economy, it can't run a deficit; when it has earned what it can from the sun, it has no place left from which to borrow (in nature, that is: with man as broker, a plant can get a loan from long-dead plants, in the form of fertilizer). In view of this hard fact, two main schools of economic thought have arisen among flowering plants. One advises throwing most of one's energy into seeds; the other gives precedence to roots. Plants adopting the seed strategy won't live long—most will be annuals—but they may, with luck, have a lot of progeny. Plants with strong root systems will generally be perennials, able to survive drought, wind, frost, even fire; often they will reproduce, slowly but steadily, by budding from creeping rhizomes (underground stems) or roots. This is good policy on the prairie, where conditions can be extreme and competition tough.

On a level evolutionary playing field, untampered with by humans beings, seed strategists don't do well under prairie conditions. But seed strategists are opportunists, always on the lookout for disturbed soil and open patches. Such were the weeds that dogged the heels of early human beings, and some of them were domesticated as grains. By paying human beings to husband their seeds and plant them each year in soil disturbed by the plow—in effect, giving us a commission—they have displaced root strategists from many prairie zones, including the Great Plains. Unluckily, the soil disturbance these seeds thrive on has led to loss—at times slow and steady, at times cataclysmic—of the soil they and we depend on.

The great virtues of the prairie are the virtues of its roots. Breed the prairie grasses for seed, and you lose those good roots. What is gained at one end is lost at the other, and your high-yielding perennial turns out to be an annual.

Things might turn out that way, Jackson allowed. But biology is not a zero-sum game. Sometimes an organism or a collocation of organisms does manage, by dint of greater efficiency or a nimbler juggling of resources and needs, to beat the system. With the stakes so high, it was worth finding out if the system could be beaten in this case.

I FIRST CAME ACROSS WES JACKSON IN THE PAGES OF *Manas*, a journal published weekly, anonymously, and more or less single-handedly from 1948 until the end of 1988 by a man in Los Angeles named Henry Geiger. (He died two months after the last issue appeared.) In a style like white marble Geiger wrote about his heroes. A handful of names kept recurring: Socrates, Gautama Buddha, Thoreau, Gandhi, Abraham Maslow, Wendell Berry, Wes Jackson. I liked most of these people well enough to want to investigate the others.

In June of 1987 my wife and I attended the Ninth Annual Prairie Festival at the Land Institute. We walked the institute's native prairie—long, loping swells, frothy with wildflowers—with a botanist from the University of Kansas, a former Land student, who knew the names of all the plants and what the Indians had done with them. We toured test plots of Illinois bundleflower, Maximilian sunflower, eastern gama grass, leymus, milo, and John-

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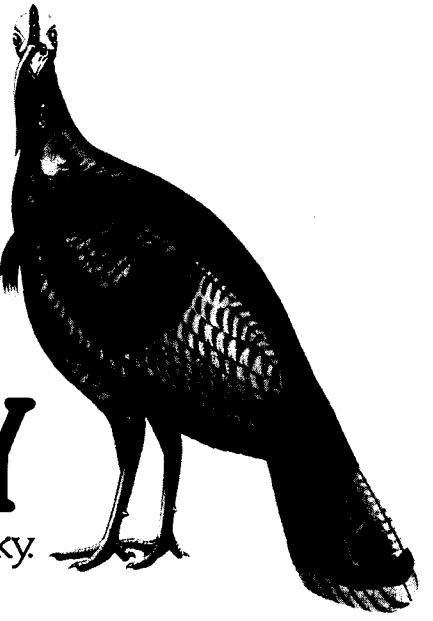

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son grass in assorted crosses and polycultures, each plot interpreted with humor and assurance by the intern in charge of it. We sat through symposia and stumbled through square dances in a big graying barn made from salvaged railroad ties. The fiddler would play the tune slowly until everyone had learned the steps, and then floor the pedal. At the last symposium, the grand finale, a panel that included two eminent ecological historians, Jackson's friends Donald Worster and Angus Wright, talked about how the Protestant ethic of work and production was exhausting the earth. The audience joined in their lament. After a while a big man who had been slumped like a giant marionette on a ledge off to the side of the barn jumped up, came over to the folding table the panelists were sitting at, and said, "Well, I think this nonsense has gone on long enough." He gave a gap-toothed grin. "When the oil runs out, we're going to need the work ethic more than ever."

For a moment only the barn swallows up in the rafters responded. Then came bursts of startled, illuminated laughter.

The big gap-toothed man was Wes Jackson.

If you cut out the contiguous United States and balanced it on a finger, you would be pointing to the Land Institute. The country's center of gravity is here, and you can feel it. There is a sense of poise and deliberateness, something in the air that counsels against rashness.

PRAIRIE BURN, LAKE MELVERN, NEAR LYNDON, KANSAS

We came back the next year at a bad time, well into July. Trouble, in the shape of heat and drought, had already arrived. Each day the digital thermometer across the parking lot from our motel exercised all three digits. Salina is a town of great decorum, with limestone churches on every corner and trees artfully pruned to disguise tornado damage. At Salina's edge Interstate 135 runs south across an asphalt bottomland, shopping malls clinging to it like cottonwoods to a creek. We turned off it onto a gravel road that cut through fields of winter wheat harvested the month before and fields of sorghum just coming up. A tractor disking in stubble cast a shadow of dust on the sky.

A sign carved in wood marked an archipelago of small wooden buildings in a sea of shrubs, vines, vegetables, and flowers. Shipshape and stained a self-effacing siena, the buildings looked homemade. To the west paths led through thickets of burr oak to a bluff overlooking the Smokey Hill River. The field to the east, which the previous spring had been a fairground dense with tents, was empty, but the field beyond it was dense with oats. On the other side of the road, to the north, the prairie that a month ago must have been spangled with purple coneflower, plains larkspur, penstemon, and wild indigo was monochrome, save for the occasional yellow silphium dawdling like the last string of balloons after a party. The Land Institute sits on the western fringe of the tallgrass-prairie zone. The midgrass starts here, and the shortgrass of the High Plains starts a hundred miles to the west. The tallgrass prairie alone once mantled 400,000 square miles; now it is patches and tatters. The institute has some native prairie and some reclaimed from the plow, which it manages by spring burning every few years. At the time of my second visit so little rain had fallen that even the big bluestem was small. The sod was shut like a fist. It seemed to be husbanding its strength, making sure the soil did not slip through its fingers.

We found Dana in her office next to the classroom, and Dana tracked down Wes. If Wes looks like the giant troll who knocks over trees when he walks, Dana looks like the elf who sets up housekeeping in the stumps. This is a function not of her size, which is average, but of a deftness in the turn of her nose and the cut of her chin, an amused light in her eyes. There is nothing deft about the cut of Wes's features. They do not look cut; they do not even look hewn. They look found. You can read the history of Kansas in his features, which are as rough as cottonwood limestone, the blocky stuff the settlers built their houses from when they got tired of living in sod dugouts.

Jackson took us on a tour of the year's experiments. Since the institute's 205 acres had just been augmented by a seventy-two-acre field about two miles down the road, he decided to drive us around. For all his steeping in the small-is-beautiful ethic, he is still farm boy enough to be proud of having a spread too big to walk. He does not salaam to technology, however; this can be seen in the way he treats his car. The landscape of north-central Kansas is flat, but not that flat. He stampeded his old Subaru over rutted prairie, bouncing from experimental plot to plot; because it was lunchtime, no intern was in

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danger of being plowed under. Braking beside a stand of *Tripsacum dactyloides*, or eastern gama grass, a tall prairie bunchgrass that looks like a kind of oversexed wheat but is actually a cousin of corn, Jackson jumped out and rummaged among the seed heads. Shortly he displayed in one large hand a normal seed head, in the other a sport: the pistillate or gynomonoecious form, a recently discovered mutant that has four times as many seeds as garden-variety eastern gama grass, most of them in soft, loose glumes instead of hard, tight hulls. The pistillate form may be the best break that Jackson's team has had in twelve years of work (though, as Jackson is quick to point out, Robert Dayton, then the head of the USDA Plant Materials Center at Manhattan, Kansas, is the man who found it). It has even furnished Jackson's daughter Laura with the germ of a doctoral thesis at Cornell.

EASTERN GAMA GRASS

In another plot shorter, weedy plants that branched like poplars were growing in buried pots. They were the grandchildren of a cross between milo (*Sorghum bicolor*), a common grain sorghum that is not winter-hardy outside the tropics and is grown as an annual, and Johnson grass (*Sorghum halepense*), a weed that is perennial with a vengeance. Johnson grass has crab-claw rhizomes that spread it like a nasty rumor. It is tolerated by ranchers (it makes decent pasture so long as it isn't grazed in hot summers or after the first frost, when the prussic acid in it can kill livestock) and abominated by farmers. On occasion farms overrun by it have been abandoned. Here its toughness was being enlisted in the effort to breed a perennial grain sorghum. Because these plants were still on the weedy side—throwing out too many rhizomes and dispersing their seed too readily—they were being backcrossed with milo, the cultivated parent. The pots were good agronomic practice and would prevent a lynching by local farmers.

In one big plot three species could be distinguished. One was eastern gama grass. Another, even taller, was giant wild rye (*Leymus racemosus*), a bunchgrass with huge flowering spikes. It was a long way from home. A native of Russia—its seeds were eaten in drought years, when the wheat failed—it was among 4,300 accessions from the USDA Plant Introduction Station in Pullman, Washington, from which candidates were chosen for the institute's breeding program. The third plant was not a grass but a legume—a relative of beans, alfalfa, and locust trees—with frilly leaves like a locust or a mimosa. Like many legumes, Illinois bundleflower (*Desmanthus illinoensis*) is high in protein; it is a favorite of livestock. Also like many legumes, it has rhizobium bacteria on its roots which "fix" nitrogen from the air, changing it into a form that plants can use. Its first-year yields in monoculture had approached the standard of 1,800 pounds per acre set by middling Kansas wheat.

So far the trio had cohabited happily enough, though of the two grasses, only the gama seemed to be getting any extra nitrogen from the deal. Because each crop ripens in a different month, farmers would be able to harvest the three separately by machine. But even hand harvesting would be impracticable unless the plants could be bred, like other cultivated grains, to be shatter-resistant—that is, to keep their seed heads intact until harvest, instead of letting the heads burst and expel their seed, as wild plants do.

Biology is not a zero-sum game. Sometimes an organism does manage, by dint of greater efficiency or a nimbler juggling of resources, to beat the system.

WHAT I SAW ON THAT DRIVE, AND ON MY WALKS later, was interesting. So was what I did not see. When Jackson first imagined his polyculture, he wanted to model it on the prairie's own triumvirate of grass, legume, and composite. Leymus, Illinois bundleflower, and Maximilian sunflower seemed to be a combination that was worth checking out. The grass and the legume would provide starch and protein, the composite oil. The legume would fix nitrogen, while allelopathic chemicals released (some scientists believed) by the sunflower would keep weeds at bay.

Like most ideas in plant breeding, this did not work. The leymus never quite got a foothold. A monoculture of Maximilian sunflower was not encouraging either; by the third year it was yielding hardly enough seeds to satisfy a mourning dove. As things stood, the entire family of Compositae was in disgrace. The favored triculture now was leymus, eastern gama grass, and bundleflower, which could be said to mimic the prairie's mix of cool-season grasses, warm-season grasses, and legumes. But Jackson was not ready to give up on the sunflower ingredient of his original mix. "We didn't know how much variation was in it," he told me later, referring to genetic variation within the species, which would be revealed by collecting and growing more strains. "We didn't have the horsepower."

The horses at the Land Institute wear shorts and T-shirts. Some wear feed caps. Others wear wide-brimmed, flat-topped straw hats with black ribbons

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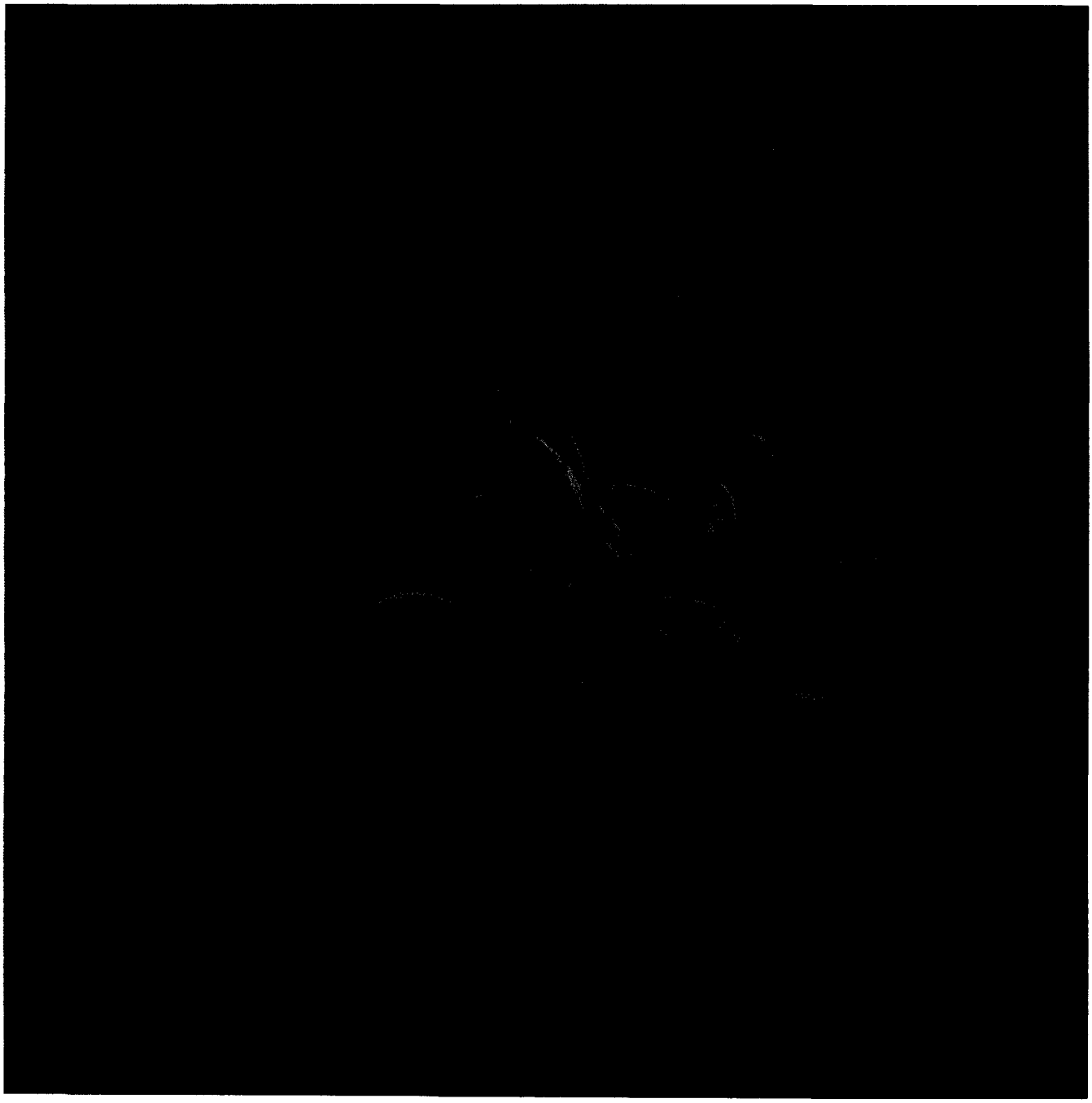
made by Gohn Brothers, Amish and Plain Clothing, Middlebury, Indiana. They are frisky but pull like Belgians. Paid small stipends, they take rooms in Salina and carpool or cycle to the Land. At noon they forage in the garden (not in the research plots) and cook up communal ratatouilles. They eat at a big table in the classroom, which is also the library: current issues of *BioScience, Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, Kansas Business News, The Furrow, Agrichemical Age, Conservation Biology, High Country News*, and *Small Farmer's Journal*, among other publications, are handy for browsing. But mostly they talk. They start classes in February, working in the greenhouse only in the afternoons, but by summer they have traded their books for spading forks. Each has taken on a project from an agenda drawn up by Jackson and his staff. One helps Jon Piper, the Land's ecologist, monitor the species mix of the native prairie, in hopes of uncovering its polycultural secrets. Another works with Peter Kulakow, the chief plant breeder, on the sorghum-breeding program. A third takes charge of the triculture. A fourth, issued a butterfly net and specimen pins, studies insect populations on the prairie and in the plots. A fifth works with Mary Handley, the Land's plant pathologist and Kulakow's wife, to culture and identify pathogens. Eight to ten interns work at the



NATIVE GRASSES AND FORBS, WAUHOB PRAIRIE

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Land Institute in a typical year. In the fall they will take turns planting their data in a desktop computer. Before they leave, in December, sturdy articles will be harvested.

Since the first edition of Jackson's book *New Roots for Agriculture* appeared, in 1980, a few people not at the Land have begun working toward the domestic prairie, among them Peggy Wagoner, at the Rodale Research Center, and a number of Land alumni at the Kerr Center for Sustainable Agriculture, in Poteau, Oklahoma. But most breeders with an interest in prairie plants are working on forage and feed crops. It is a lot easier to breed perennials for livestock than for human beings, because livestock can live on the leaves and other fibrous parts, while people need the seeds. Also, people are pickier. It is a measure of Jackson's ambition that he wants to change the human diet, and at its very kernel. He is going straight for the staff of life. While acknowledging that wheat and other annuals will always find a niche on the most level, least erodible land, he wants to replace them with perennials everywhere else.

WES JACKSON: PART ISAIAH, PART BISON

Thom Leonard, an ex-baker who runs the Grain Exchange—a cabal, based at the Land, to save and spread the seeds of rare varieties of wheat, corn, barley, and so on—thinks perennial grains might sneak into the supermarket as secondary ingredients in breads and breakfast cereals, as amaranth (a high-protein annual) has done. "You go into the grocery stores here in Salina, you can buy a loaf of amaranth bread that has five or ten percent amaranth in a wheat stock," he told me. "I think that's probably a realistic way of beginning to incorporate it. The bread grains we know are pretty unique, and I don't think in terms of protein structure either eastern gama grass or leymus would make the kind of bread we're used to having."

Nevertheless, a couple of years ago some of the interns substituted eastern gama grass for its tamer cousin in a cornbread recipe. How was it? "It was great," Leonard said. "I could eat it every day." He smiled. He paused. "It was pretty good."

But prairie rolls and prairie flakes are as yet fantasy. For that matter, so is the domestic prairie. Aware that Americans don't like to wait decades for results, Jackson admits he'd like to have something to show in the meantime. Eastern gama grass, planted as a perennial monoculture, would make a good forage crop and a good first step. This is a goal nonvisionary enough to have attracted public funds. At the USDA Southern Plains Range Research Station, in Woodward, Oklahoma, breeders are working (as Jackson is) to improve seed harvest and germination, which is naturally slack in a prairie grass that propagates by means of rhizomes rather than seeds. The discovery of a seed-rich mutant was a big step forward. Another promising forage crop for perennial monoculture is winter-hardy grain sorghum, and again public funds have been enlisted; people at the Land are collaborating with people at Kansas State. The good news here is how lustily milo miscegenates with Johnson grass. "But if we are content to stop there," Jackson told me, "we will have missed the point, see. We've got to keep in mind the domestic-prairie notion."

The Education of a Maverick

When Wes Jackson was in college, he thought of grass, when he thought of it at all, as something for the fullback to sit down on when robbed of the support of his legs. He played defensive and offensive guard for Kansas Wesleyan, starting on championship teams in his junior and senior years. "I've just been a long time growing up," he told me. He was grown up enough by his senior year to marry Dana Percival, an English major from Abilene whose grandfather had driven cattle over the Chisholm Trail and whose father was born in a dugout built of prairie sod. (Their prairie pedigrees were well matched: Wes's great-grandfather, the second white man in Douglas County, rode with John Brown at Black Jack Creek.) After a few years coaching and teaching, first at a Kansas high school, then at Kansas Wesleyan, Jackson found his attention beginning to stray from scrimmage lines to breeding lines. Despite a childhood steeped in Scripture, he had long had an interest in evolution. "I tell you what I believed firmly: I hung on tight to 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.' " In 1964 he went on to North Carolina State for a doctorate in genetics.

Some interesting things were going on at N.C. State.

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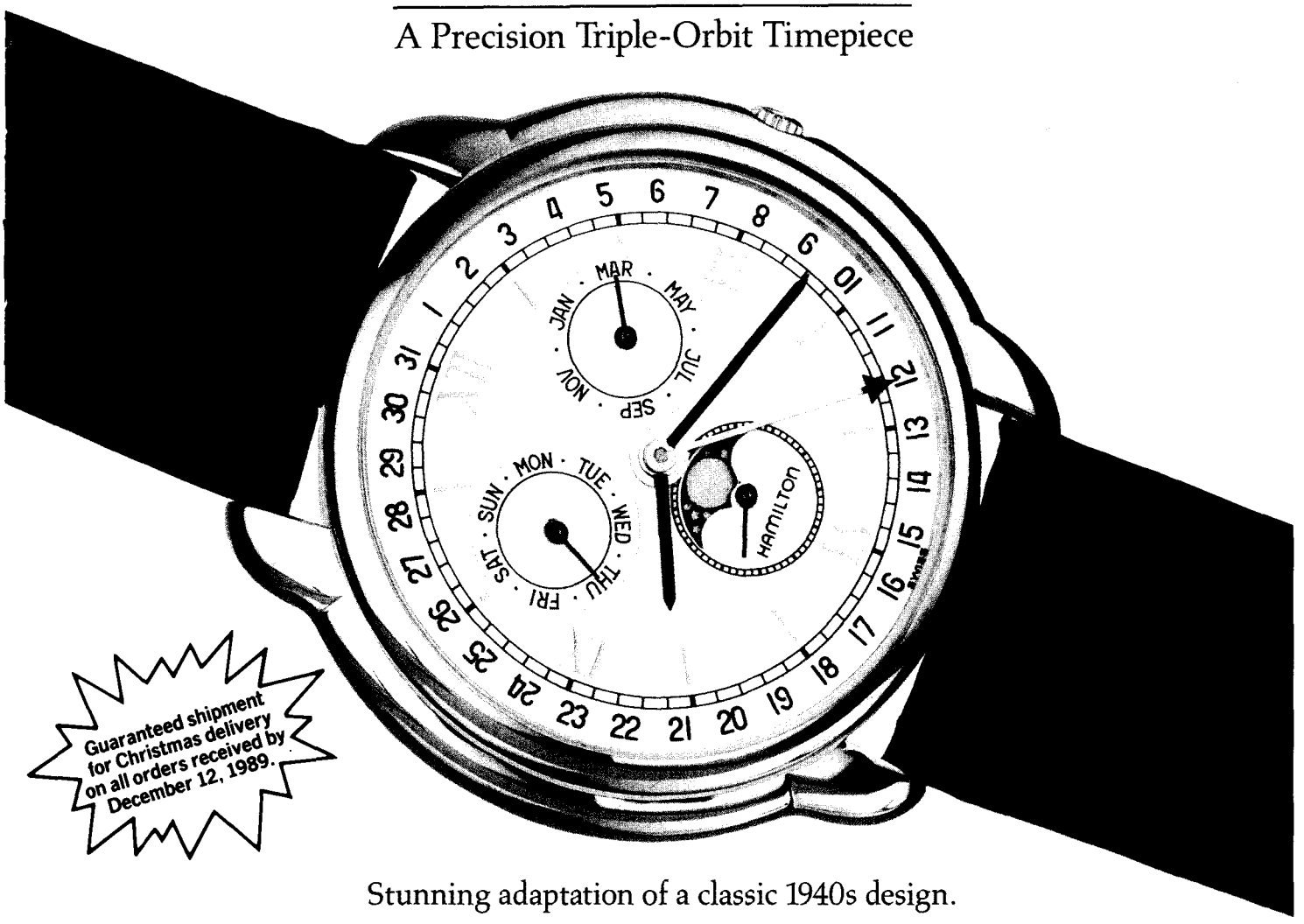

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Researchers were looking at a quantitative gene in corn that might offer perpetual high yields from open-pollinated seed. Instead of buying hybrid seed each spring, farmers would be able to do as their fathers had done: save seed corn from each harvest to plant the following year. Strange to relate, this marvel has yet to reach the farmers' hands. Richard Lewontin, a population geneticist now at Harvard, formerly at N.C. State, has suggested that the research has languished because seed companies—for obvious reasons—are not interested in funding it. Jackson tends to agree. In any case, he learned while in grad school that in the realm of science, truth alone is not enough to make you free. You also need funding.

It is a measure of Jackson's ambition that he wants to change the human diet, and at its very kernel. He is going straight for the staff of life.

Jackson learned some other things, most of them from his major professor, Ben Smith. Smith would wander into Jackson's corner of the lab late at night, sweetening the air with pipe smoke and tales of N. I. Vavilov. Vavilov, the titan of Soviet genetics, was perhaps the first scientist to see cultivated plants as products of natural as well as human selection. Before running afoul of T. D. Lysenko, in the thirties, and dying in a prison on the Volga, he set up research stations where eye-poppingly wide crosses were made between wild plants and domestic, domestic and domestic, wild and wild. Long after the smell of tobacco had left his clothes, Jackson remembered those stories. He remembered, too, an off-the-cuff comment of Smith's that went something like this: "Wilderness is the standard against which agriculture should be judged."

Jackson went back to teaching and coaching at Kansas Wesleyan. There he and Dana got caught up in the swim of the environmental movement. Having been raised, as Dana says, "Kansan, Republican, Protestant, a real category," they could hardly swallow the sixties whole: "Wes marched against the Vietnam War, but we were never long-haired hippies." Much in sixties thinking, however, jibed with their Kansan, Republican (circa 1858), Protestant idealism and Wes's biological perspective. His textbook, *Man and the Environment*, an anthology that drew on historical, literary, and scientific sources, sold smartly. He was invited to found an environmental-studies program at California State University in Sacramento. At the age of thirty-seven he became a full professor: a perfect specimen of *Homo academicus*, preserved in tenure.

As the gel began to harden in the Central Valley sun, the Jacksons got fidgety. Did they really want to see their three children growing up and themselves growing old on the freeways, amid the alien tomatoes? Could Wes remain happy when half his view of the world was blocked by a blackboard? He took an unpaid leave, and they packed up the wagon and went back to Kansas.

MAXIMILIAN SUNFLOWER

As soon as they arrived, their toes started rooting. Shortly before the move to California they had bought three acres on the Smoky Hill River, just south of Salina, and built a house "out of junk," burrowed into a slope like the dugout Dana's father grew up in. Here they now settled down. Dana planted a garden: "We had three kids and no money, so the garden was serious business for me." They kept chickens and a cow. While the life they lived—self-sufficient, close to the land, sparing of resources and of energy not their own—was dictated mainly by thrift, it clicked with the spirit of the age. The young people whose minds had been exercised by Wes's lectures had bodies as well. Why not start a school that would exercise both, giving the students a chance to practice what was preached to them? But here no one would preach, as this would be less a school than a place of joint exploring for "sustainable alternatives in agriculture, energy, waste management, and shelter."

In September of 1976, having raised $16,000 with the help of a Salina lawyer and built a classroom (also of junk), the Land Institute enrolled its first class. In October the classroom turned to ashes, and a year or so later Jackson started thinking hard about dust.

The War Against Erosion

In the days of the Dust Bowl, soil erosion was hard to miss. A midsize grass, wheat, had been planted on shortgrass prairie as if this were the most natural thing in the world. The Great War had cut off wheat exports from Russia to a devastated Europe, and America had tried to meet the demand by plowing up as much of its own steppe as possible. When drought came, as sooner or later it would, nature's recoil was spectacular. The midgrass was rejected like alien tissue, and the soil went with it. As the sky grew dark over the Capitol dome, even manicured senators had to take notice. The Soil Conservation Service arose and declared a "war without guns" against erosion. Led by the eminent scientist Hugh Bennett, the SCS may have been the most spirited and enlightened agency in the history of the republic. It had the support of an extraordinary private group called the Friends of the Land, in which such men as Aldo Leo-

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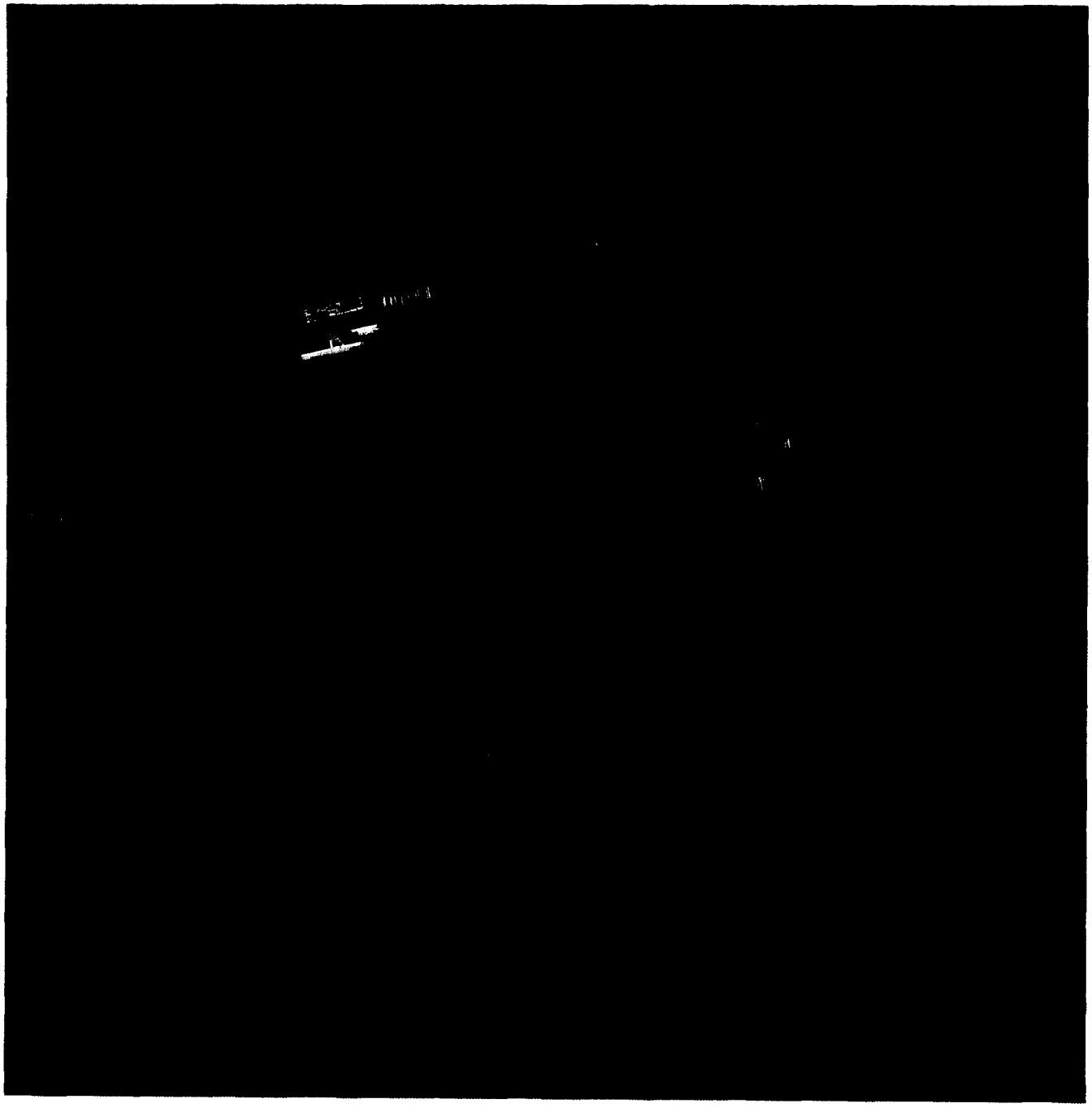

EXPERIMENTAL PLOTS AT THE LAND INSTITUTE

pold, Paul Sears, Gifford Pinchot, E. B. White, and Liberty Hyde Bailey had a hand. Writers, publicists, and filmmakers were enlisted to get the message out. Walking the land with big farmers and small farmers—five million of them, by the time Bennett retired—SCS agents helped them to find the best ways to safeguard their soil. Windrows of trees, contour plowing, and strip cropping did much to lay the ghost of the Dust Bowl. By the 1950s yields were so high that erosion was assumed to be under control. The Friends of the Land disbanded and the SCS relaxed. By the early 1970s, with the world grain market bullish, President Richard Nixon's Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz, was exhorting farmers to "produce fully" on "every harvestable acre."

Today the soil is going faster than it was in Dust Bowl days (about 25 percent faster, Jackson estimates, though other experts say methods of assessment have changed so much that comparison is pointless). But it is going more quietly. No avenging clouds swirl over Washington (at least not yet: the current drought has produced some of the worst dust storms in decades). As has usually been the case, most of the emigrating soil is taking the water route. Ironically, Jackson told me, water erosion is actually worse. Wind, in most instances, just moves the soil

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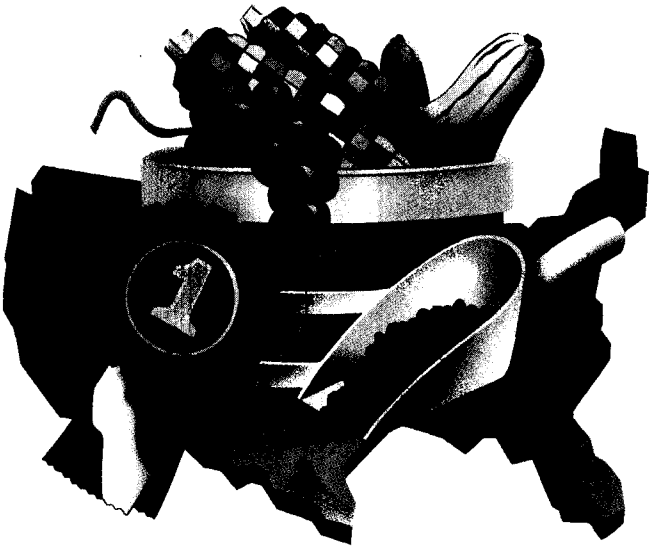
SEASON PREVIEW

America's food and harvest festivals



KONA COFFEE CULTURAL FESTIVAL

Kailua-Kona, Hawaii
November 5 • 11

Ronald Reagan, as President, called Hawaii "a superb recipe for coffee." Some 5,000 islanders and visitors will sample the recipe for themselves at the 19th annual celebration of the only coffee bean commercially grown in the U.S. Guests can watch coffee-cupping experts select the best crop, and can taste concoctions ranging from cold mocha banana soup to coffee wine and coffee cake. The festival is at its liveliest on the final two evenings, on the Kona coast. The finale includes a parade, a hula show, a lei contest, and a pageant. Admission: $2. For more information write the Kona Coffee Cultural Festival, Box 1112, Kailua-Kona, HI 96745, or call the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, (808) 329-7787.

YOSEMITE FEASTS AND HOLIDAYS

Yosemite National Park, Calif.
November 12 • February 1

Annually since 1927, when the now-famous Ahwahnee Hotel was built, it has hosted a three-hour, seven-course Yorkshire Christmas dinner-pageant, recreating a meal that, according to Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, was once served by the good Squire Bracebridge. The menu includes peacock pie, boar's head, baron of beef, wassail, and plum pudding. The Lord of Misrule and a cast of 80 provide entertainment. There are five seatings, of 350 guests each, on December 22, 24, and 25. To be among them, however, you must win a lottery that earns you the right to pay $120.58 apiece for up to six tickets. The Ahwahnee also hosts a New Year's Eve Dinner-Dance, for which tickets cost $103.62. During the first week of this month applications can be obtained for *next* year's celebrations by writing Yosemite Reservations, 5410 East Home Ave., Fresno, CA 93727. For more immediate gratification, the Ahwahnee offers eight wine-making and wine-tasting seminars in November and nine cooking sessions in January; call (209) 454-2020.

FEASTS AT PLIMOTH PLANTATION

Plymouth, Mass.
November 21 • December 10

Plimoth Plantation, a historically accurate Pilgrim settlement, gives Thanksgiving feasts that span three centuries; guests decide how far back in time to go. A 17th-Century Dinner will be served November 21, 22, 24, and 25; the price for adults is $33.50, for children $20.95. The English-style menu includes turkey with pudding, carrot "sallet," mussels steamed in beer, watercress, and "pompion" pie. A Victorian Thanksgiving Dinner will be served on November 23, for $42 and $30. A contemporary Holiday Turkey Buffet will also be served on November 23, for $13.95 and $8.95. Before and after dining, visitors can watch demonstrations of old-fashioned food-preparation techniques. Plimoth invites guests to its table again on December 9 and 10, for "America's Hometown Holidays." For more information: Plimoth Plantation, Box 1620, Plymouth, MA 02360; (508) 746-1622. For dinner reservations: (508) 746-3440.

CREEK INDIAN THANKSGIVING DAY HOMECOMING AND POWWOW

Poarch, Ala.
November 23

In a charming gesture of returning the original hospitality, the Poarch Band of Creek Indians has been hosting annual all-day Thanksgiving celebrations since 1970. There's plenty of food for all—turkey, chicken, roasted-in-the-shuck corn—and all are welcome. The tribe accommodated 15,000 guests last year, and its picnic tables get filled up fast, so you'll do well to bring a blanket or lawn chairs. Besides the meal, there's a morning road race, an Indian dance competition, a turkey shoot, and greased-pig and guinea chases. Admission: $2. For more information: Powwow Committee, Rte. 3, Box 243-A, Atmore, AL 36502; (205) 368-9136.

WINTER WINEFEST

Rohnert Park, Calif.
February 10

Twenty Sonoma County wineries will be pouring award-winning white, red, rosé, champagne, and harvest-reserve wines at the annual wine-tasting festival in Rohnert Park, a planned community established in 1962 in the Sonoma Mountains. Local merchants prepare and serve hors d'oeuvres to the 400 or so guests. For $15, you receive a glass, to fill as many times as you'd like. For more information or tickets: Rohnert Park Chamber of Commerce, 6020 Commerce Blvd., Suite 121, Rohnert Park, CA 94928; (707) 584-1415.

SWAMP CABBAGE FESTIVAL

LaBelle, Fla.
February 23 • 25

"Swamp cabbage" is hearts of palm, which are exactly that: the centers of Florida's state tree, the Sabal palmetto or "cabbage palm." LaBelle, on the Caloosahatchee River, has been paying the delicacy homage annually since 1967. LaBellians cut down nearly 3,000 trees to serve some 11,000 gallons of swamp cabbage, in one form or another, to their 25,000 guests. You can try hearts of palm marinated, stewed with salt pork, in soup, or deep-fried in fritters ("People just scarf 'em up"). There's a parade on Saturday, featuring "homegrown floats" of Sabal-palmetto fronds. Admission: free. For more information: Greater LaBelle Chamber of Commerce, Box 456, LaBelle, FL 33935; (813) 675-0125.

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—Car and Driver

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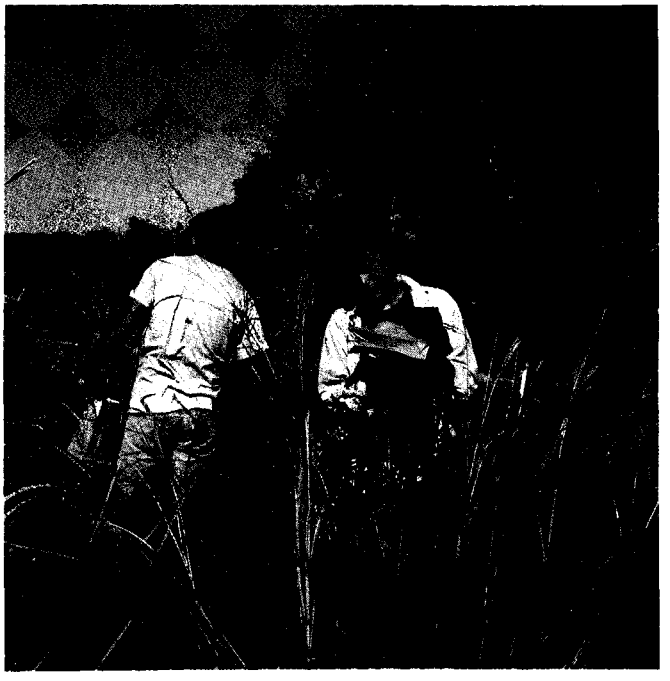
around; rain takes it and loses it in rivers (where it becomes sediment and the nutrients in it become pollution) or buries it at sea. The government is not ignoring soil erosion. Among its favorite remedies is "conservation tillage," or "low till," which means cultivating less and spraying more: the weeds that escape the tractor get blasted with Lasso or 2,4-D. To Jackson, the Department of Agriculture's logic seems worthy of the Pentagon: "We had to poison the soil to save it."

Closer to the mark is the three-year-old Conservation Reserve Program, which pays farmers to keep vulnerable slopes in grass or trees, ungrazed and uncut. (If the seed-production problem can be solved, Jackson thinks eastern gama grass would be an excellent grass to keep them in.) At a cost of billions, the program aims to take 40 to 45 million acres out of production: "A drop in the bucket, when you consider that we have 400 million acres of till land."



STAFF MEMBERS HARVESTING EASTERN GAMA GRASS

It is, admittedly, an important drop. One of the crucial findings of the first systematic survey of soil erosion in the United States, the National Resource Inventory of 1977, was that half of all sheet, rill, and wind erosion on nonirrigated cropland was taking place on roughly one tenth of that land. Today, with more than 28 million acres signed up, the Conservation Reserve Program is estimated by the USDA to be reducing cropland erosion by more than 574 million tons a year, from a previous annual total of some 2.6 billion tons.

The soil being saved is not, Jackson notes, the nation's best. Some of it is just subsoil, the topsoil having absconded long ago. But Jackson's real objection is crankier. "It's taking out the most highly erodible land. Now, intuitively that sounds right. But consider this as a thought experiment. Let's say that we were going to take out of production the *best* land. And this may be wrong, but I'd like to hold it as an item of discussion: Good land makes poor farmers. Poor land makes good farmers. In other words, in the areas of the world where the agricultural base, the resources, are marginal and difficult, like the Andes, or hard won, such as in Holland, there people take care of the land. Illinois is relatively flat, and has good soils and so on, and that's where they're drenching the place with chemicals and, you know, they just treat it like dirt. Treat the soil like dirt.

"So let's say we were to take Illinois and Iowa out of production and turn the farmers there into park rangers. Again, this is a thought experiment. Now we have some of the more marginal places, where we would be forced to take care of it better, and we would be forced into rotation, maybe a little more contour farming. Let's say that we were going to take a hundred million acres of the top-quality land out of production, leaving three hundred million acres. Now, that would be the statement of the nation that we are no longer interested in a cheap-food policy." There are better ways of making sure hungry people get fed, Jackson thinks. "Why should the people be allowed to buy as many VCRs and new cars as they do at the expense of the American landscape? I just don't believe in a cheap-food policy. It hurts landscapes and farmers and the culture at large."

Jackson is only half in jest; he can propose this kind of thought experiment because, he says, the system has "a lot of slack" in it. For the same reason, he can propose transforming much of America's cropland into domestic prairie without imagining that his prairie will be as prolific as a corn field. "We have a lot of good land in this country. A few years ago eighty-eight percent of all agricultural vegetable matter was going into the cattle and pig welfare program." In any case, Jackson says, conventional field crops will produce high yields only as long as the soil under them and the oil pumped into them hold out. In a century or two the figures could look different. Jackson's tortoise could be chugging along while the agribusiness hare lies gasping.

SOME THINK THE HARE IS ABOUT TO GET A WHOLE new lease on life. A great deal of money, enough to float hundreds of Land Institutes, is being invested in a discipline promising technical fixes for all the problems of agriculture, from gullies to weevils. On the subject of genetic engineering (or any other subject, but this one in particular) Jackson is not reticent. It is for him the Great Satan, the homuncular incarnation of everything that is wrong with science, agriculture, and the modern world. Like most environmentalists, he worries about an experiment gone wrong, some recombinant golem from whose forehead the aleph cannot be erased. "Ninety-

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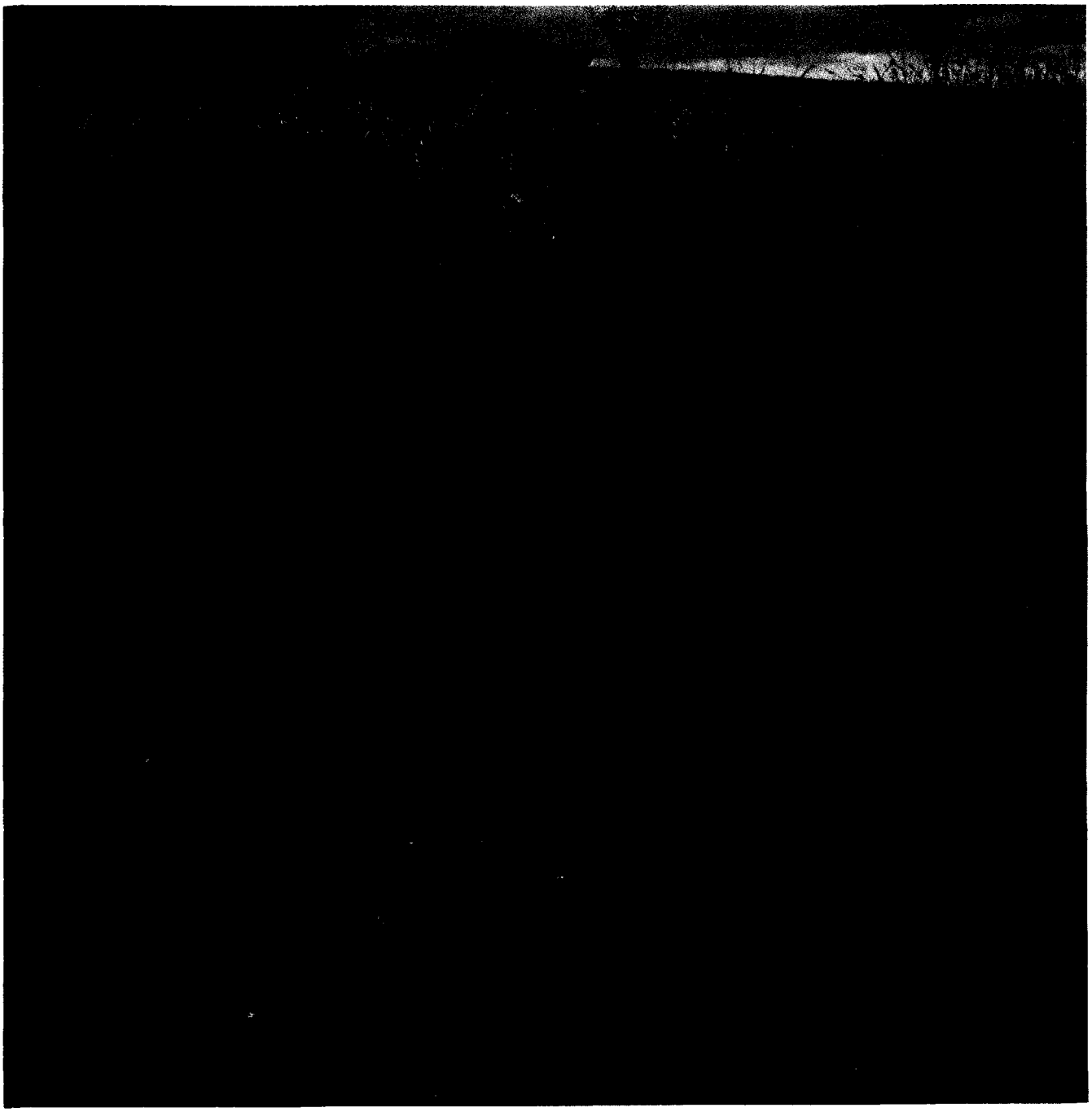
nine of these experiments will be harmless," he says, "and then one will be in the category of ozone destruction." What worries him even more, though, is what might happen if everything goes according to plan.

For one thing, the imperious infant is sucking up all the funding, so that not only mavericks like Jackson, who would naturally be underfunded anyway ("That's how I think you know you're in the right camp: if you're underfunded," Jackson says), but also mainstream plant ecologists and old-fashioned plant breeders are left high and dry. More than self-interest or sentiment moves Jackson: this is no mere turf fight. The genetic engineers, Jackson writes in his most recent book, *Altars of Unhewn Stone*, "are offering the 'specific problem–specific solution' approach as the infallible recipe. This approach assumes that everything outside the specific problem for which they intend to splice in a solution can be held still, that nothing else will wobble; or if it does, that they can splice in a correction for that, too."

Not only interactions between the plant and its environment but even interactions between genes get left on the cutting-room floor. In the real world, however, most traits are the joint handiwork of several genes, including regulator genes (which tell the others when and whether to kick

AN UNPLANTED PLOT ERODES AFTER A HEAVY RAIN



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in, and suppress vestigial genes—so that, for example, hens don't grow teeth) and episodal genes (which kick in at a strategic juncture to produce, say, a jolt of a certain growth hormone). After a splice has been sewn in, Jackson writes, "an untold amount of breeding work remains before the genetic background is shaken down enough to accommodate the newly introduced gene and its regulators." And this is simply to make the gene fit the plant. How the altered plant will fit its environment is another matter.

ILLINOIS BUNDLEFLOWER

No doubt biotechnology will solve some problems. Given the cut-and-paste approach and the interests that are paying for the scissors, they are likely to be the wrong problems, solved in a Pyrrhic or at best Procrustean way. If a crop is threatened by weeds, the easiest thing to splice in is not the ability to repel them allelopathically but resistance to a herbicide that kills the weeds; that way farmers can spray at will. Such resistance is also the profitable thing to splice in if, as often happens, the company funding the research also makes the herbicide.

"All of this," Jackson writes, "is high tech research and I suspect that any outfit that gives you a crop with a spliced-in gene is going to demand a patent and some kind of royalty payment. It is doubtful that their primary concern will be the high energy cost of American agriculture. One also doubts that they will care greatly about the national and global soil loss problem."

What they are likely to care about is bigger yields—purchased, in the grand manner of the Green Revolution, at great cost to fuel, soil, water, economic equity, and genetic diversity. The cost will be greatest in the Third World.

"When you take the agricultural technology out of the developed world," Jackson told me one afternoon in his office, "it's coming out of a fossil-fuel-intensive infrastructure. You parachute it into the Third World, and if it's to be successful, you've got to build that fossil-fuel-intensive infrastructure there, too. On the other hand, if you have an ecosystem approach, one thing we know is that whether we're talking about some plant growing near Point Barrow, Alaska, or a plant growing in the Amazon Basin, they all follow the same laws of evolution and natural selection. The principles of agroecology, I think, should hold in Chad, in the Soviet Union, and on farms in northeastern Ohio."

Jackson is not dead set against biotechnology now and forever. Plainly it offers some tempting shortcuts to the grain-bearing prairie that he sees in the distance. If a genetic engineer drove up and handed him a fine specimen of eastern gama grass with a spliced-in gene for shatter resistance, he would not slam the door. He would need some time to think about it. In fact, he believes the nation needs some time to think about the whole business.

In a paper that is as yet unpublished Jackson lists nine categories of ecological trouble that biotechnology might unleash. For each category, he told me, "here is the claim on the part of the technologist that says, 'This isn't gonna hurt,' and then there is what I call the citizen's response. I gave that paper up in Minnesota. I was very careful to lay out all of this, and then at the end I said, 'Now, look, you people worked very hard to follow me, but you couldn't stay with me, could you?' "

The question spun in the air between us once, twice, and landed like a cat. " 'That's my point,' " he said quietly. " 'That it's going to require more of us as citizens than we can handle.' " He crouched at his desk and rapped out the dactyls with a fist: " '*This is a threat to democracy!*'

"So I see nothing wrong with calling for a moratorium. Good grief, in a basketball game they call time out—you know, 'Gotta think about this, the clock's running out and we're behind.' But it's unthinkable in this culture to call time out and say, 'Let's think about it.' "

Today the soil is going faster than it was in Dust Bowl days. But it is going more quietly. No avenging clouds swirl over Washington (at least not yet).

Seeding a Domestic Prairie

FOR ALL THEIR TALK ABOUT A HUNDRED-YEAR research program, the Jacksons do not imagine that the Land Institute will single-handedly bring the domestic prairie to fruition. One can say that the first priority of the Land is to produce plausible moles who will enter the land-grant system of state agricultural colleges and bore from within. Young people drawn to a mom-and-pop institute, however, may not be drawn to large institutions. Drawn to them by duty, such moles are less likely to bore than to be bored. Of the interns who have worked at the Land, only about one in five has sought an advanced degree in an agricultural subject. More have done a hitch with the Peace Corps or joined the staff of an advocacy group. A few years ago a decision was made to seek out interns with a calling in teaching and research, and this seems to be working. Several recent interns even came primed with master's degrees in agronomy.

"Anybody that's in education," Dana told me, "is just living by a thread of

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hope that education in the long run makes a difference. You can't prove it." But you can prove mathematically that the Jacksons and others speaking for sustainable agriculture *have* made a difference, even in the land-grant schools. Twelve years ago perhaps two or three of these schools offered credit courses in sustainable agriculture. Today at least seventeen have such courses, and several offer full-scale programs. The Land Institute is collaborating with Kansas State on a number of projects—notably the effort to breed a winter-hardy sorghum, begun by the late Dan Rodgers and carried on by Paula Bramel-Cox. Miguel Altieri, at Berkeley, Stephen Gliessman, at Santa Cruz, and Charles Francis, at the University of Nebraska, are working on (mostly annual) polyculture; though their inspiration comes from peasant agriculture in Latin America, they are big fans of Jackson's.

In fact, hardly anyone in the land-grant schools will say anything nasty about Jackson, at least for the record. Even Clenton Owensby, a rangeland scientist in the agronomy department at Kansas State, who once expressed skepticism about Jackson's ideas in *The Wall Street Journal*, says he thinks perennial polyculture is "an admirable goal, with some modifications." The basic modification he has in mind is to scrap the perennial part. "Most of the prairie-type systems with which I'm very familiar are perennial by virtue of asexual reproduction. These plants are relatively nonflowering"—in other words, nonseeding. "Now, there are some good ideas. The idea of integrating species with different rooting zones into a profile is a very reasonable approach; in fact, that's what the native prairie does. But I think that strategy would be much better applied to annuals than to perennials if you're planning to harvest the seeds."

The official line on the Land Institute is perhaps best stated by George Ham, the head of Kansas State's agronomy department. "I think their work is very good," he told me. "They're looking at something that's going to have a payoff in the long term, much longer than most of our projects here at Kansas State." Pressed to enlarge on the difference, he said, "We feel that the system of crop production that we've been suggesting to farmers is a sustainable system, and I think Wes Jackson may not agree."

The sudden popularity of sustainable agriculture has some of its stalwarts worried. Dana says, "The land grants are being forced by the public to acknowledge the importance of sustainable agriculture; then they're defining it in as broad terms as they can." They are defining it to mean reducing the inputs of fuel, water, and chemicals to wheat fields, corn fields, and soybean fields. According to Jackson, nine tenths of what huddles under the umbrella of sustainable agriculture is "low input," while maybe one tenth takes nature as its model.

NATURE IS AN ELUSIVE MODEL, JACKSON ADMITS. The prairie is a young ecosystem, and some scientists have even suggested that it is man-made—though most now think that lightning, without the Indians' help, set enough fires to keep the tallgrass from becoming forest. When the historian William Irwin Thompson visited the Land last year, he declared that there is no such thing as nature: "nature is the cultural horizon." Jackson's response was that nature, although a slippery standard, is still "the best standard we've got."

The idea of a domestic prairie is tailored to the prairie states. In time, specific mixes of perennials might be bred for specific regions, and for soil types and microclimates within regions. But getting too specific would be a pain in the neck for breeders and farmers alike. A farmer can't plant, and a seed house is not about to market, a dif-

YOUR NATURAL HISTORY

The night of your conception, from the floor
Where we were lying and your mother now
Lay sleeping, I arose. I locked the door,
Lingering there a minute to watch how
The firelight fanned her face and throat, then went
On tiptoe to the misted window, cleared
A space, and found, high over the snow-bent
Forest, a dwindled moon, whose edges bleared
At my slowed breathing—it was all as frail
As that—while far away, or in my mind
Alone perhaps, a dog sent up a wail
That showed him for a wolf. Your mother whined,
As with a dream; a log collapsed; and then
I fingerprinted FIRE upon the pane.

Dawn, and white lungs, and since it was my turn
To start the fire, I was the first from bed.
Downstairs, where we'd lain watching the logs burn
Gold, red, red to a gray whose core was red,
A killing cold was sliding down the flue.
Yet there it was, cool as the hand of fate:
My FIRE, preserved in hoarfrost, and I knew
She'd love this too.
Well . . . let the (real) fire wait?
Or wake her now? Or—as seemed kindest—make
Of this the day's first story, one that I
Might serve with coffee, last night's apple cake,
And a thawed room? I piled the fireplace high,
And struck a match, wresting a flame, your flame,
From ice. By just such miracles you came.

—*Brad Leithauser*

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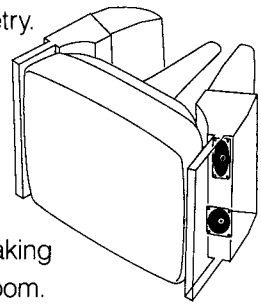

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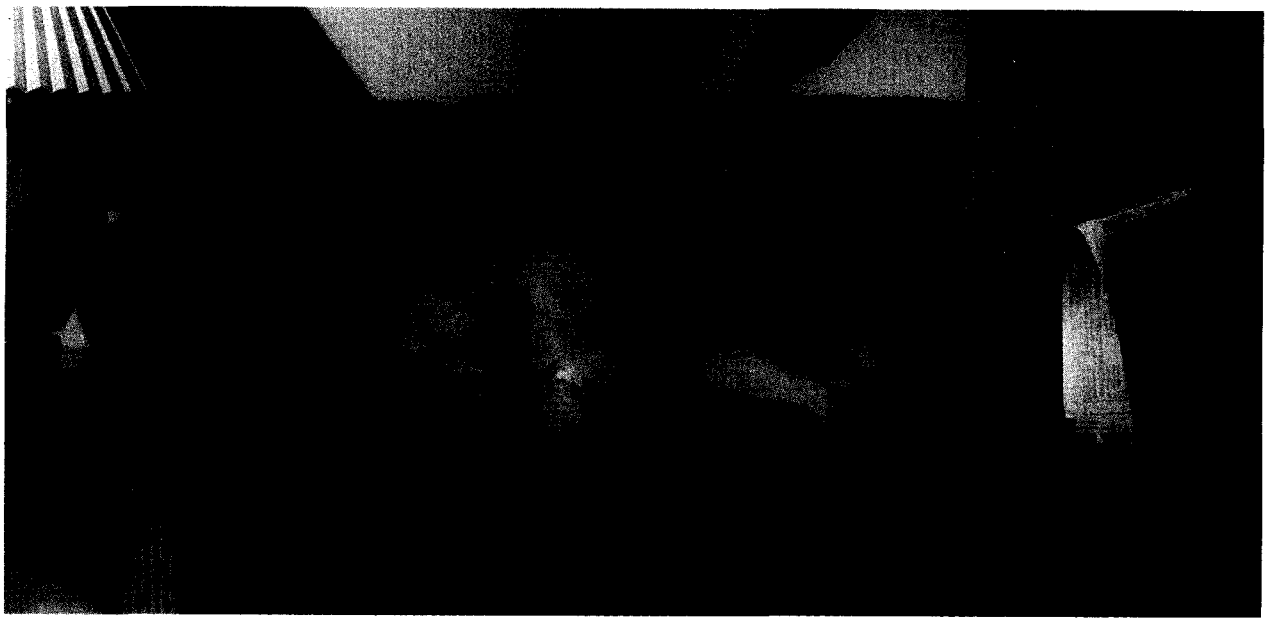

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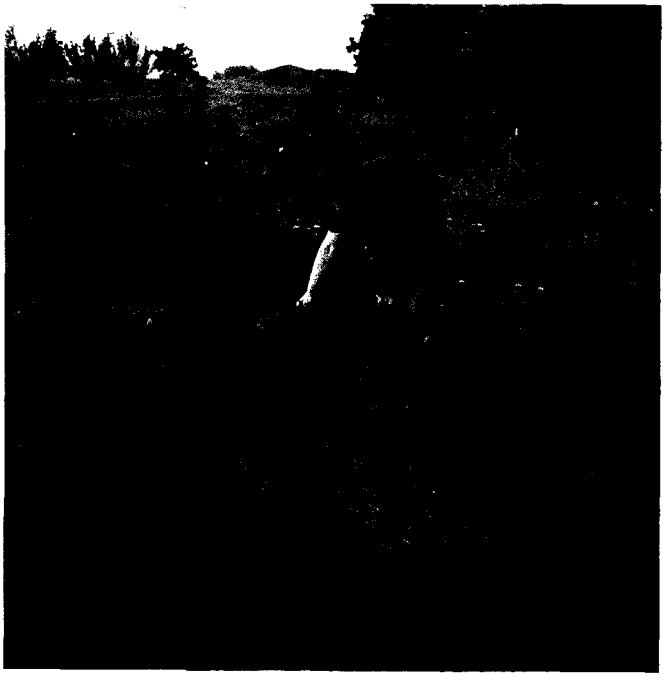
ferent mix for every square foot of his land. Yet this is what nature does. Our image of native prairie is of endless sameness, but in truth the flora shifts kaleidoscopically, inch by inch, like some of the better minimalist music. Although chance (where a seed falls) plays a role in the arrangement, adaptation (whether a seed survives, whether a rhizome thrives) has the last word. Such diversity is not something agriculture suffers gladly. "The agriculturist seeks to homogenize the environment," Jackson says. "*Homo* is a good name for us—homogenizer of landscapes. When you plow, you homogenize, because you've destroyed the plant-soil interactions, plant-water interactions. And when you move to a chemical approach to agriculture, that's further homogenization, because you have the herbicides that knock out all the weeds." The domestic prairie would buck that trend, but after a certain point farming is farming. Good yields of specific, marketable crops are what you need to harvest, and you need to harvest them mechanically. So, Jackson says, while "there will be much more diversity represented than we find in an agricultural landscape, you will find less heterogeneity than there is in a prairie. A domestic prairie will be somewhere in between."



DANA JACKSON IN THE LAND INSTITUTE'S GARDEN

A natural prairie adapts not only in space but also in time. It adapts to changes in rainfall and temperature, to invasions of insects and microbes. It can do so because each population of plants has a deep pool of genes to draw on. The gene pool of a human-selected population is almost always shallower. Jackson has described the problem this way: "Successful plant breeding tends to narrow the genetic base of any crop roughly in proportion to its success. The better adapted to the human purpose a population is, the narrower its genetic base and, therefore, the fewer options it has available to meet future threats." Eighty percent of all hybrid corn grown in the United States in 1970 came from closely related lines, which is what laid it open to the calamitous blight of that year. Yet peasant agriculture in many parts of the world has, until lately, kept alive a good deal of diversity. Before the Green Revolution bulldozed them under, 30,000 varieties of rice had been grown in India, and ethnobotanists have reported more than fifty kinds of potato in a single village in the Andes.

In one of our conversations I asked Jackson if, while breeding his optimal mix for high yield, high protein, easy harvesting, and so on, he would leave in enough diversity to provide some of the adaptive properties of a natural ecosystem. He said yes, but that was the "long-range ideal"; compromise would be necessary in the short run. "The question becomes, how much of a purist do you want to be?" Some of his customers, I suggested, would want something fairly uniform, something they recognized as farming; others would want to go back to nature. "And it'll be all over the place," Jackson said. "I would love to have humans arguing over things like that." He laughed. "It's this kind of diversity that keeps the discussion going. It's pluralism. And I believe in pluralism." He lowered his voice. "With certain restrictions."

A few more years as dry as the last two have been on the plains might turn a lot of hardheaded farmers into purists. Comparing their gouged yields and blown-away fields with the unfazed prairie, they might decide they wanted to get as close to nature as possible. I asked Jackson if the domestic prairie would stand up better to cyclical drought—or permanent drought caused by the greenhouse effect, if it comes to that—than a conventional field. Clearly the soil would hold up better, but would the crops themselves?

He said, "That's my bet. Better than a corn field. Better than a wheat field. More ecological genes are present in the perennials recently domesticated than would be in plants that have been domesticated for a hundred centuries."

He went on: "One of my worries is that the response to the greenhouse effect is going to be an exercise of more heroic cleverness, rather than a stepping-back to say, 'What has nature been doing here?' The philosophy that got us into the trouble is not the philosophy that is going to get us out of the trouble."

JACKSON CAN BE FOUND SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE of a broken line of people walking toward Eden. Each has his own vision of the place. All hope to see man and nature reconciled, but they disagree on the terms. What should be the proportion of human cleverness to nature's wisdom? As Jackson says, that depends on how

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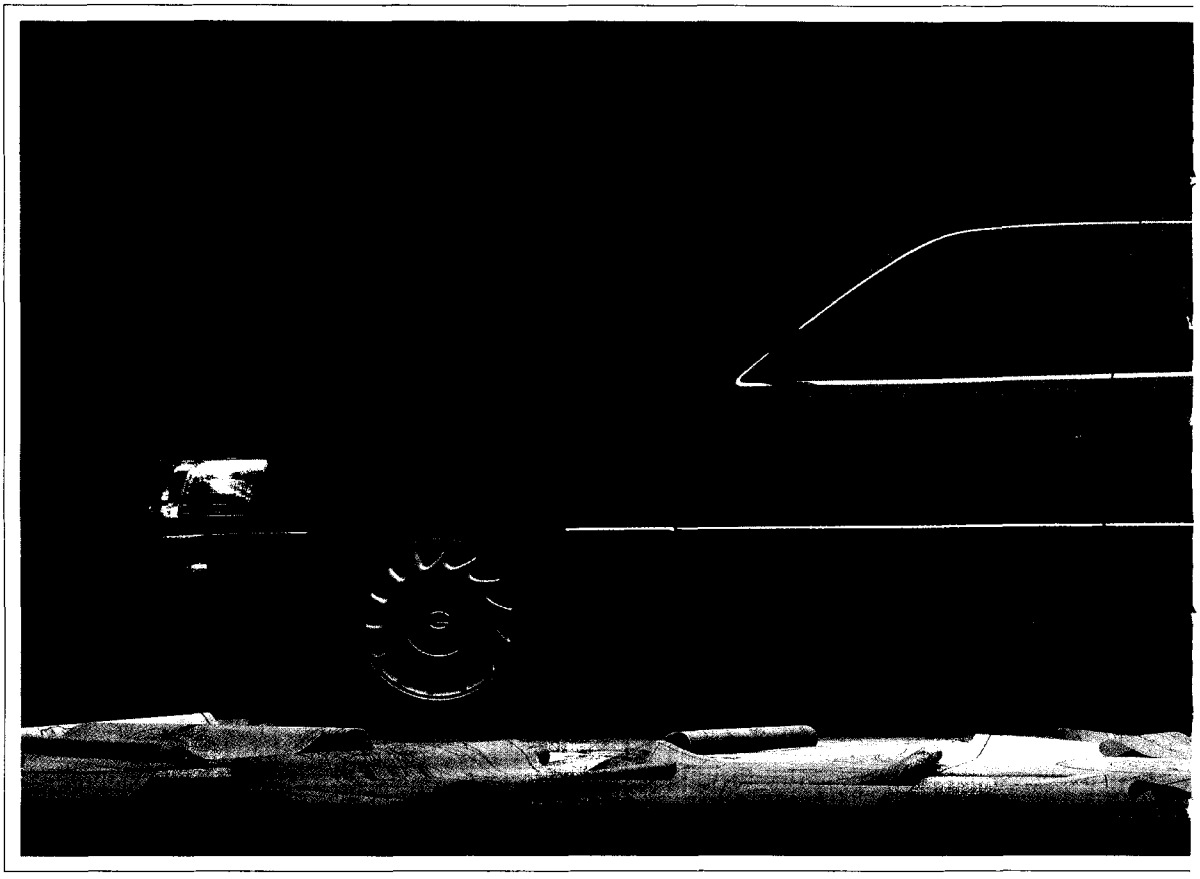

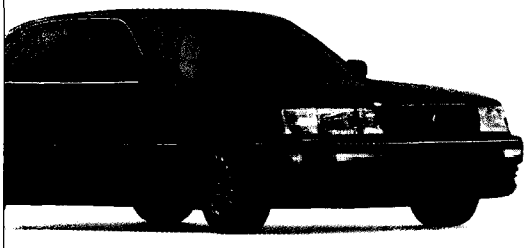

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For a luxury sedan to have this much muscle is impressive by itself.

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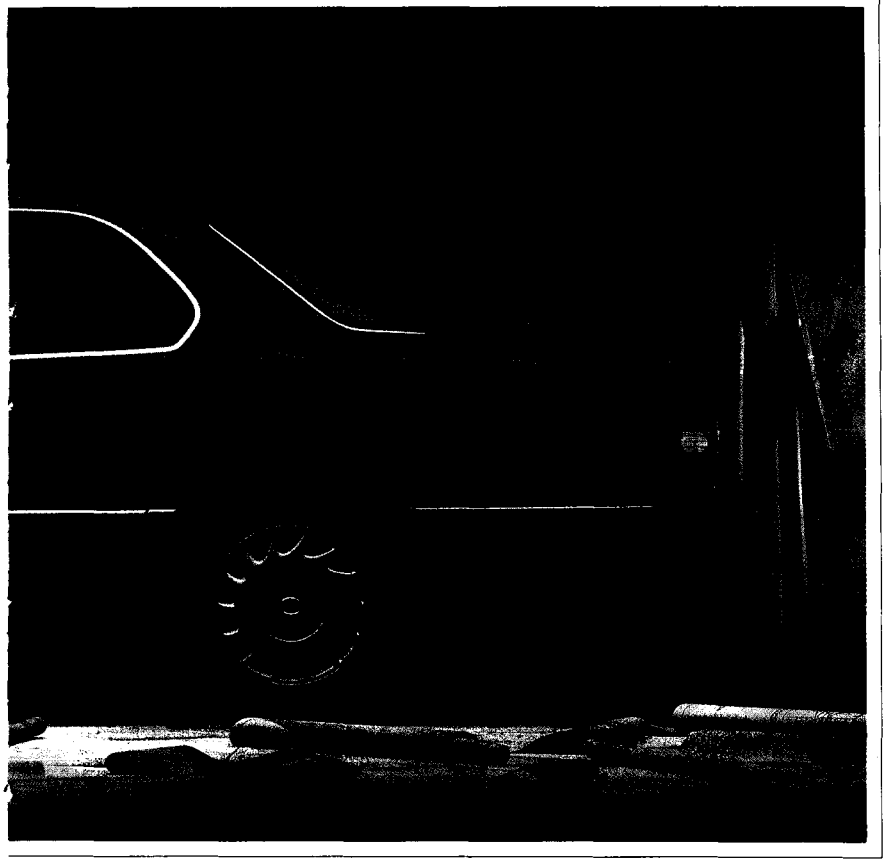
his kind of power to an astonishing level of efficiency. Indeed, the Lexus LS 400 is projected to be one of the only 250-horsepower luxury sedans able to avoid the stigma, as well as the cost, of the U.S. gas guzzler tax.*

In fact, no single aspect of the LS 400's performance comes at the expense of another.



For example, while the LS 400 can zip from zero to 60 mph in only 7.9 seconds,** our engineers asked themselves what is the good of such swift acceleration if it becomes unusable in foul weather?

Their answer was an engineering breakthrough called TRAC, otherwise known as our new optional Traction Control System.

TRAC can actually sense when the rear drive wheels are beginning to slip on slick surfaces. Within milliseconds, TRAC can limit the wheelspin by throttling back the engine and pulsing the rear brakes.

As for the four vented disc brakes themselves, they're activated by one of the world's most advanced Anti-lock Braking Systems, capable of sensing different levels of traction.

The same degree of ingenuity was reserved for the car's interior as well.

Lavished in California Walnut and optional leather trim and seats, the cabin also features as standard equipment what may be the first power tilt steering wheel in America that combines the comfort of an adjustable telescopic column with the prudence of an airbag Supplemental Restraint System.

And to the right of this same remarkable column you'll find something else of note.

The ignition switch.

To acquire the key for it and to arrange a test drive, call 800-USA-LEXUS for the dealer nearest you.

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much of a purist you want to be. At the extreme of purism is Masanobu Fukuoka, who almost half a century ago gave up a career in microbiology to go home and work his father's farm on the island of Shikoku. A prodigal's return to tradition was not what he had in mind. He thought farmers worked too hard. He thought they fussed and interfered too much with the workings of nature, instead of letting nature work for them. To test his theory, he abstained from pruning his father's orchard. The trees died. He continued to experiment, and learned that if fruit trees grew up without ever being pruned, with weeds and wild or feral vegetables growing freely among them, they would flourish and fruit prolifically without the aid of pesticides. He learned that he could broadcast his winter barley seed in the standing rice just before it was harvested, and his rice seed in the standing barley, and never have to plow at all. He learned that he could get yields as high as any in the prefecture with half the work that traditional Japanese farmers put in, and none of the chemicals that industrial farmers use. Young people come to his mountain, where they dwell in huts, wear loincloths, and learn how to be self-sufficient "quarter-acre farmers."

Jackson, intoxicated by the prairie, sees farming as we know it as unnatural, a limp resulting from Adam's fall. But Eden is not forever closed to us.

At the opposite extreme, admitting the machine into the garden, is the New Alchemy Institute, in Falmouth, Massachusetts. These people are at once more traditional than Fukuoka and more modern. Inspired by the elegant juggling of nature that is found in the best traditional technology, they have enlisted computers, advanced polymers, and geodesic domes in the quest for ever more elegant legerdemain. John Todd and Nancy Jack Todd, two of the institute's founders (they have since gone on to found Ocean Arks International), studied Indonesian farming at first hand under the tutelage of Margaret Mead; its deft interweaving of earth, water, trees, grains, fish, and livestock, which has kept the soil fertile for a thousand years, still inspires them. The New Alchemists' ingenuity lies in matching old wisdom to new science, to create such things as argon-insulated bioshelters, small-scale aquaculture tanks, and vacuum-bagged constant-camber wood-epoxy fishing boats, all of which were designed to be made cheaply and simply anywhere in the world.

Jackson is in touch with both extremes. He talked with Fukuoka at a conference of permaculture designers (disciples of the Australian Bill Mollison) in the Pacific Northwest and "felt friendly toward him," though he wondered how many of Fukuoka's ideas would survive translation to American climates and mind-sets. The Jacksons are friendly with the Todds, both couples being part of the hard core of mom-and-pop institutes working toward a "sustainable future." Which extreme is Jackson closer to? In his willingness to take nature as his model, he is very close to Fukuoka. In some ways he traces nature's lines even more faithfully (because less romantically) than the Japanese sage does. On the other hand, he is no Luddite and he is surely no Taoist. The scientific methods in use at the Land Institute are rigorous. Jackson is comfortable with machines. He is confident that machines will be invented to harvest his domestic prairie. When a tractor is being repaired at the Land, or a solar heating system designed, Jackson usually has his hand in. In his love of tinkering he is very like the New Alchemists—and very like a Kansas farmer.

JACKSON GREW UP ON A FARM OF FORTY ACRES IN THE Kansas River valley. He was the youngest of six children—a fair number for his parents to be raising during the Great Depression. But then, as Jackson says, "it wasn't six mouths to feed so much as twelve hands to work." The family never went on the dole. "If you're on a farm, even though the money economy may have collapsed all around you, if you have land you can eat." That might surprise some modern farm families who put all their acreage in one cash crop, get their food at the supermarket, and suffer malnutrition while the national economy swells. But the Jacksons were old-fashioned. They hedged their bets, growing crops they could eat, crops they could sell, and crops they could sell if the others stopped selling. "Now, get this inventory of things that they grew," Jackson said to me. "Watermelons. Sweet potatoes. Canteloupes. Phlox. Peonies. Strawberries—they had as many as twenty acres of strawberries once; people would come from Topeka and pick their own. They had hay, alfalfa hay. Potatoes. Milk cows, horses, hogs, chickens, turkeys. They grew corn, and wheat, and soybeans—I think soybeans. They even had gladiolas—we'd go out and dig gladiola bulbs. Rhubarb. Asparagus. Now, they didn't have all these things at once, but things would fade in and fade out. I don't think I've known of a place that had more diversity."

LEYMUS

Three of the Jackson children became

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PACKARD'S GRASSHOPPER ON INDIAN GRASS

farmers. Wes, however, began to suspect that till farming was not the only way, maybe not even the best way, of living on the land. When he was fifteen or sixteen, he spent a summer working on a cousin's ranch in South Dakota. "And I've only lately come to think that that's where I got a psychological fix on grassland. I didn't get it, I know, hoeing. Grass was something to get out of the row, and it was particularly bad in strawberries. But on that grassland I lived in a little shack, I had two horses, I'd go out and count cattle, fix fence, put up hay. I'd go along on a horse in hot sun, and come by a rattlesnake den with snakes all coiled up in there, and look over and see the prairie dogs and the burrowing owl. I think I got some kind of psychological fix on the *rightness* of that, compared with hoeing fifteen acres of strawberries."

If that rightness had something to do with gratified sloth (not always a bad adviser), it also had to do with something deeper. Jackson was doing what he liked, the prairie was doing what it liked, and both throve. Still, things were not as right as they might have been. In the rustle of the midgrass Jackson heard rumors of a day when the prairie had truly been free to do what it liked: before the fences hemmed it in, before the thunder of the bison was stifled. "On some Sunday afternoons I

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would ride with some Indian kids that were half-breeds, and they told stories about how their grandfather used to trap eagles on that little mound that was now Andrew and Ina's ranch, how it was once all their land. I made the mistake once of coming back and telling Andrew and Ina that. The fury, the blaze in Andrew's eyes. *The Indians weren't doing anything with the land, it wasn't theirs*, obscenities shouted, and so on. Well, you know, here was the grass, which was now fenced, and fewer than eighty years before—one person's lifetime—the Great Herd had migrated over that ranch."

Jackson leaned forward, hushed, intense as a tracker. "And I think that subconsciously, in that white culture, they know"—a bark, feral, then again his hushed voice—"they know that they, in their creation of Eden, created the fallen world." He gave a horsey snort, half laugh, half self-deflation. "I mean, the fences . . ."

SORGHUM FIELD ADJOINING PATCH OF MIXED GRASSES

Two Visions

JACKSON'S VISION IS more than a technical fix. It proposes a radical revision of the way human beings live—radical but oddly familiar. The best way to see this is to compare Jackson with his friend Wendell Berry.

Doctoral students in the next century may chew over the friendship of Jackson and Berry as thoroughly as today's students do that of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Darwin and Huxley, or Emerson and Thoreau. If either of the pair had not existed, the other would have had to invent him. Berry gives Jackson the sustenance of the past. And Jackson, standing on Berry's shoulders, gives him a vision of the future.

With the help of draft horses, Berry works a small hill farm near the Kentucky River. Although he happens to think that horses are both efficient (tractors can neither run on grass nor leave manure) and a joy to work with, he does not insist that everyone go back to farming with horses. But on the grounds that a countryside full of small farms, and the communities that grow from them, is healthier in every way than a countryside dominated by a few factory farms, he does insist that we go back to small farming.

Berry is taller than Jackson but so lean and gangly that he seems to hang from his shoulders. Instead of Jackson's sturdiness, Berry appears to have the Lincolnesque, rail-splitting strength that comes from leverage. He lives in a private, family-centered way, "on principle," and dislikes giving interviews. When you ask him a question, he does not, like Jackson, take a deep breath and let fly; he stares at his knees (when he's sitting, they are very close to his face) for a while and then, in his soft drawl, delivers an epigram or a paragraph that responds exactly to what you have asked. Severe at first, when he warms up and starts to laugh he has a helpless joy in his eyes.

The Unsettling of America, Berry's study of industrial agriculture, the culture that drives it, and the way it has scarred the body and soul of the republic, is a very great book. Its heart can be found in these lines:

> The "drudgery" of growing one's own food . . . is not drudgery at all. (If we make the growing of food a drudgery, which is what "agribusiness" does make of it, then we also make a drudgery of eating and of living.) It is . . . a sacrament, as eating is also, by which we enact and understand our oneness with the Creation, the conviviality of one body with all bodies. . . . We are working well when we use ourselves as the fellow creatures of the plants, animals, materials, and other people we are working with. . . . Such work is unifying, healing. It brings us home from pride and from despair, and places us responsibly within the human estate. It defines us as we are: not too good to work with our bodies, but too good to work poorly or joylessly or selfishly or alone.

Berry is the moral equivalent of magnetic north. Yet his agrarian declination prevents him from serving as a sure guide for the rest of us. By "the rest of us" I mean city-dwellers, cosmopolitans, people whose roots are not in the alluvium of a specific river valley but in the worldwide industrial culture that Berry cannot stand.

Although Jackson is less urbane than Berry—he likes to play the bumpkin, and looks the part—he is easier for an urban mind to approach. That has to do, first of all, with the length and breadth of his view, whose increments are not centuries but eons. Berry thinks Renaissance, Enlightenment, Romantic; Jackson thinks Pliocene, Pleistocene, Holocene. He sees that human beings have lived in various ways, of which farming is one of the

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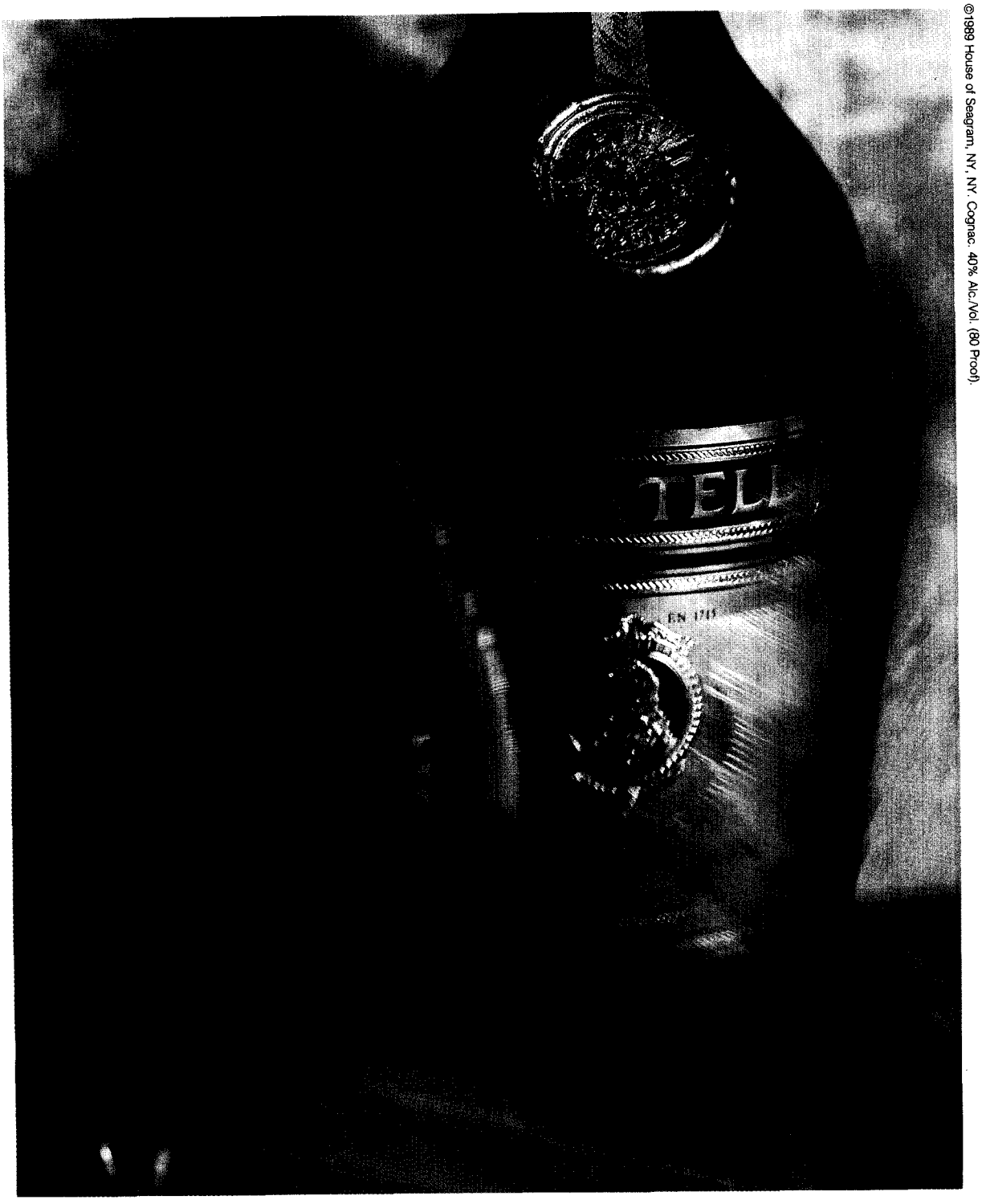

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Martell Cognac

THE ART OF MARTELL. SINCE 1715.

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more newfangled and problematical. (Cities have been around almost as long as farms—or longer, if we believe Jane Jacobs.)

It has to do, too, with his impatience. At administrative meetings he hunches like a benched athlete and his long arms trawl, swishing against the leg of his chair. He must have been impatient hoeing fifteen acres of strawberries, when his bodily energy had an outlet but his mind was strapped down. It's hard to picture him as a till farmer.

It is not so hard to picture him as a farmer of the future he imagines, a ranger of the domestic prairie. That farmer will be more like "an old-fashioned English naturalist," he says—a Gilbert White roving the sheepwalks of Selborne, a Charles Darwin taking in, in the same mental glance, the finches of the Galápagos and the pigeons in his dovecote—than like the till farmer we know. By the same token, he will be a lot like a Paleolithic hunter-gatherer: the canniest naturalist of all, if the few surviving tribes are representative. And that will be just as well, since a hunter-gatherer is what his chromosomes want him to be. In an odd way, he will be more like a city-dweller.

"The romantic back-to-the-land movement," Jackson writes,

FAIRY RING OF MIXED GRASSES, WITH BLOOMS OF DAISY FLEABANE

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as minimal as it is thus far, is a sign of something desirable. But what happens when we all get there, after the first generation of back-to-the-land romantics have been buried organically in their gardens? Will their children maintain the back-breaking work most humans have sought to avoid over the centuries? Isn't this one of the components of the human condition? It has yet to sink into our culture that we are still basically gatherers and hunters, and that the era of agriculture is but a thin veneer over an evolutionary past which tolerated a great deal of leisure. The appeal of the countryside is the appeal open space has always had for us gatherer-hunters. The appeal of the city is that it at least faintly suggests a mixture of leisure and stimulation most of us need. R. B. Lee has reported that only 65% of 31 !Kung Bushmen in Botswana spent two to three days each week gathering food while "35% of the people did no work at all."

LEADPLANT AND MIXED GRASSES

Like Berry, Jackson thinks that many of the four million American farmers who have left the land in the past fifty years have been pushed off it by economic forces: forces applied knowingly, as often as not, by businessmen and politicians with a stake in cheap food and cheap urban labor. Unlike Berry, Jackson thinks a good many may not have been pushed so much as pulled by the easier and jazzier life of the cities. How *are* you going to keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree, or Chicago, or Topeka?

Jackson is not lazy. He has energy enough for two men and has accomplished enough in his fifty-odd years to make both of them proud. When he jumped up at the Prairie Festival symposium and said, "When the oil runs out, we're going to need the work ethic more than ever," he was not just being ornery. The transition to the world he envisions will not be easy. Living in it may not be easy either—farmers, in particular, will have to be endlessly watchful, thoughtful, and inventive—but it could be more satisfying than anything our society has known.

God's Own Lawn

A RADICAL IS SOMEONE WHO TRACES THE TREE OF culture back to its roots in human nature to see where it got twisted. Wendell Berry goes back a few hundred years and finds a peaceable agrarian animal. His proposal that many of us go back to being that animal strikes most of us as radical in the sense of being impossibly stringent. Jackson's proposal is at once less radical because it is more forgiving, and more radical because it goes deeper. Berry's vision seems reactionary at times because he harks back to a past we remember. Jackson's seems forward-looking for the ironic reason that he has dug all the way back to a past we can't remember but can feel inside us.

It took New England two hundred years, Jackson has said, to produce Thoreau, who could see New England for what it was rather than through the eyes of a European. It took Kentucky about two hundred years to produce Wendell Berry, who can see Kentucky for what it is. He does not go on to say that Kansas, a precocious youngster, seems to have skipped a century.

So here is the sequence: Thoreau finds the soul of the eastern forest, but never figures out how farms fit into it. He advises foresters to take nature as their model—"for she is the most extensive and experienced planter of us all"—but knows that applied to farming that advice would seem plain folly. Berry, discovering the wooded hills, plains, and bottomlands of the interior, of the Middle Border, sees clearly how farms should fit them: gently, respectfully, as a husband embraces a wife. And finally Jackson, intoxicated by the prairie—seeing it as if for the first time, like a child who has wandered onto God's own lawn—sees that farming as we know it is unnatural, a limp resulting from Adam's fall; that even the gentlest husbandman is still too much the master, too separate, not in truth one flesh; but that Eden is not forever closed to us. Though the angel with the fiery sword is still at his post, with patience and luck we may catch him napping.

Jackson says, "Thomas Wolfe wrote somewhere that the discovery of America lies before us. I think that's right. So far we've only colonized it. So what each of us has as our mission is to assist one another in seeing where we are, not only in the sweep of history but also in the history of the landscape. I don't think that we will have discovered America until we have some sense of the feelings of the natives that walked over this place. And the people that were the furthest from understanding the sense of the natives that walked over this place"—he thumps his desk like a tom-tom—"were the conquerors of those natives. As Wendell said, we came through and plowed the prairies and we never knew what we were doing because we never knew what we were undoing. What we are about is the discovery of what we have undone, and then we can begin to talk about what to do." □

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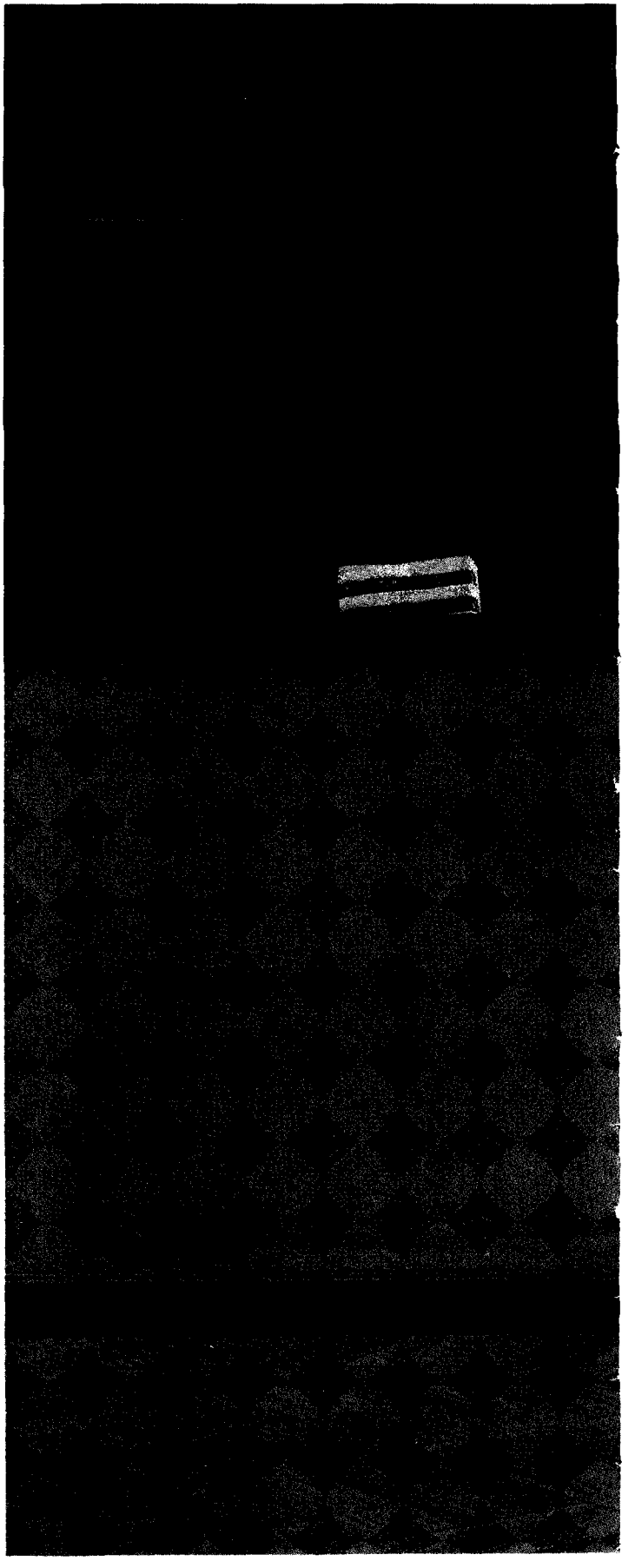
Though nearly a million children are regularly given drugs to control "hyperactivity," we know little about what the disorder is, or whether it is really a disorder at all

SUFFER THE RESTLESS CHILDREN

BY ALFIE KOHN



IN MARCH OF 1902 DR. GEORGE STILL STOOD BEFORE the Royal College of Physicians, in London, and described some children he had observed—mostly boys—who seemed to him restless, passionate, and apt to get into trouble. The children were suffering, he declared, from "an abnormal defect of moral control."

Despite his invocation of morality, Still's lecture is often billed as the first recorded discussion of hyperactivity. Thousands of articles on the subject have been published in professional journals since then, the great majority of them within the past two decades. A good proportion of these papers begin by citing the pervasiveness of the disorder. An opening sentence such as "Hyperactivity is the single most prevalent childhood behavioral problem" is usually regarded as sufficient, because the readers of these journals are already convinced that, on average, at least one hyperactive child sits in every elementary school classroom in the United States.

The actual estimates vary, however, and not by a little. If a psychiatrist says that about three percent or 10 percent or between one and five percent of elementary school children are hyperactive, this is simply a rough average of studies whose findings differ dramatically. One series of papers estimated the rate of hyperactivity at 10 to 20 percent. A California survey put it at precisely 1.19 percent. A nationally recognized expert says without hesitation that it is six percent. The one thing researchers generally agree on is that among children labeled hyperactive, boys outnumber girls by at least four to one.

ILLUSTRATION BY BEN VERKAAIK

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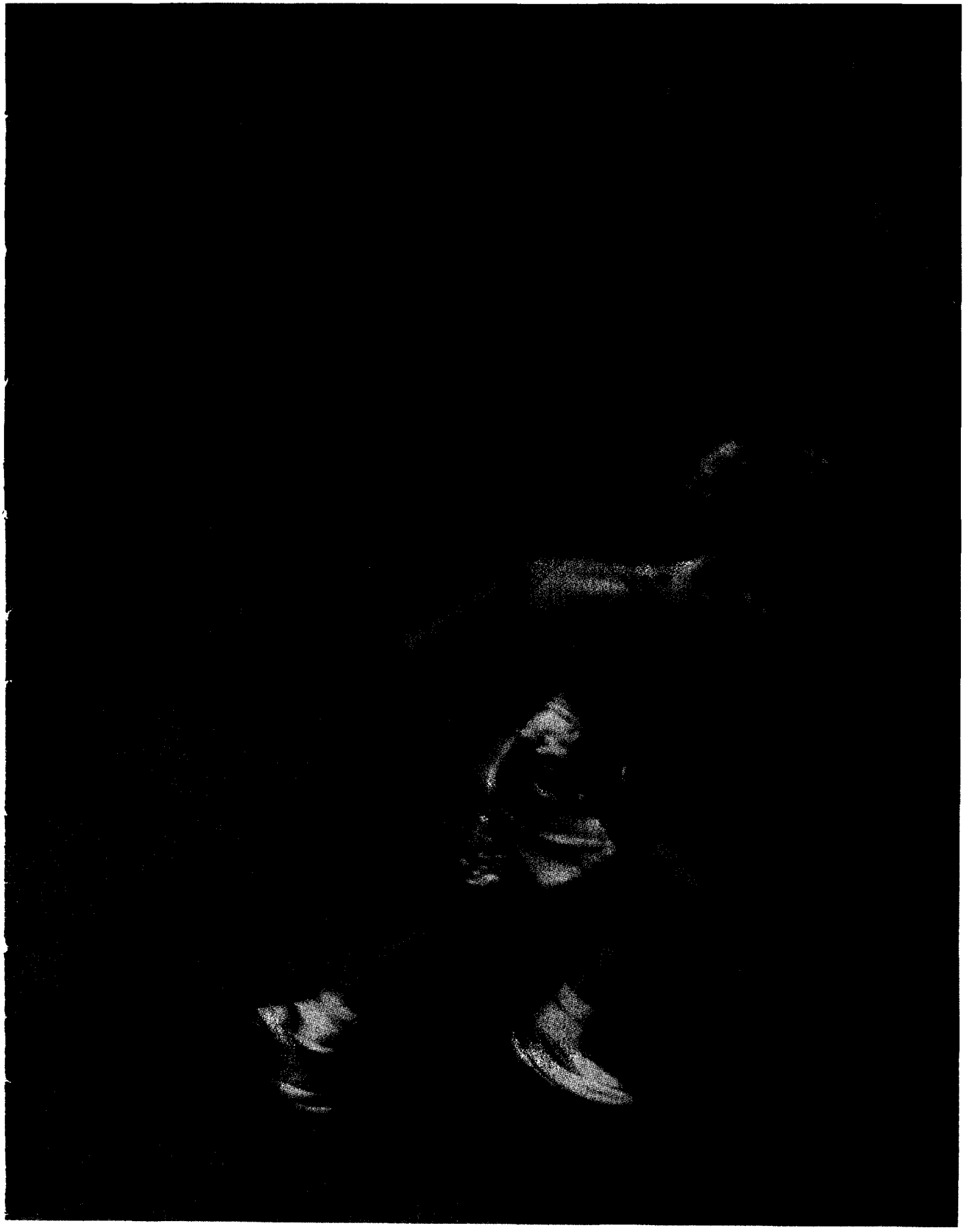

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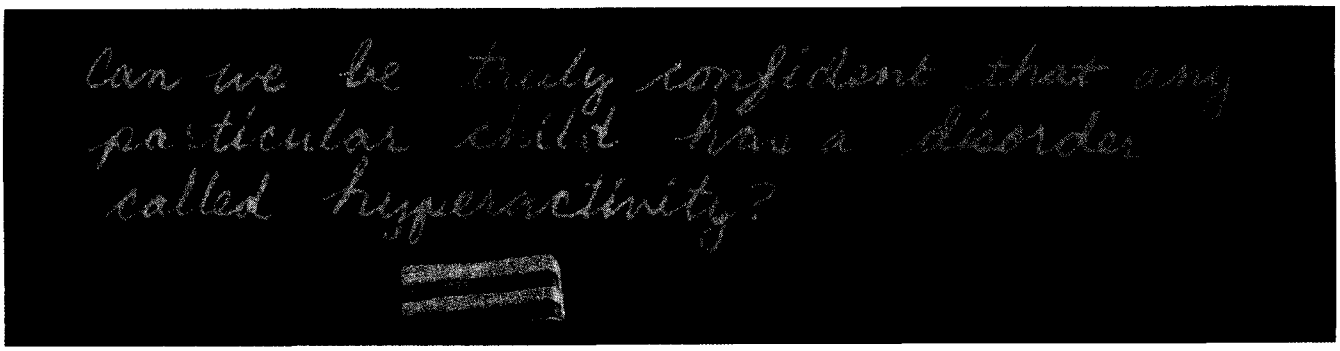
The disparities can be explained to some extent by the varying stringency of the criteria that are applied, and the assumptions guiding those applying them. According to the latest guidelines for diagnosing what is now officially called attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), the problem must have been noticed before age seven, must persist for at least six months, and must include any eight of fourteen symptoms, among which are the following: the child is easily distracted by extraneous stimuli; has difficulty sustaining attention, following through on instructions, or waiting his or her turn in games; and often does such things as talk excessively, fidget with hands or feet, squirm while sitting down, lose things, and fail to listen to what is being said to him or her.

Most experts emphasize the importance of teachers' observations, which are often quantified on a rating scale that was developed by Keith Conners, a psychologist, in the late 1960s. When that score—or any single judgment—is the sole basis for diagnosis, 10 percent or more of all elementary school children may be labeled hyperactive. But if the observations of others—parents or pediatri-



cians, for example—are also taken into account, then the prevalence of the disorder can be as low as one percent.

The experience of two Canadian researchers, Nancy J. Cohen and Klaus Minde, is illustrative. They had the teachers of 2,900 kindergartners in one community submit the names of children thought to be hyperactive. The researchers expected, because of the estimate offered by a widely used textbook, to find that four to 10 percent would be referred. At first their procedure yielded sixty-three names. But when they looked more closely, they found that most of these children had altogether different psychological problems or else seemed to be suffering from poor nutrition or too little sleep. Only twenty-three children—less than eight tenths of one percent—were left in the hyperactive category after this more rigorous screening.

The wildly divergent estimates of prevalence are disturbing enough in themselves, given that each percentage point stands for hundreds of thousands of children. But they also underscore the fact that different criteria for diagnosis produce different conclusions about whether a particular child will carry the ADHD label and, as a consequence, be required to swallow a drug every day. Most unsettling is a flicker of doubt about the integrity of the diagnosis itself. Can we in fact be confident that any child has a disorder called hyperactivity, or ADHD?

Overwhelmingly, child psychiatrists and psychologists answer in the affirmative. Just because the prevalence of hyperactivity is difficult to pin down, or because we can't be sure a particular child is afflicted with it, doesn't mean the phenomenon isn't real, according to most people in the field. "If you'd ever seen a hyperactive kid, you'd know it," the psychologist Susan Campbell says. "Something's there." But my review of more than a hundred journal articles and book chapters, and also conversations I had with many of the leading researchers in the field, suggests that this assessment may be too sanguine.

First, whether such a distinctive disorder exists is open to question, because each of the symptoms that are supposed to lead to a diagnosis of hyperactivity—restlessness, impulsiveness, and difficulty paying attention—occurs at least as often in children who have entirely different problems, as Cohen and Minde discovered.

Second, the key symptoms often do not appear together. Douglas G. Ullman, a psychologist, and his colleagues have found that children said to be hyperactive do not always turn out to have difficulty paying attention, and vice versa. One's ability to predict that a child will be inattentive because he is restless—or the other way around—"is not much better than if one tossed a coin to decide the matter," the authors concluded.

Third, the procedure for deciding which behaviors belong on that list of fourteen, and also the decision that eight of them (rather than seven or ten) will suffice for a diagnosis of hyperactivity, are arbitrary. These decisions are "made by committee," as Dennis Cantwell, a leading researcher in the field who was himself on such committees, admits.

A score on the Conners Teacher Rating Scale, or any of the other scales used in diagnosis, gives the appearance of scientific precision, as though it were, say, a white-cell count. In reality, the score is nothing more than a numerical value that sums up a particular teacher's subjective judgments about whether a child bounces around too much.

Some theorists have argued that ADHD is actually "heterogeneous"—that it is characteristic not of a single

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population of hyperactive children but of several distinct subgroups. This has a professional ring to it and seems plausible on its face, but it simply sets the problem back a step. What *are* the disorders mistakenly collected under the ADHD umbrella? How do we know that *they* are valid diagnostic categories? One might say that using the word "heterogeneous" tells more about what we don't know than about what we do.

This history of the diagnosis does nothing to allay one's doubts. For many years children with symptoms identical to those that are now considered to add up to hyperactivity were said to have "minimal brain damage." When researchers eventually acknowledged that they had no proof these children's brains were actually damaged, the label was changed to "minimal brain dysfunction." This, in turn, gave way to the diagnosis of "hyperkinetic reaction," which became "attention deficit disorder with (or without) hyperactivity," which became "attention deficit hyperactivity disorder."

These changes—and the latest in the series will surely not be the last—reflect something more than quibbling over labels. They suggest a fundamental disagreement about what, if anything, is behind the labels. "The whole notion has gone through so many metamorphoses as to suggest a catastrophe in terms of conceptual integrity," says Gerald Coles, the author of *The Learning Mystique*, a critical analysis of what are commonly called learning disabilities. "Rather than moving toward ever greater precision, they're constantly sweeping over the disasters of last year's conception."

A new diagnosis has appeared in every successive revision of the mental-health clinician's bible, the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, or *DSM*. Whereas *DSM* II talked about "hyperkinetic reaction," the third edition, published in 1980, switched to "attention deficit disorder": now difficulty paying attention seemed to be the core of the disorder, with excessive activity merely an optional by-product. In 1987, with the publication of the latest revision (*DSM* III-R), the definers changed their minds again, deciding that insufficient data existed to support the emphasis on attention, and that hyperactivity really was the center of the problem after all.

The Problem May Be the Classroom

IN LIGHT OF ALL THIS, DISAGREEMENTS ABOUT whether a given child is "hyperactive" seem to signify something more than uncertainty about the applicability of an established diagnosis. Consider the rather obvious point made by Kenneth D. Gadow, a professor of special education at the State University of New York at Stony Brook: "What is diagnosed as hyperactivity by one physician may be considered emotional disturbance or 'spoiled child syndrome' by another."

When perceptions of that same child are compared across different environments, one is even less likely to find consensus about his status. A number of studies have by now shown "relatively low levels of agreement among parents, teachers, and clinicians on which children should be regarded as hyperkinetic," the psychiatrist Michael Rutter has written.

Why does the parent at home rate the child differently from the teacher at school? Simple subjectivity is not the answer, as it turns out. The fact is that children act differently in different places. Therefore, the idea of a unified disorder threatens to slip away completely.

Those in the field accept as common knowledge that symptoms of hyperactivity often vanish when a child is watching TV, engaged in free play, or doing something else he likes. Similarly, the way a child's environment is organized and the way tasks are presented can mean the difference between normal behavior and behavior called hyperactive, a finding that has been replicated again and again. This is particularly true for the symptoms related to paying attention.

Since the early 1970s, for example, researchers have known that children diagnosed as hyperactive do well at tasks that they can work on at their own pace, as opposed to tasks controlled by someone else. Many hyperactive children also seem virtually problem-free when they receive individual attention from a teacher or when the experimenter stays in the room with them. And their ability to concentrate on what they're doing picks right up when a reward is hanging in the balance (although the effect doesn't always last if the reward is withdrawn). This suggests that the problem may be more one of willingness to comply—especially in performing tasks that the children find boring—than one of a built-in deficit.

"The degree to which hyperactives are viewed as deviant depends on the demands of the environment in which they function," the veteran Canadian researchers Gabrielle Weiss and Lily Hechtman wrote in *Science* in 1979. One might even amend that to read, "The degree to which children are viewed as hyperactive in the first place depends. . . ." But rather than seriously questioning the legitimacy of the diagnosis, specialists have responded by fashioning a subcategory of the disorder called "situational hyperactivity." Keith Conners has written, "When data from parent and teacher conflict . . . . there may be a true 'situational' hyperactivity, a pattern of behavior which only emerges, say, in the school setting but not the home setting."

Of course, this approach cannot be proved wrong, just as it would not be technically inaccurate to say that a child who cries when her friend moves away is suffering from a syndrome called "situational depression." The question is, how is such labeling useful, and what sorts of inquiry does it serve to encourage or discourage?

Some of us remember things more accurately if we see them rather than hear them; some of us learn better if abstract ideas are represented spatially. Similarly, some children learn better and jump around less if they receive

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personal attention or get to design their own tasks. In 1978 the psychologists Charles E. Cunningham and Russell A. Barkley offered the heretical suggestion that "hyperactive behavior may be the *result* rather than the cause of the child's academic difficulties." This possibility raises the question of why these children fail—whether it has to do with how they are being taught.

A small study described in 1976 compared a group of hyperactives in a traditional classroom with a group in a classroom where instruction was individualized, children were relatively free to move around the room, and the teacher planned lessons in cooperation with the children. After a year the teacher's ratings showed almost no change for the first group, but the hyperactivity scores of those in the open classroom had dropped dramatically. A second study, which compared hyperactive children with a control group, found that the difference between them—as judged by the experimenters rather than the teachers—remained significant in a formal classroom but effectively disappeared in an open classroom. Although the studies are by no means conclusive, virtually no one has taken the trouble to investigate the question further.

If a teacher finds few hyperactive children in her class, that may be because she designs appropriate tasks for students who might otherwise squirm, or because she is less rigid in her demands than other teachers, and more tolerant of what educators refer to as "off-task behavior." (The use of this designation may say as much about the teacher as about the student.) "Hyperactivity," one researcher says, "typically comes to professional attention . . . when the child cannot conform to classroom rules." This invites questions about how reasonable the rules are.

But the psychiatrists who design the research, shape the diagnostic categories, and prescribe the drugs rarely explore how children are being taught, and even then the question tends to be treated as an aside. In 1986 the *Journal of Children in Contemporary Society* and *Psychiatric Annals* both devoted special issues to hyperactivity, and neither addressed so much as a paragraph to such matters as classroom organization and teachers' attitudes.

The Potency of Family Dynamics

IN ADDITION TO THE POSSIBILITY THAT SYMPTOMS ascribed to hyperactivity may result from unsuitable classroom environments or academic failure, a number of studies have found that warped family patterns often accompany hyperactivity. As Weiss and Hechtman have summarized the research, "Families of hyperactives tended to have more difficulties, mainly in the areas of mental health of family members, marital relationships, and, most particularly, the emotional climate of the home. . . . [and they] tended to use more punitive, authoritative approaches in child rearing than [other] families."

Particular styles of discipline and interaction, of course, may be the consequence of a parent's frustration with a child who is already hyperactive for other reasons. This is the view of Russell Barkley, who formerly headed the American Psychological Association's section on clinical child psychology. His own research shows that parents' reliance on commands and punishments drops significantly when their hyperactive children are put on medication. "The majority of the problem is the effects of the child's behavior on the parents, not the other way around," he asserts.

But this may be too much of a leap. "Knowing that the behavior changes when the child is on Ritalin doesn't tell you how the behavior got started in the first place," says Susan Campbell, who adds that no one knows why some children are more fidgety or impulsive than others.

L. Alan Sroufe, a professor of child psychology at the University of Minnesota, thinks that early parent-child dynamics may play a key role. In a study with Deborah Jacobvitz, Sroufe followed children from birth until age eight and discovered that those who were eventually diagnosed as hyperactive were more likely, during their infancy, to have care-givers who were rated as "intrusive." Rather than responding to the baby's needs, such a caregiver might, for example, push a bottle into its mouth even though it was trying to turn its head away.

Sroufe reasons that most of us, with our parents' help, learned quite early to control ourselves when circumstances demanded. However, some parents may overstimulate their children precisely when the children are already out of control. These children may well come to fit the ADHD pattern. Data to confirm this conclusion do not yet exist, Sroufe concedes, but then, few people have gone looking for them. No other researcher has ever tried to predict hyperactivity from observations of early care-giving, and neither has anyone helped overstimulating parents to modify their behavior in order to see if the children have fewer problems later on.

While they were investigating parent-child interactions, Sroufe and Jacobvitz looked back to infancy for differences that might have existed between hyperactive and other children, in case those mattered more. They came up virtually empty-handed. Hyperactivity doesn't seem to be connected to delivery complications or prematurity, to infant reflexes or distractibility, or to any of dozens of other measures. Indeed, Michael Rutter has reported in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, "There is no indication of any biochemical feature that is specific to the hyperkinetic syndrome."

Theoretically, the behavior of some tiny subset of those children called hyperactive may be traceable to neurotransmitters, the brain's chemical messengers, or to genes or neurological damage. To date, though, no generally accepted evidence of an organic, or biological, cause of hyperactivity has been found.

This has not been for lack of trying. The medical journals are littered with the remains of discarded theories

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that purported to explain restlessness in children as a symptom of disease. For example, for quite some time stimulant drugs were believed to have a "paradoxical effect" on hyperactive children; the very idea that hyperactives—and only hyperactives—were quieted by this sort of medication was said to prove that their troubles were biochemical. But in 1978 the psychiatrist Judith Rapoport and her colleagues published a study showing that stimulants had precisely the same effects on the motor activity and attention span of normal children. Later studies showed that similar effects occur in normal adults and in children with entirely different problems.

The overwhelming majority of the research has shown that most hyperactive children have no discernible brain damage or neurological abnormalities; their EEG readings are not distinctive. For a while clinicians thought that the nervous systems of hyperactives were overaroused. Then they were believed to be underaroused. Neither of these theories has been proved, however. What is remarkable here is not the series of failures to find a biological cause but the tenacity with which this line of investigation continues to be pursued. For every study investigating the families of hyperactive children, hundreds search for neurological abnormalities. This is the sort of research that gets funded—not merely in the case of hyperactivity but in mental health more generally—possibly because this is how the investigators (and the grantors themselves) were trained. The humanistic psychologist Abraham Maslow once observed that if people are given only hammers, they will treat everything they come across as if it were a nail.

"People who don't have a high tolerance for ambiguity aren't going to look at family factors," Susan Campbell says. "In the biological sphere it seems as if one is on firmer ground." In any case, most physicians continue to assume that hyperactivity is biologically based, and when researchers are asked whether any evidence supports this assumption, a typical response is "Not yet."

The Effects of Drug Therapy

IF THE EMPHASIS AMONG RESEARCHERS ON BIOLOGY crowds out work on prevention, environmental causes, and alternative forms of therapy, a similar pattern occurs among clinicians. The most striking consequence of assuming that an unusually distractible or impulsive child is suffering from a disease is the tendency to turn to medication to solve the problem.

"Assumptions of organicity have often been used, in practice, as a justification for prescribing drugs," Jacobvitz and Sroufe have written. In an interview Sroufe adds, "The majority of hyperactive kids today are treated only with Ritalin—the *vast* majority."

Ritalin is the brand name for methylphenidate, which was approved for use with children in 1961. Like Dexedrine (dextroamphetamine), another stimulant sometimes prescribed for hyperactivity, Ritalin is classified as a Schedule II drug, meaning that among substances with legitimate medical use it is regarded as having the highest potential for abuse, and its manufacture is regulated by the Drug Enforcement Administration. (Other drugs in that class include morphine and barbiturates.)

The best available figures on the use of drugs for ADHD come from a careful biennial survey of Baltimore County schools by the psychiatrist Daniel Safer. In 1987 among public elementary school students in that county 5.9 percent were taking stimulants. Extrapolating to the nation as a whole, and correcting for the fact that Maryland doctors are a bit freer with their prescription pads than their counterparts elsewhere, Safer estimates that three quarters of a million children nationwide are now receiving stimulants. "It's been increasing steadily since we first took a look, in 1971, and it'll go over one million in the 1990s if the present trend continues," he says.

Indeed, about four out of five children diagnosed as hyperactive are put on stimulants at some point, making drug therapy far and away the treatment of choice in the United States. (This does not seem to be true elsewhere; in most of Western Europe, for example, children rarely or never receive medication for hyperactivity.)

In the early 1970s, media coverage of Ritalin use seeded a storm of controversy, culminating in the publication of a widely read book by Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky: *The Myth of the Hyperactive Child.* This period also saw the publication of Benjamin Feingold's *Why Your Child Is Hyperactive*, which argued that drugs were unnecessary because hyperactivity could be cured by restricting the amounts of sugar and food additives in the child's diet. (Subsequent studies have been unable to demonstrate that diet can bring about any significant improvement in the great majority of hyperactive children.)

Lately the medication controversy has been heating up again, largely because an arm of the Church of Scientology, which calls itself the Citizens Commission on Human Rights, is picketing professional conferences and helping to sponsor a series of legal actions charging physicians with malpractice. But if the church group's claim that "psychiatry is making drug addicts out of America's school children" is, understandably, not taken seriously by those in the field, neither does the drug deliver the benefits claimed by some proponents.

While the idea that stimulants can have a quieting effect may seem peculiar, the fact is that these drugs don't so much slow down activity as redirect it. A child on Ritalin may move around just as much as a nonmedicated child over the course of a day, but he will be better able to sit still for tasks that require concentration. His activity is more goal-directed, less aimless, more likely to be "on-task" than it was before. Besides being less distractible and better able to sustain attention, the medicated child typically becomes less aggressive and less apt to get into trouble, less obnoxious to his peers, easier for his teach-

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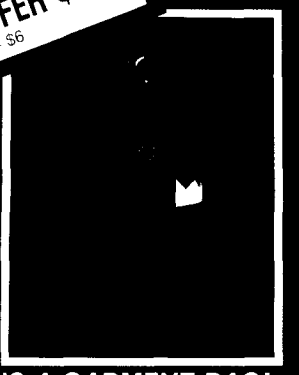

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ers to handle, and generally more compliant. Unsurprisingly, parents and teachers are often pleased with the change they see in a child who is put on Ritalin.

That's the good news. The bad news has to do with side effects—about which more in a moment—and with the drug's efficacy, which is probably the greater of the two problems. The evidence shows, first, that drugs do absolutely nothing for 25 to 40 percent (depending on whose estimate you trust) of hyperactive children. Kenneth Gadow, in his book-length contribution to a series called *Children on Medication*, reported, "Some youngsters even become worse on medication! Unfortunately, there is no way to tell whether medication is going to work other than to have the child take it."

Second, a large proportion of the children who do respond to Ritalin also improve on a placebo. After weeding out the nonresponders, the pediatrician Esther Sleator followed a group of medicated children for two years and then began slipping some of them sugar pills. Of twenty-eight subjects for whom definite data were available, eleven continued to behave as if they were getting the real thing. Russell Barkley's review of several hundred studies indicates that about 40 percent of children are rated as improved when they're on a placebo, although the magnitude of the improvement generally isn't as great as it is for children receiving Ritalin.

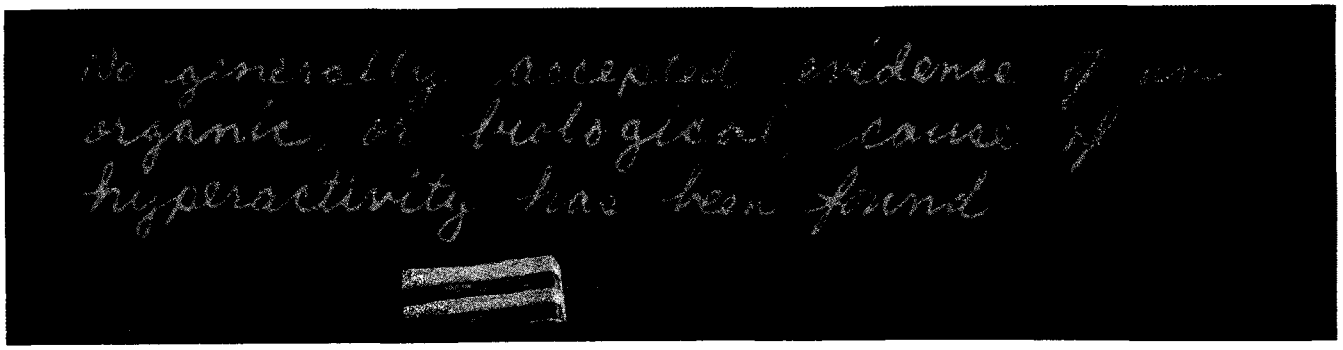
Third, even for children who respond well to stimulants, the effect is a temporary suppression of symptoms, not a cure. A child may have been taking Ritalin for years, but within hours of the last dose he will be indistinguishable from a hyperactive child who has never taken Ritalin. Or *almost* indistinguishable: in what is known as a rebound effect, when the drug wears off the child will briefly become a little worse than he was before.

Fourth, although some children on stimulants are able to do more work and thus receive better grades, drugs do nothing to enhance actual academic achievement. Beneficial effects on concentration had long been assumed to translate into achievement, but an analysis that Russell Barkley and Charles Cunningham made of seventeen studies in the late 1970s, and a subsequent analysis by Kenneth Gadow of another sixteen studies in 1985, were uniformly discouraging. "Certain behavioral interventions are clearly superior to stimulant medication in facilitating academic performance," Gadow concluded.

On reflection, this doesn't seem so strange. Drugs do not remedy cognitive deficits or create skills. And if hyperactivity is the result of learning problems rather than the cause, two psychologists pointed out in a 1988 article, "interventions directed toward suppressing [hyperactive] behaviors will have no long-term effects in reducing either the [hyperactivity] itself or learning difficulties unless the latter are specifically treated."

Some children's behavior seems to improve only at relatively high dosages, around one milligram per kilogram of body weight. This much medication tends to have a detrimental effect on thinking skills, thus forcing the careful physician to choose between reducing hyperactivity and optimizing cognitive performance. What's more, "the [dosage] where teachers perceive the most improved classroom behavior is also associated with side effects," Gadow has reported.

These findings suggest hard questions about just why children are put on Ritalin in the first place. Even assuming that drugs make a difference, should they be prescribed to help a third-grader learn better? How about to reduce fidgeting, which, Safer points out, is "neither a disruptive influence nor highly unusual"? Or to establish docility, so that children will follow the rules and not annoy adults? At best the drug "may have much greater relevance for stress reduction in caregivers than intrinsic value to the child," Gadow has written. Gabrielle Weiss and her colleagues found that "children on the whole preferred being without 'the pills,'" and in a follow-up study of adults who had been medicated as children, Weiss's group found that slightly more listed medication as a hindrance than listed it as a help.



This reaction may be due in part to the social stigma of having to take pills every day, but part of it clearly has to do with side effects. Overall, research on these effects does not support the extravagant claims of some critics, including the Church of Scientology. Extreme adverse reactions are very rare and crop up occasionally with other medications as well.

If Ritalin stunts growth, the effect seems to be temporary. (It does seem possible that someone who continued taking medication straight into adulthood would be per-

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manently affected, but no one knows for sure.) Other concerns, including reports of elevated blood pressure, facial tics, insomnia, and weight loss, have led specialists to recommend that younger children not be given stimulants. For older children, most of these side effects turn out to be either uncommon or controllable by modifying the dosage or the medication schedule.

Such adjustments may not, however, eliminate all the behavioral side effects. According to some studies, children on Ritalin sometimes become withdrawn and stare off into space, a behavior that critics call the "zombie" effect. While stimulants make these children less likely to annoy their peers or pick fights, they are also less likely to interact with others at all. And some investigators suspect that medication leads children and their parents to attribute any improvement to the pills rather than to social causes or to factors within their control.

Barbara Henker and Carol Whalen, psychologists at the University of California, have found that when someone is told that a given child is on medication, he or she is more likely to believe that the child's problems are serious and due to "nervous system dysfunction" than if told the child is in a behavioral treatment program. (Hence the circle is completed: assumptions of a biological cause lead to drugs, and drugs lead to assumptions of a biological cause.)

These concerns seem to have prompted little hesitation about prescribing stimulants. The number of prescriptions continues to rise, and more and more psychiatrists are talking seriously about keeping, or putting, adolescents and adults on stimulants too.

Ask professionals to name the most important finding relevant to hyperactivity within the past decade and they will tell you it is the discovery that the disorder doesn't disappear at puberty. Some hyperactive children continue to have problems with school and work, to be antisocial and otherwise troubled, as they get older.

But a closer look at these data suggests that something else is going on. One of the diagnoses that overlaps to a considerable extent with ADHD is "conduct disorder," which refers to aggressive, disobedient, troublemaking behavior; perhaps two thirds of hyperactive children also qualify for that diagnosis. Children who become delinquent in later life are primarily from the conduct-disorder group, rather than being a random sample of those who fidget and can't pay attention. Some of the non-conduct-disorder group, not surprisingly, may have trouble finishing school and may continue to be more distractible than most people when they grow up, but they apparently don't become mentally ill or get in trouble any more than the rest of us. The major revelation in the field during the past ten years, then, turns out to be this: if you were aggressive and antisocial as a child, you may also be aggressive and antisocial as an adult.

Hyperactivity in Perspective

EVEN THOSE RESEARCHERS WHO ARE COMFORTable with both the diagnosis of hyperactivity and the use of Ritalin have urged that considerable care be taken in prescribing the drug and deciding who gets it. But virtually every commonsense recommendation offered in the professional journals is routinely ignored by physicians throughout the country.

Even though studies have shown that a child cannot be properly diagnosed on the basis of an office visit, a California survey of pediatricians revealed that the way children acted in front of them "seemed to be the most important characteristic in physician judgments." Doctors who seek further evidence to confirm their diagnosis may simply prescribe drugs and wait to see whether they work. According to a national survey done in 1987, three quarters of pediatricians continued to believe that a child's response to medication was helpful for purposes of diagnosis—this despite proof that many hyperactive children do not respond to stimulants, and that many non-hyperactive children do.

According to studies conducted in several states, teachers often play little or no role in diagnosis or treatment of hyperactivity, even though their observations are critical. Moreover, against the advice of specialists, clinicians often prescribe unnecessarily high doses of Ritalin, fail to recommend counseling and other non-medical treatments in addition to stimulants, and fail to schedule periodic "holidays" from the drug, as they should.

Much as the public outcry over Ritalin in the 1970s may well have "spurred a wave of better designed studies," according to the psychiatrist Mina K. Dulcan, so the newly filed malpractice suits, Russell Barkley concedes, may "motivate practitioners to bring their practices a little more up to date." Barkley emphasizes, nonetheless, that he believes that the practitioners being sued are not, strictly speaking, negligent. Negligence is judged according to customary practice in the field, not by the standards suggested by research. Put bluntly, this means that if most clinicians are diagnosing casually and prescribing irresponsibly, bringing legal action against any one of them will be difficult.

Diagnoses of other psychological disorders may be similarly arbitrary and subjective, made by committee and poorly defined, insensible of social factors and conducive to unfounded assumptions about biological causes. On the one hand, this may serve to excuse what goes on with hyperactivity, or at least to place it in perspective. On the other hand, it may provoke larger, more disturbing questions about the theory and practice of mental health in the United States. □

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FIRST ENCOUNTERS

H. L. MENCKEN AND THEODORE DREISER

IN 1907 THE AUTHOR of *Sister Carrie*, widely considered the most degenerate novel of the decade, was employed by the Butterick Publishing Company, of New York, in the improbable role of editor of their trio of genteel women's magazines. From a desk the size of a billiard table in an office of comparable scale Dreiser acquired the lachrymose poetry and lackluster fiction that filled the pages of the *Delineator*. At one point a ghostwriter was needed for a series on the care and feeding of babies, and a versatile young writer for the Baltimore *Sun*, Henry L. Mencken, was approached. Mencken accepted. In short order pieces on crying babies and nursing mothers were making their way from the bachelor Mencken to the childless Dreiser for approval.

On a summer day the following year Mencken presented himself at the Butterick offices, decked out, Dreiser recalled, in yellow shoes and a bright tie, and reminding him of a petted and possibly overfinanced brewer's son. "Well, well," Dreiser said, "if it isn't Anheuser's own brightest boy out to see the town," a joshing that Mencken seized upon with delight although in fact his father, a cigar manufacturer, had been dead nearly ten years. Then, from the depths of an oversized chair intended to discomfit cocky neophytes, Mencken beamed at his editor and proceeded to charm him with trenchant observations on the American scene.

Years of epistolary and beer-hall camaraderie followed. Butterick fired Dreiser, and Mencken, having catapulted into fame as a newspaperman, editor, and critic, took on as well the role of public defender of the lumbering, contentious novelist. They shared an antipathy for convention, and only later did Dreiser's defects of style—both life and literary—erode Mencken's allegiance. The break came when Mencken labeled *An American Tragedy* "a colossal botch." Still, as Dreiser neared death he wrote to thank Mencken for helping fight the good fight. "What you forget," Mencken replied, "is how we both enjoyed the battle."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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A Short Story

The Fireman's Wife

by Richard Bausch

JANE'S HUSBAND, MARTIN, WORKS FOR THE FIRE DEpartment. He's on four days, off three; on three, off four. It's the kind of shift work that allows plenty of time for sustained recreation, and during the off times Martin likes to do a lot of socializing with his two shift mates, Wally Harmon and Teddy Lynch. The three of them are like brothers: they bicker and squabble and compete in a friendly way about everything, including their common hobby, which is the making and flying of model airplanes. Martin is fanatical about it—spends way too much money on the two planes he owns, which are on the work table in the garage, and which seem to require as much maintenance as the real article. Among the arguments between Jane and her husband—about money, lack of time alone together, and housework—there have been some about the model planes, but Jane can't say or do much without sounding like a poor sport: Wally's wife, Milly, loves watching the boys, as she calls them, fly their planes, and Teddy Lynch's ex-wife, before they were divorced, had loved the model planes too. In a way, Jane is the outsider here: the Harmons have known Martin most of his life, and Teddy Lynch was once point guard, to Martin's power forward, on their high school basketball team. Jane is relatively new, having come to Illinois from Virginia only two years ago, when Martin brought her back with him from his reserves training there.

She realized that now she could take the time to think clearly about leaving him

This evening, a hot September twilight, they're sitting on lawn chairs in the dim light of the coals in Martin's portable grill, talking about games. Martin and Teddy want to play Risk, though they're already arguing about the rules. Teddy says that a European version of the game contains a wrinkle that makes it more interesting, and Martin is arguing that the game itself was derived from some French game.

"Well, go get it," Teddy says, "and I'll show you. I'll bet it's in the instructions."

"Don't get that out now," Jane says to Martin.

"It's too long," Wally Harmon says.

"What if we play cards," Martin says.

"Martin doesn't want to lose his bet," Teddy says.

"We don't have any bets, Teddy."

"Okay, so let's bet."

"Let's play cards," Martin says. "Wally's right. Risk takes too long."

"I feel like conquering the world," Teddy says.

"Oh, Teddy," Milly Harmon says, "please shut up."

She's expecting. She sits with her legs out, holding her belly as though it were unattached, separate from her. The child will be her first, and she's excited and happy; she glows, as if she knows everyone's admiring her.

Jane thinks Milly is spreading it on a little thick at times: lately all she wants to talk about is her body and what it's doing.

"I had a dream last night," Milly says now. "I dreamed that I was pregnant. Big as a house. And I woke up and I was. What I want to know is, was that a nightmare?"

"How did you feel in the dream?" Teddy asks her.

"I said. Big as a house."

"Right, but was it bad or good?"

"How would you feel if you were big as a house?"

"Well, that would depend on what the situation was."

"The situation is you're big as a house."

"Yeah, but what if somebody was chasing me? I'd want to be big, right?"

"Oh, Teddy, please shut up."

"I had a dream," Wally says. "A bad dream. I dreamed I died. I mean, you know, I was dead—and what was weird was that I was also the one who had to call Milly to tell her about it."

"Oh, God," Milly says. "Don't talk about this."

"It was weird. I got killed out at sea or something. Drowned, I guess. I remember I was standing on the deck of this ship talking to somebody about how it went down. And then I was calling Milly to tell her. And the thing is, I talked like a stranger would—you know, 'I'm sorry to inform you that your husband went down at sea.' It was weird."

"How did you feel when you woke up?" Martin says.

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"I was scared. I didn't know who I was for a couple of seconds."

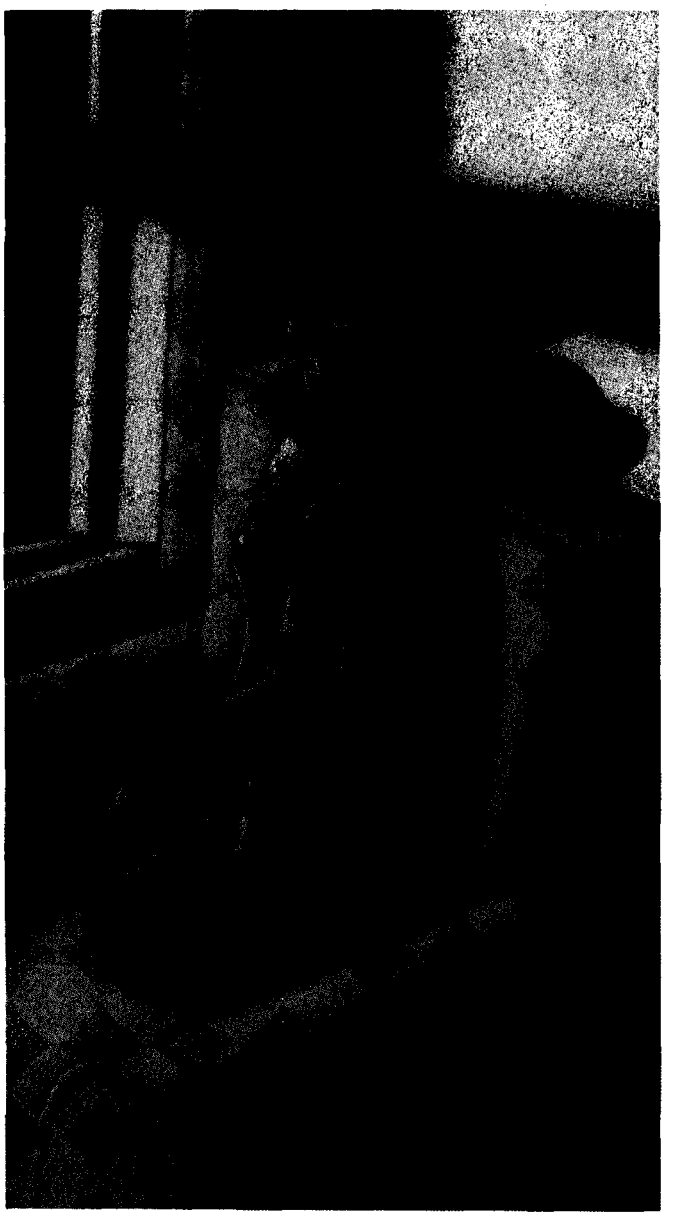
"Look," Milly says, "I don't want to talk about dreams."

"Let's talk about good dreams," Jane says. "I had a good dream. I was fishing with my father out at a creek—some creek that felt like a real place. Like if I ever really did go fishing with my father, this is where we would have fished when I was small."

"What?" Martin says, after a pause, and everyone laughs.

"Well," Jane says, feeling the blood rise in her face and neck, "I never—my father died when I was just a baby."

"I dreamed I got shot once," Teddy says. "Guy shot me with a forty-five automatic as I was running down stairs. I fell, and hit bottom, too. I could feel the cold concrete on the side of my face before I woke up."



Milly Harmon sits forward a little and says to Wally, "Honey, why did you have to tell me you had a dream like that? Now *I'm* going to dream about it, I just know it."

"I think we all ought to call it a night," Jane says. "You've all got to get up at six o'clock."

"What're you talking about?" Martin says. "We're going to play cards, aren't we?"

"I thought we were going to play Risk," Teddy says.

"All right," Martin says, getting out of his chair. "Risk it is."

Milly groans, and Jane gets up and follows Martin into the house. "Honey," she says. "Not Risk. Come on. We'd need four hours at least."

He says over his shoulder, "So, then we need four hours."

"Martin, I'm tired."

He's leaning up into the hall closet, where the games are stacked. He brings the Risk game down and turns, holding it in both hands like a tray. "Look, where do you get off, telling everybody to go home the way you did?"

She stands there staring at him.

"These people are our friends, Jane."

"I just said I thought we ought to call it a night."

"Well, *don't* say—all right? It's embarrassing." He goes around her and back out to the patio. The screen door slaps twice in the jamb. She waits a moment and then moves through the house to the bedroom. She brushes her hair, thinks about getting out of her clothes. Martin's uniforms are lying across the foot of the bed. She picks them up, walks into the living room with them, and drapes them over the back of the easy chair.

"Jane," Martin calls from the patio. "Are you playing or not?"

"Come on, Jane," Milly says. "Don't leave me alone out here."

"What color armies do you want?" Martin asks.

She goes to the patio door and looks out at them. Martin has lighted the tiki lamps; everyone's sitting at the picnic table, in the moving firelight.

"Come on," Martin says, barely concealing his irritation. She can hear it, and she wants to react to it—wants to let him know that she is hurt. But they're all waiting for her, so she steps out and takes her place at the table. She chooses green for her armies, and she plays the game to lose, attacking in all directions until her forces are so badly depleted that when Wally begins to make his own move she's the first to lose all her armies. This takes more than an hour. When she's out of the game, she sits for a while, cheering Teddy on against Martin, who is clearly going to win; finally she excuses herself and goes back into the house. The glow from the tiki lamps makes weird patterns on the kitchen wall. She pours herself a glass of water and drinks it down; then she pours more, and swallows some aspirin. Teddy sees this as he comes in for more beer, and he grasps her by the elbow and asks if she wants something a little better than aspirin for a headache.

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"Like what?" she says, smiling at him. She's decided a smile is what one offers under such circumstances; one laughs things off, pretends not to notice the glazed look in the other person's eyes.

Teddy is staring at her, not quite smiling. Finally he puts his hands on her shoulders and says, "What's the matter, lady?"

"Nothing," she says. "I have a headache. I took some aspirin."

"I've got some stuff," he says. "It makes America beautiful. Want some?"

She says, "Teddy."

"No problem," he says. He holds both hands up and backs away from her. Then he turns and is gone. She hears him begin to tease Martin about the French rules of the game. Martin is winning. He wants Wally Harmon to keep playing and Wally wants to quit. Milly and Teddy are talking about flying the model airplanes. They know about an air show in Danville on Saturday. They all keep playing and talking, and for a long time Jane watches them from the screen door. She smokes half a pack of cigarettes, and she paces a little. She drinks three glasses of orange juice, and finally she walks into the bedroom and lies down with her face in her hands. Her forehead feels hot. She's thinking about the next four days, when Martin will be gone and she can have the house to herself. She hasn't been married even two years and she feels crowded; she's depressed and tired every day. She never has enough time to herself. And yet when she's alone, she feels weak and afraid. Now she hears someone in the hallway and she sits up, smoothes her hair back from her face. Milly Harmon comes in, with her hands cradling her belly.

"Ah," Milly says. "A bed." She sits down next to Jane and then leans back on her hands. "I'm beat," she says.

"I have a headache," Jane says.

Milly nods. Her expression seems to indicate how unimportant she finds this, as if Jane had told her she'd already got over a cold or something. "They're in the garage now," she says.

"Who?"

"Teddy, Wally, Martin. Martin conquered the world."

"What're they doing?" Jane asks. "It's almost midnight."

"Everybody's going to be miserable in the morning," Milly says.

Jane is quiet.

"Oh," Milly says, looking down at herself. "He kicked. Want to feel it?"

She takes Jane's hand and puts it on her belly. Jane feels movement under her fingers, something very slight, like one heartbeat.

"Wow," she says. She pulls her hand away.

"Listen," Milly says. "I know we can all be overbearing sometimes. Martin doesn't realize yet some of his responsibilities. Wally was the same way."

"I just have this headache," Jane says. She doesn't want to talk about it, doesn't want to get into it. Even when she talks to her mother on the phone and her mother asks how things are, she says it's all fine. She has nothing she wants to confide.

"You feel trapped, don't you," Milly says.

Jane looks at her.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Okay—you just have a headache."

"I do," Jane says.

Milly sits forward a little, folds her hands over the roundness of her belly. "This baby's jumping all over the place."

Jane is silent.

"Do you believe my husband and that awful dream? I wish he hadn't told us about it—now I know I'm going to dream something like it. You know pregnant women and dreams. I begin to shake just thinking of it."

"Try not to think of it," Jane says.

Milly waits a moment and then clears her throat and says, "You know, for a while there after Wally and I were married, I thought maybe I'd made a mistake. I remember realizing that I didn't like the way he laughed. I mean, let's face it, Wally laughs like a hyena. And somehow that took on all kinds of importance—you know, I had to absolutely like everything about him or I couldn't like anything. Have you ever noticed the way he laughs?"

Jane has never really thought about it. But she says nothing now. She simply nods.

"But, you know," Milly goes on, "all I had to do was wait. Just—you know, wait for love to come around and surprise me again."

"Milly, I have a headache. I mean, what do you think is wrong, anyway?"

"Okay," Milly says, rising.

Then Jane wonders whether the other woman has been put up to this conversation. "Hey," she says, "did Martin say something to you?"

"What would Martin say?"

"I don't know. I mean I really don't know, Milly. Jesus Christ, can't a person have a simple headache?"

"Okay," Milly says. "Okay."

"I like the way everybody talks around me here, you know it?"

"Nobody's talking around you—"

"I think it's wonderful how close you all are."

"All right," Milly says, standing there with her hands folded under the bulge of her belly. "You just look so unhappy these days."

"Look," Jane says. "I have a headache, all right? I'm going to go to bed. I mean, the only way I can get rid of it is to lie down in the dark and be very quiet—okay?"

"Sure, honey," Milly says.

"So—good night, then."

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"Right," Milly says. "Good night." She steps toward Jane and kisses her on the cheek. "I'll tell Martin to call it a night. I know Wally'll be miserable tomorrow."

"It's because they can take turns sleeping on shift," Jane says.

"I'll tell them," Milly says, going down the hall.

Jane steps out of her jeans, pulls her blouse over her head, and crawls under the sheets, which are cool and fresh and crisp. She turns the light off and closes her eyes. She can't believe how bad it is. She hears them all saying good night, and she hears Martin shutting the doors and turning off the lights. In the dark she waits for him to get to her. She's very still, lying on her back with her hands at her sides. He goes into the bathroom at the end of the hall. She hears him cough, clear his throat. He's cleaning his teeth. Then he comes to the entrance of the bedroom and stands in the light from the hall.

"I know you're awake," he says.

She doesn't answer.

"Jane," he says.

She says, "What?"

"Are you mad at me?"

"No."

"Then what's wrong?"

"I have a headache."

"You always have a headache."

"I'm not going to argue now, Martin. So you can say what you want."

He moves toward her, is standing by the bed. He's looming above her in the dark. "Teddy had some dope."

She says, "I know. He offered me some."

"I'm flying," Martin says.

She says nothing.

"Let's make love."

"Martin," she says. Her heart is beating fast. He moves a little, staggers taking off his shirt. He's so big and quick and powerful; nothing fazes him. When he's like this, the feeling she has is that he might do anything. "Martin," she says.

"All right," he says. "I won't. Okay? You don't have to worry your little self about it."

"Look," she says.

But he's already heading out into the hall.

"Martin," she says.

He's in the living room. He turns the television on loud. A rerun of *Kojak*. She hears Theo calling someone sweetheart. "Sweetheart," Martin says. When she goes to him, she finds that he's opened a beer and is sitting on the couch with his legs out. The beer is balanced on his stomach.

"Martin," she says. "You have to start your shift in less than five hours."

He holds the beer up. "Baby," he says.

IN THE MORNING HE'S SHEEPISH. OBVIOUSLY IN PAIN. He sits at the kitchen table with his hands up to his head, while she makes coffee and hard-boiled eggs. She has to go to work too, at a car dealership in town. All day she sits behind a window with a circular hole in the glass, where people line up to pay for whatever the dealer sells or provides, including mechanical work, parts, license plates, used cars, rental cars, and, of course, new cars. Her day is long and exhausting, and she's already feeling as though she worked all night. The booth she has to sit in is right off the service-bay area, and the smell of exhaust and grease is everywhere. Everything seems coated with a film of grime. She's standing at her sink, looking out at the sun coming up past the trees beyond her street, and without thinking about it she puts the water on and washes her hands. The idea of the car dealership is like something clinging to her skin.

"Jesus," Martin says. He can't eat much.

She's drying her hands on a paper towel.

"Listen," he says. "I'm sorry, okay?"

"Sorry?" she says.

"Don't press it, all right? You know what I mean."

"Okay," she says, and when he gets up and comes over to put his arms around her, she feels his difference from her. She kisses him. They stand there.

"Four days," he says.

When Teddy and Wally pull up in Wally's new pickup, she stands in the kitchen door and waves at them. Martin walks down the driveway, carrying his tote bag of uniforms and books to read. He turns around and blows her a kiss. This one is like so many other mornings. They drive off. She goes back into the bedroom and makes the bed, and puts his dirty uniforms in the wash. She showers and chooses something to wear. It's quiet. She puts the radio on and then decides she'd rather have the silence. After she's dressed, she stands at the back door and looks out at the street. Children are walking to school, in little groups of friends. She thinks about the four days ahead. What she needs is to get into the routine and stop thinking so much. She knows that problems in a marriage are worked out over time.

Before she leaves for work, she goes out into the garage, to look for signs of Teddy's dope. She doesn't want someone stumbling on incriminating evidence. On the work table along the back wall are Martin's model planes. She walks over and stands staring at them. She stands very still, as if waiting for something to move. But nothing moves.

AT WORK HER FRIEND EVELINE SMOKES ONE cigarette after another, apologizing before each one. During Martin's shifts Jane spends a lot of time with Eveline, who is twenty-nine and single and wants very much to be married. The problem is she can't find anyone. Last year, when Jane was first work-

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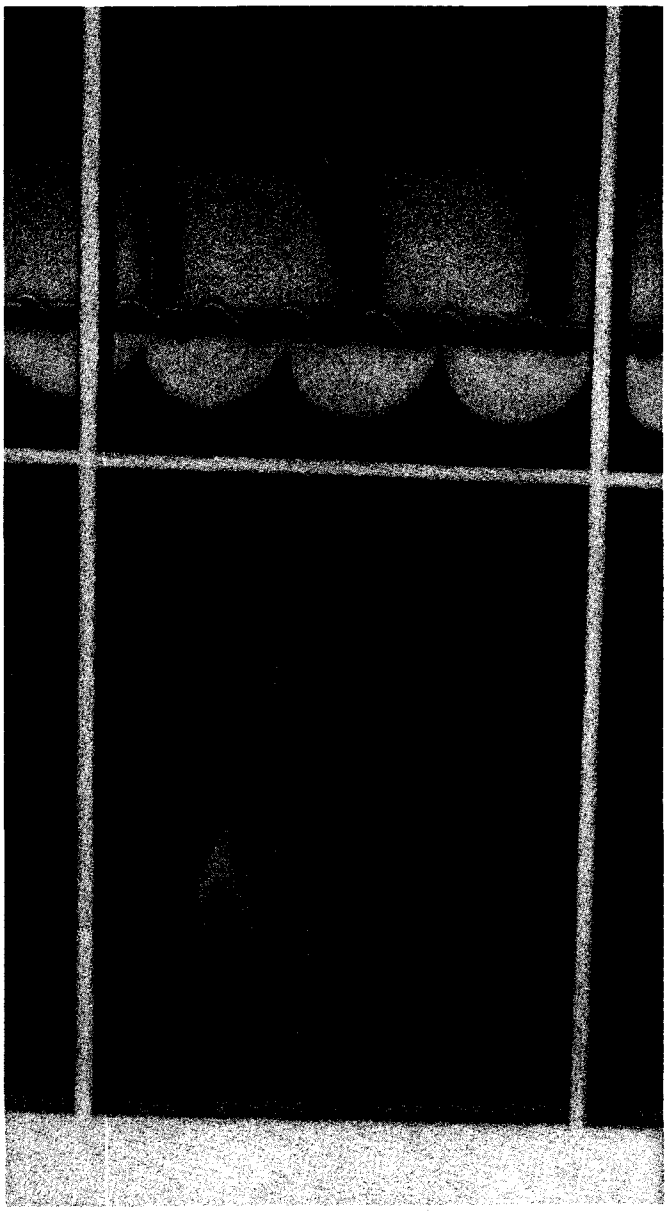
ing at the dealership, she got Eveline a date with Teddy Lynch. Teddy took Eveline to Lum's for hot dogs and beer, and they had fun at first. But then Eveline got drunk and passed out—put her head down on her arms and went to sleep like a child asked to take a nap in school. Teddy put her in a cab for home and then called Martin to laugh about the whole thing. Eveline was so humiliated by the experience that she goes out of her way to avoid Teddy—doesn't want anything to do with him or with any of Martin's friends, or with Martin, for that matter. She will come over to the house only when she knows Martin is away at work. And when Martin calls the dealership and she answers the phone, she's very stiff and formal. She hands the phone to Jane as though it were a piece of hot metal.



Today things aren't very busy, and they work a crossword together, making sure to keep it out of sight of the salesmen, who occasionally wander in to waste time with them. Eveline plays her radio and hums along with some of the songs. It's a long, slow day, and when Martin calls, Jane feels herself growing anxious—something is moving in the pit of her stomach.

"Are you still mad at me?" he says.

She says, "No."

"Say you love me."

"I love you," she says.

"Everybody's asleep here," he says. "I wish you were with me."

She says, "Yeah."

"I do," he says.

"Okay."

"You don't believe me?"

"I said *okay*."

"Is it busy today?" he asks.

"Not too," Jane says.

"You're bored, then."

"A little," she says.

"How's the headache?"

"Just the edge of one."

"I'm sorry," he says.

"It's not your fault."

"Sometimes I feel like it is."

"How's *your* head?" she says.

"Terrible."

"Poor boy."

"I wish something would happen around here," he says. "A lot of guys snoring."

"Martin," she says, "I've got to go."

"Okay."

"You want me to stop by tonight?" she asks.

"If you want to."

"Maybe I will."

"You don't have to."

She thinks about him where he is: she imagines him, comfortable, sitting on a couch in front of a television. Sometimes, when nothing's going on, he watches all the soaps. He was hooked on *General Hospital* for a while. That he's her husband seems strange, and she thinks of the nights she's lain in his arms, whispering his name over and over, putting her hands in his hair and rocking with him in the dark. She tells him she loves him, and hangs the phone up. Eveline makes a gesture of frustration and envy.

"Nuts," Eveline says. "Nuts to you and your lovey-dovey stuff."

Jane is sitting in a bath of cold inner light, trying to think of her husband as someone she recognizes.

"Let's do something tonight," Eveline says. "Maybe I'll get lucky."

"I'm not going with you if you're going to be giving strange men the eye," Jane says. She hasn't quite heard herself. She is surprised when Eveline reacts.

"How dare you say a nasty thing like that. I don't know if I want to go out with someone who doesn't think any more of me than *that*."

"I'm sorry," Jane says, patting the other woman's wrist. "I didn't mean anything by it, really. I was just teasing."

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"Well, don't tease that way. It hurts my feelings."

"I'm sorry," Jane says again. "Please—really." She feels near crying.

"Well, okay," Eveline says. "Don't get upset. I'm half teasing myself."

Jane sniffles, wipes her eyes with the back of one hand.

"What's wrong, anyway?" Eveline says.

"Nothing," Jane says. "I hurt your feelings."

THAT EVENING THEY RIDE IN EVELINE'S CAR over to Shakey's for a pizza, and then stroll down to the end of the block, to the new mini-mall on Lincoln Avenue. The night is breezy and warm. A storm is building over the town square. They window-shop for a while, and finally they stop at a new corner café, to sit in a booth by the windows, drinking beer. Across the street one of the movies has ended, and people are filing out, or waiting around. A few of them head this way.

"They don't look like they enjoyed the movie very much," Eveline says.

"Maybe they did, and they're just depressed to be back in the real world."

"Look, what is it?" Eveline asks suddenly.

Jane returns her gaze.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Something's wrong," Eveline says.

Two boys from the high school come past, and one of them winks at Jane. She remembers how it was in high school—the games of flirtation and pursuit, of ignoring some people and noticing others. That seemed like such an unbearable time, and it's already years ago. She watches Eveline light yet another cigarette, and feels very much older than her memory of herself. She sees the person she is now, with Martin, somewhere years away, happy, with children, and with different worries. It's a vivid daydream. She sits there fabricating it, feeling it for what it is, and feeling, too, that nothing will change: the Martin she sees in the daydream is nothing like the man she lives with. She thinks of Milly Harmon, pregnant and talking about waiting to be surprised by love.

"I think I'd like to have a baby," she says. She hadn't known she would say it.

Eveline says, "Yuck," blowing smoke.

"Yuck," Jane says. "That's great. Great response, Evie."

They're quiet awhile. Beyond the square the clouds break up into tatters, and lightning strikes out. They hear thunder, and the smell of rain is in the air. The trees in the little park across from the theater move in the wind, and leaves blow out of them.

"Wouldn't you like to have a family?" Jane says.

"Sure."

"Well, the last time I checked, that meant having babies."

"Yuck," Eveline says again.

"Oh, all right—you just mean because of the pain and all."

"I mean yuck."

"Well, what does *yuck* mean, okay?"

"What *is* the matter with you?" Eveline says. "What difference does it make?"

"I'm trying to have a normal conversation," Jane says, "and I'm getting these weird one-word answers, that's all. I mean what's *yuck*, anyway? What's it mean?"

"Let's say it means I don't want to talk about having babies."

"I wasn't talking about you."

Each is now a little annoyed with the other. Jane has noticed that whenever she talks about anything that might border on plans for the future, the other woman becomes irritatingly sardonic and close-mouthed. Eveline sits there smoking her cigarette and watching the storm come. From beyond the square they hear sirens, which seem to multiply. The whole city seems to be mobilizing. Jane thinks of Martin out there where all those alarms are converging. How odd to know where your husband is by a sound everyone hears. She remembers lying awake nights, early in the marriage, hearing sirens and worrying about what might happen. And now, through a slanting sheet of rain, as though something in these thoughts has produced her, Milly Harmon comes, holding an open magazine above her head. She sees Jane and Eveline in the window and waves at them. "Oh, God," Eveline says. "Isn't that Milly Harmon?"

Milly comes into the café and stands for a moment, shaking water from herself. Her hair is wet, as are her shoulders. She pulls the hair behind her ears and wipes her forehead with the back of one hand. Then she walks over and says, "Hi, honey," to Jane, bending down to kiss her on the side of the face. Jane manages to seem glad to see her. "You remember my friend Eveline from work," she says.

"I think I do, sure," Milly says.

"Maybe not," Eveline says.

"No, I think I do."

"I have one of those faces that remind you of somebody you never met," Eveline says.

Jane covers this with a laugh as Milly settles on her side of the booth.

"Do you hear that?" Milly says about the sirens. "I swear, it must be a big one. I wish I didn't hear the sirens. It makes me so jumpy and scared. Wally would never forgive me if I did, but I wish I could get up the nerve to go see what it is."

"So," Eveline says, blowing smoke, "how's the baby doing?"

Milly looks down at herself. "Sleeping now, I think."

"Wally—is it Wally?"

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"Wally, yes."

"Wally doesn't let you chase ambulances?"

"I don't chase ambulances."

"Well, I mean—you aren't allowed to go see what's what when you hear sirens?"

"I don't want to see."

"I guess not."

"He's seen some terrible things. They all have. It must be terrible sometimes."

"Right," Eveline says. "It must be terrible."

Milly waves her hand in front of her face. "I wish you wouldn't smoke."

"I was smoking before you came," Eveline says. "I didn't know you were coming."

Milly looks confused for a second. Then she sits back a little and folds her hands on the table. She's chosen to ignore Eveline. She looks at Jane and says, "I had that dream last night."

Jane says, "What dream?"

"That Wally was gone."

Jane says nothing.

"But it wasn't the same, really. He'd left me, you know—the baby was born and he'd just gone off. I was so mad at him. And I had this crying little baby in my lap."

Eveline swallows the last of her beer and then gets up and goes out to stand near the line of wet pavement at the edge of the awninged sidewalk.

"What's the matter with her?" Milly asks.

"She's just unhappy."

"Did I say something wrong?"

"No—really. It's nothing," Jane says.

She pays for the beer. Milly talks to her for a while, but Jane has a hard time concentrating on much of anything now, with the sirens going and Eveline standing out there at the edge of the sidewalk. Milly goes on, talking nervously about Wally's leaving her in her dream, and how funny it is that she woke up mad at him, that she had to wait a few minutes and get her head clear before she could kiss him good morning.

"I've got to go," Jane says. "I came in Eveline's car."

"Oh, I'm sorry—sure. I just stepped in out of the rain myself."

They join Eveline outside, and Milly says she's got to go get her nephews before they knock down the ice-cream parlor. Jane and Eveline watch her walk away in the rain, and Eveline says, "Jesus."

"She's just scared," Jane says. "God, leave her alone."

"I don't mean anything by it," Eveline says. "A little malice, maybe."

Jane says nothing. They stand there watching the rain and lightning, and soon they're talking about people at work, the salesmen and the boys in the parts shop. They're relaxed now; the sirens have stopped, and the tension between them has lifted. They laugh about one

OUTDOOR SHOWER

Crusted with dried salt, dusted with
sand, shaking from the cold Atlantic,
hair gristled with crystals, tangled with the
jellied palps of wrack—just step on this
slatted rack, pull the iron
handle of the forged world toward you.
The sluice courses, down your body,
in a swirling motion, milk smoke, the
silky rush of fresh water, supple and alkaline.
Eyes shut, you reach for the small
oil torso of soap, run it
along your limbs and whirl it on the points of the
three-point shower star of sex:
arm-pit, arm-pit, sex. Then the gritty
dial of your face, lather it and bring it
under the coursing and open your mouth,
stone-sweet well-water,
and then the head,
delve it in so the sand around the scalp
dances like the ions at the edges of matter,
and the shampoo, mild soldier,
take her by the shoulders and pour the gold eel on your
head. Then feel them going:
salp, chitin, diatom, dulse, the
blind ones of the ocean. Rinse till it
pours down your head like water, the dark
descendant pelf of the land creature. Now open
your eyes—
green lawn, grey pond,
white dune, blue Atlantic,
the simple fields of God, liquid and solid.
Turn and turn in hot water,
column of heat in the cool wind and
sunny air, squeeze your eyes and then
open them again—look, it is still there,
the world as heaven, your body at the edge of it.

—Sharon Olds

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salesman who's apparently interested in Eveline. He's a married man—an overweight, balding, middle-aged Texan who wears snakeskin boots and a string tie, and who has an enormous fake-diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand. Eveline calls him Disco Bill. And yet Jane thinks her friend may be secretly attracted to him. She teases her about this, or begins to, and then a clap of thunder so frightens them both that they laugh about it, off and on, through the rest of the evening. They wind up visiting Eveline's parents, who live only a block from the café. Eveline's parents have been married almost thirty years, and, sitting in their living room, Jane looks at their things—the love seat and the antique chairs, the handsome grandfather clock in the hall, the paintings. The place has a lovely *tended* look about it. Everything seems to stand for the kind of life she wants for herself: an attentive, loving husband; children; and a quiet house with a clock that chimes. She knows this is all very dreamy and childish, and yet she looks at Eveline's parents, those people with their almost thirty years' love, and her heart aches. She drinks four glasses of white wine and realizes near the end of the visit that she's talking too much, laughing too loudly.

IT'S VERY LATE WHEN SHE GETS HOME. SHE LETS HERself in the side door of the house and walks through the rooms, turning on all the lights, as is her custom—she wants to be sure no one is hiding in any of the nooks and crannies. Tonight she looks at everything and feels demeaned by it. Martin's clean uniforms are lying across the back of the lounge chair in the living room. The TV and the TV trays are in one corner, next to a coffee table, a gift from Martin's parents, something they bought back in the fifties, before Martin was born. Martin's parents live on a farm ten miles outside town, and for the past year Jane has had to spend Sundays out there, sitting in that living room, with its sparse, starved look, listening to Martin's father talk about the weather, or what he had to eat for lunch, or the wrestling matches he watches on TV. He's a kindly man but he has nothing whatever of interest to say, and he seems to know it—his own voice always seems to surprise him at first, as if some profound inner silence had been broken; he pauses, seems to gather himself, and then continues with the considered, slow cadences of oration. He's tall and lean and powerful-looking; he wears coveralls, and he reminds Jane of those pictures of hungry, bewildered men in the Dust Bowl thirties—with their sad, straight, combed hair and their desperation. Yet he's a man who seems quite certain about things, quite calm and satisfied. His wife bustles around him, making sure of his comfort, and he speaks to her in exactly the same soft, sure tones that he uses with Jane.

Now, sitting in her own living room, thinking about this man, her father-in-law, Jane realizes that she can't stand another Sunday afternoon listening to him talk. It comes to her like a chilly premonition, and quite suddenly, with a kind of tidal shifting inside her, she feels the full weight of her unhappiness. For the first time it seems unbearable, like something that might drive her out of her mind. She breathes, swallows, closes her eyes and opens them. She looks at her own reflection in one of the darkened windows of the kitchen, and then she finds herself in the bedroom, pulling her things out of the closet and throwing them on the bed. Something about this is a little frantic, as though each motion fed some impulse to go further, go through with it—use this night, make her way somewhere else. For a long time she works, getting the clothes out where she can see them. She's lost herself in the practical matter of getting packed. She can't decide what to take, and then she can't find a suitcase or an overnight bag. Finally she settles on one of Martin's travel bags, from when he was in the reserves. She's hurrying, stuffing everything into the bag, and when the bag is almost full, she stops, feeling spent and out of breath. She sits down at her dressing table for a moment, and now she wonders if perhaps this is all the result of what she's had to drink. The alcohol is wearing off. She has the beginning of a headache. But she knows that whatever she decides to do should be done in the light of day, not now, at night. At last she gets up from the chair and lies down on the bed to think. She's dizzy. Her mind swims. She can't think, so she remains where she is, lying in the tangle of clothes she hasn't packed yet. Perhaps half an hour goes by. She wonders how long this will go on. And then she's asleep. She's nowhere, not even dreaming.

SHE WAKES TO THE SOUND OF VOICES. SHE SITS UP and tries to get her eyes to focus, tries to open them wide enough to see in the light. The imprint of the wrinkled clothes is in the skin of her face; she can feel it with her fingers. And then she's watching as two men bring Martin in through the front door and help him lie down on the couch. It's all framed in the perspective of the hallway and the open bedroom door, and she's not certain that it's actually happening.

"Martin?" she murmurs, getting up, moving toward them. She stands in the doorway of the living room, rubbing her eyes and trying to clear her head. The two men are standing over her husband, who says something in a pleading voice to one of them. He's lying on his side on the couch, both hands bandaged, a bruise on the side of his face as if something had spilled there.

"Martin," Jane says.

And the two men move, as if startled at her voice. She realizes she's never seen them before. One of them, the younger one, is already explaining. They're from another company. "We were headed back this way," he says, "and we thought it'd be better if you didn't hear anything

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over the phone." While he talks, the older one is leaning over Martin, going on about insurance. He's a big square-shouldered man with an extremely rubbery look to his face. Jane notices this, notices the masklike quality of it, and she begins to tremble. Everything is oddly exaggerated—something is being said, they're telling her that Martin burned his hands, and another voice is murmuring something. Both men go on talking, apologizing, getting ready to leave her there. She's not fully awake. The lights in the room hurt her eyes; she feels a little sick to her stomach. The two men go out on the porch and then look back through the screen. "You take it easy, now," the younger one says to Jane. She closes the door, understands that what she's been hearing under the flow of the past few moments is Martin's voice muttering her name, saying something. She walks over to him.

"Jesus," he says. "It's awful. I burned my hands and I didn't even know it. I didn't even feel it."

She says, "Tell me what happened."

"God," he says. "Wally Harmon's dead. God. I saw it happen."

"Milly—" she begins. She can't speak.

He's crying. She moves to the entrance of the kitchen and turns to look at him. "I saw Milly tonight." The room seems terribly small to her.

"The Van Pickel lumberyard went up. The warehouse. Jesus."

She goes into the kitchen and runs water. Outside the window above the sink she sees the dim street, the shadows of houses without light. She drinks part of a glass of water and then pours the rest down the sink. Her throat is still very dry. When she goes back into the living room, she finds him lying on his side, facing the opposite wall.

"Martin?" she says.

"What?"

But she can't find anything to tell him. She says, "God—poor Milly." Then she goes into the bedroom and begins putting away the clothes. She doesn't hear him get up, and she's startled to find him standing in the doorway, staring at her.

"What're you doing?" he asks.

She faces him, at a loss—and it's her hesitation that gives him his answer.

"Jane?" he says, looking at the travel bag.

"Look," she tells him, "I had a little too much to drink tonight."

He just stares at her.

"Oh, this," she manages. "I—I was just going through what I have to wear."

But it's too late. "Jesus," he says, turning from her a little.

"Martin," she says.

"What."

"Does—did somebody tell Milly?"

He nods. "Teddy. Teddy stayed with her. She was crazy. Crazy."

He looks at his hands. It's as if he just remembered them. They're wrapped tight; they look like two white clubs. "Jesus, Jane, are you—" He stops, shakes his head. "Jesus."

"Don't," she says.

"Without even talking to me about it—"

"Martin, this is not the time to talk about anything."

He's quiet a moment, standing there in the doorway. "I keep seeing it," he says. "I keep seeing Wally's face. The—the way his foot jerked. His foot jerked like with electricity and he was—oh, Christ, he was already dead."

"Oh, don't," she says. "Please. Don't talk. Stop picturing it."

"They gave me something to sleep," he says, "and I won't sleep." He wanders back into the living room. A few minutes later she goes to him there and finds that whatever the doctors gave him has worked. He's lying on his back, and he looks smaller somehow, his bandaged hands on his chest, his face pinched with grief, with whatever he's dreaming. He twitches and mutters something and moans. She turns the light off and tiptoes back to the bedroom. She's the one who won't sleep. She gets into the bed and huddles there, leaving the light on. Outside, the wind gets up—another storm rolls in off the plains. She listens as the rain begins, and hears the far-off drumming of thunder. The whole night seems deranged. She thinks of Wally Harmon, dead in the blowing, rainy dark. And then she remembers Milly and her bad dreams, how she looked coming from the downpour, the wet street, with the magazine held over her head—her body so rounded, so weighted down with her baby, her love, the love she had waited for, that she said had surprised her. These events are too much to think about, too awful to imagine. The world seems cruelly immense now, and remorselessly itself. When Martin groans in the other room, she wishes he'd stop, and then she imagines that it's another time, that she's just awakened from a dream and is trying to sleep while they all sit in her living room and talk the hours of the night away.

IN THE MORNING SHE'S AWAKE FIRST. SHE GETS UP and wraps herself in a robe and then shuffles into the kitchen and puts coffee on. For a minute it's like any other morning. She sits at the table to wait for the coffee water to boil. He comes in like someone entering a stranger's kitchen—his movements are tentative, almost shy. She's surprised to see that he's still in his uniform. He says, "I need you to help me go to the bathroom. I can't get my pants undone." He starts trying to work his belt loose.

"Wait," she says. "Here, hold on."

"I have to get out of these clothes, Jane. I think they smell like smoke."

"Let me do it," she says.

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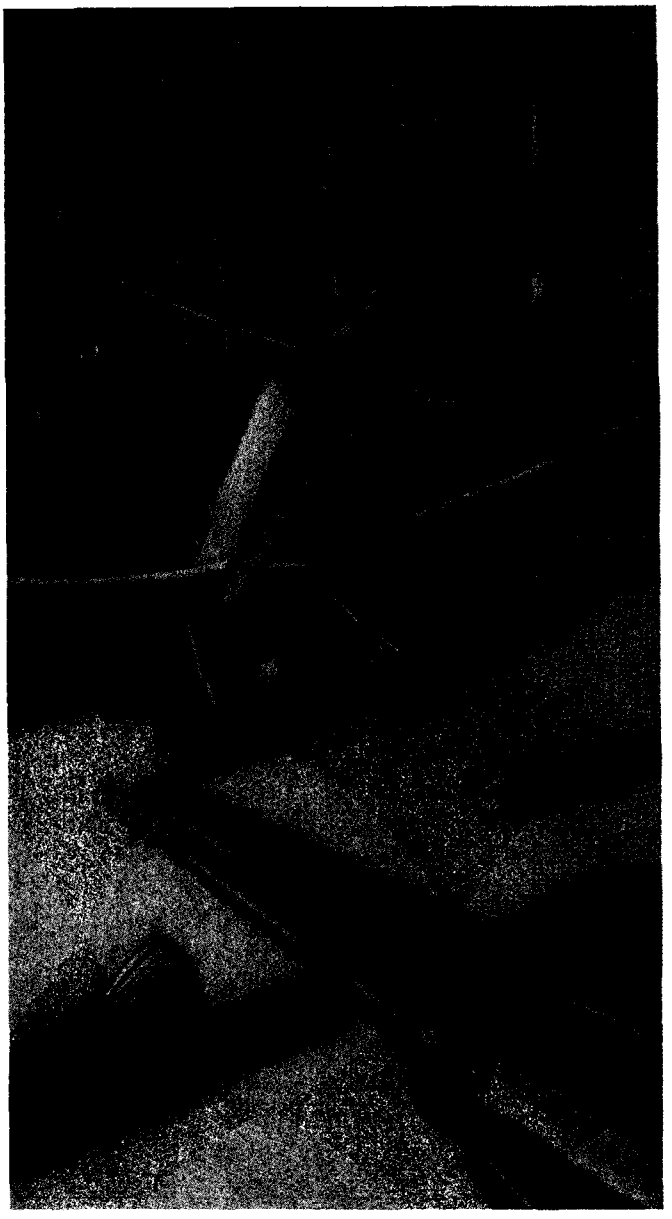
"Milly's in the hospital—they had to put her under sedation."

"Move your hands out of the way," Jane says to him.

She has to help him with everything, and when the time comes for him to eat, she has to feed him. She spoons scrambled eggs into his mouth, and holds the coffee cup to his lips, and when that's over with, she wipes his mouth and chin with a damp napkin. Then she starts bath water running, and helps him out of his underclothes. They work silently, and with a kind of embarrassment, until he's sitting down and the water is right. When she begins to run a soapy rag over his back, he utters a small sound of satisfaction and comfort. But then he's crying again. He wants to talk about Wally Harmon's death. He says he has to. He tells her that a piece of hot steel the size of an arrow dropped from the roof of the Van Pickel warehouse and hit poor Wally Harmon in the top of the back.



"It didn't kill him right away," he says, sniffling. "Oh, Jesus. He looked right at me and asked if I thought he'd be all right. We were talking about it, honey. He reached up—he—over his shoulder. He took hold of it for a second. Then he—then he looked at me and said he could feel it down in his stomach."

"Don't think about it," Jane says.

"Oh, God." He's sobbing. "God."

"Martin, honey—"

"I've done the best I could," he says, "haven't I?"

"Shhh," she says, bringing the warm rag over his shoulders and wringing it, so that the water runs down his back.

They're quiet again. Together they get him out of the tub, and then she dries him off, helps him into a pair of jeans.

"Thanks," he says, not looking at her. Then he says, "Jane."

She's holding his shirt out for him, waiting for him to turn and put his arms into the sleeves. She looks at him.

"Honey," he says.

"I'm calling in," she tells him. "I'll call Eveline. We'll go be with Milly."

"Last night," he says.

She looks straight at him.

He hesitates, glances down. "I—I'll try and do better." He seems about to cry again. For some reason this makes her feel suddenly very irritable and nervous. She turns from him, walks into the living room, and begins putting the sofa back in order. When he comes to the doorway and says her name, she doesn't answer, and he makes his way to the kitchen door.

"What're you doing?" she says to him.

"Can you give me some water?"

She moves into the kitchen and he follows her. She runs water, to get it cold, and he stands at her side. When the glass is filled, she holds it to his mouth. He swallows, and she takes the glass away. "If you want to talk about anything—" he says.

"Why don't you try to sleep a while?" she says.

He says, "I know I've been talking about Wally—"

"Just, please—go lie down or something."

"When I woke up this morning, I remembered everything, and I thought you might be gone."

"Well, I'm not gone."

"I knew we were having some trouble, Jane—"

"Just let's not talk about it right now," she says. "All right? I have to go call Eveline." She walks into the bedroom, and when he comes in behind her, she tells him very gently to please go get off his feet. He backs off, makes his way into the living room. "Can you turn on the television?" he calls to her.

She does so. "What channel do you want?"

"Can you just go through them a little?"

She's patient. She waits for him to get a good look at

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each channel, waits for commercials to end. Finally he settles on a rerun of *The Andy Griffith Show*, and she leaves him there. She fills the dishwasher and wipes off the kitchen table. Then she calls Eveline to tell her what's happened.

"You poor thing," Eveline says. "You must be so relieved. And I said all that bad stuff about Wally's wife."

Jane says, "You didn't mean it," and suddenly she's crying. She's got the phone held tight against her face, crying.

"You poor thing," Eveline says. "You want me to come over there?"

"No, it's all right—I'm all right."

"Poor Martin. Is he hurt bad?"

"It's his hands."

"Is it very painful?"

"Yes," Jane says.

LATER, WHILE HE SLEEPS ON THE SOFA, SHE wanders outside and walks down to the end of the driveway. The day is sunny and cool, with little cottony clouds—the kind of clear day that comes after a storm. She looks up and down the street. Nothing is moving. A few houses away someone has put up a flag, and it flutters in a stray breeze. This is the way it was, she remembers, when she first lived here—when she first stood on this sidewalk and marveled at how flat the land was, how far it stretched in all directions. Now she turns and makes her way back to the house, and then she finds herself in the garage. It's almost as if she's saying good-bye to everything, and as this thought occurs to her, she feels a little stir of sadness. Here, on the work table, side by side under the light from the one window, are Martin's model airplanes. He won't be able to work on them again for weeks. The light reveals the miniature details, the crevices and curves on which he lavished such care, gluing and sanding and painting. The little engines are lying on a paper towel at one end of the table; they smell just like real engines, and they're shiny with lubrication. She picks one of them up and turns it in the light, trying to understand what he might see in it that could require such time and attention. She wants to understand him. She remembers that when they dated, he liked to tell her about flying these planes, and his eyes would widen with excitement. She remembers that she liked him best when he was glad that way. She puts the little engine down, thinking how people change. She knows she's going to leave him, but just for this moment, standing among these things, she feels almost peaceful about it. She has, after all, no need to hurry. And as she steps out on the lawn, she realizes that she can take the time to think clearly about when and where; she can even change her mind. But she doesn't think she will.

He's up. He's in the hallway—he had apparently wakened and found her gone. "Jesus," he says. "I woke up and you weren't here."

"I didn't go anywhere," she says, and she smiles at him.

"I'm sorry," he says, starting to cry. "God, Janey, I'm so sorry. I'm all messed up here. I've got to go to the bathroom again."

She helps him. The two of them stand over the bowl. He's stopped crying now, though he says his hands hurt something awful. When he's finished, he thanks her, and then tries a bawdy joke. "You don't have to let go so soon."

She ignores this, and when she has him tucked safely away, he says, quietly, "I guess I better just go to bed and sleep some more."

She's trying to hold on to the feeling of peace and certainty she had in the garage. It's not even noon, and she's exhausted. She's very tired of thinking about everything. He's talking about his parents; later she'll have to call them. But then he says he wants his mother to hear his voice first, to know he's all right. He goes on—something about Milly and her unborn baby, and Teddy Lynch—but Jane can't quite hear him: he's a little unsteady on his feet, and they have trouble negotiating the hallway together.

In their bedroom she helps him out of his jeans and shirt, and she actually tucks him into the bed. Again he thanks her. She kisses his forehead, feels a sudden, sick-swooning sense of having wronged him somehow. That makes her stand straighter, makes her stiffen slightly.

"Jane?" he says.

She breathes. "Try to rest some more. You just need to rest now." He closes his eyes and she waits a little. He's not asleep. She sits at the foot of the bed and watches him. Perhaps ten minutes go by. Then he opens his eyes.

"Janey?"

"Shhh," she says.

He closes them again. It's as if he were her child. She thinks of him as he was when she first saw him, tall and sure of himself in his reserves uniform, and the image makes her throat constrict.

At last he's asleep. When she's certain of this, she lifts herself from the bed and carefully, quietly withdraws. As she closes the door, something in the flow of her own mind appalls her, and she stops, stands in the dim hallway, frozen in a kind of wonder: she had been thinking in an abstract way, almost idly, as though it had nothing at all to do with her, about how people will go to such lengths leaving a room—wishing not to disturb, not to awaken, a loved one. □

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The Atlantic
WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER

A Calendar of Cultural and Sporting Events Around the World From November, 1989, Through April, 1990

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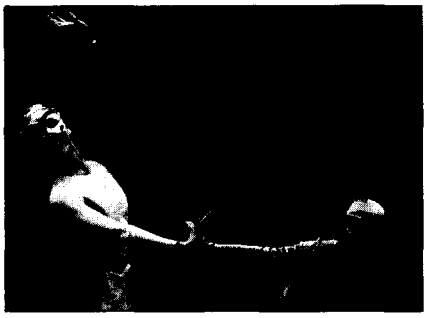

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Some of the listings in the Winter Travel Planner reflect preliminary information, so do confirm dates and programs before making final plans. Also, for many of the events tickets or hotel accommodations or both are expected to sell out early, so do plan ahead.

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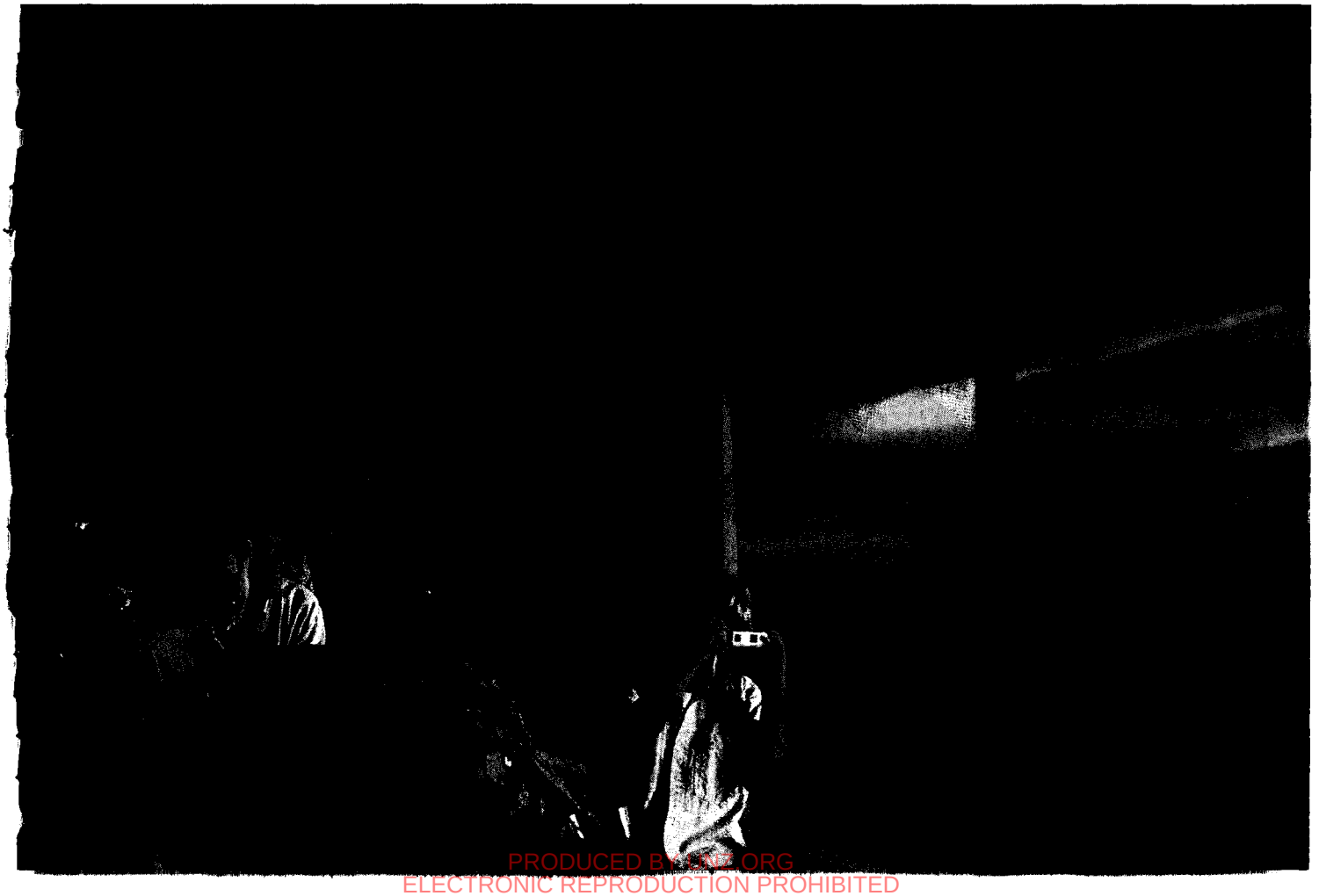
COVER: Paper sculpture by Sally Vitsky, photographed by Lee Salsbery.



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ASIA, OCEANIA, & AFRICA

The Paro Festival, Bhutan

PHOTO BY BRENT OLSON, INNERASIA EXPEDITIONS

AUSTRALIA

DECEMBER 26, SYDNEY TO HOBART YACHT RACE. An annual event out of Sydney Harbor, in which 200 entrants of various abilities race yachts of various sizes. Tour boats operated by the city's transit authority will run to the starting line and then follow the pack, at a respectful distance, as far as Cronulla.

Of all the attractions that lure people to Sydney—and the city is the number-one tourist destination in Australia for overseas visitors—the greatest is Sydney Harbour. The harbor is a gift of nature, even more pleasing to the eye than the magnificent harbors in Rio and Cape Town. Sydneysiders use their harbor for much more than a shipping lane. They swim in it at any number of pleasant beaches—in the shadow of the downtown skyline—in water that is calm, mild, and clean. They live beside it in homes and condos as pricey as Manhattan or Mayfair apartments. They cross it in ferries. They attend the opera and dine at waterfront restaurants.

Indeed, the best place to get a first look at Sydney is from the harbor. That's easy enough to do on one of the ferries that operate every day of the year between Circular Quay and the harborside suburbs. The first ferry was launched in 1789, a year after Sydney—Australia's first white settlement—was founded. Ferries have plied [the] harbor ever since.

—*from* The Penguin Guide to Australia 1989 *edited by Alan Tucker. Penguin, $11.95.*

JANUARY 15-28, AUSTRALIAN OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Melbourne. One of the world's four "Grand Slam" tournaments; 128 men and 128 women will compete.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.

BHUTAN

APRIL 5-9, PARO FESTIVAL. In the grandest of Bhutan's festivals, held at Paro Dzong, some 40 religious and folk dances are performed by monks and laymen. On the final morning an enormous silk scroll, called "one whose sight alone gives deliverance from sorrow" and considered a great national artistic and religious treasure, is displayed for a few hours in the predawn light.

For information: Bhutan Travel Service, 120 E. 56th St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 838-6382; or InnerAsia Expeditions, 2627 Lombard Street, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 922-0448 or (800) 777-8183.

EGYPT

FEBRUARY 22, ABU SIMBEL TEMPLE FESTIVAL. The Great Temple of Abu Simbel, built 3,000 years ago by Ramses II, is popular with visitors to Egypt at any time. But on two days each year sunlight falls inside the sanctuary—something that doesn't happen at any other ancient Egyptian temple. The phenomenon, and its celebration, have been maintained even though the Abu Simbel structures were relocated in the early 1960s to prevent Lake Nasser from covering them after the construction of the Aswan Dam.

Most certainly Rameses is the pharaoh of the Biblical Exodus, ca. 1260, although this event was more than likely a series of departures over a considerable period rather than one mass movement under the single leadership of Moses. Only when the battles were over and the frontiers were temporarily at peace did Rameses set upon vast endeavors for his self-glorification. . . .

At Abydos, Luxor, Karnak and Sebua, Rameses authored grand-scale construction; but it is at Abu-Simbel, 180 miles to the south of Aswan, that his greatest monuments stand. There, at the Nile's gateway to Africa on the Sudanese border, is the greatest temple ever built in Egypt. Historians tell us that Rameses built this temple more to inspire awe in the hearts of potentially rebellious Nubians than to merely decorate the Nile. They also inform us that it ultimately had little restraint on the Nubians.

But it certainly did have an effect on us. Its four immutable statues of Rameses [are] the largest stone figures ever carved. . . .

—*from* Egypt: Images of Adventure *edited by Timothy Nichols, Pat Pawling, and Amanda Veal. Viewfinder, $24.95.*

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

HONG KONG

NOVEMBER 5–DECEMBER 6, INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS. An ambitious schedule of music, dance, and other cultural events has been planned to initiate Hong Kong's new Cultural Center. Among the artists performing in the center's concert hall, grand theater, and studio theater are Jessye Norman, November 5-6; the Cologne Opera, November 6-13; Joan Sutherland, November 19; the Cantonese Opera, November 26-29; the

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Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 30–December 3; and the Royal Danish Ballet, December 2-3.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

MARCH 1-7, KHAJURAHO DANCE FESTIVAL. Ancient temples and monuments adorned with sculptures capturing traditional feminine dance forms provide the backdrop for India's annual classical dance festival. The female dancers demonstrate a mixture of physical (bordering on the erotic) expression and spiritual devotion.

Khajuraho's 85 temples (22 surviving) were built by the mighty Chandella dynasty, which claimed descent from the legendary moon god Chandra. The bulk of them appeared in a single, sudden burst of creative and religious energy, between the mid-10th and mid-11th centuries. Just as suddenly, after 500 years of supremacy, the Chandellas fell to the might of Islam and the ancient Rajput capital of Khajuraho was deserted. But the sculptures live on—a vital, exuberant depiction of life in a society which recognized no restriction on sex, which held that full enjoyment with all the senses was the natural, obvious path to *nirvana*. Though the 'dirty postcard' touts at Delhi would have you believe otherwise, Khajuraho is not a place for the thrill-seeking voyeur. It is rather just a frank expression of joy in life, a remarkable symphony in stone erected in praise of love and women.

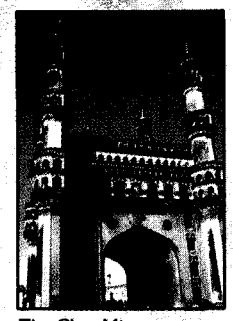
—from* India *(a Cadogan Guide) by Frank Kusy. Globe Pequot, $13.95.

For information: India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

INDONESIA

MARCH 19-20, NYEPI, Bali. The Balinese Saka New Year ceremony. On the last day of the old year islanders take steps to purify their environment, making sacrifices and offerings at crossroads and in town centers. At sunset the island comes alive with the banging of bells and gongs as people chase lingering evil spirits from their property. There follows a torchlight procession through the streets. In contrast, Nyepi, the first day of the new year, is a somber occasion. The Balinese observe a day of total silence during

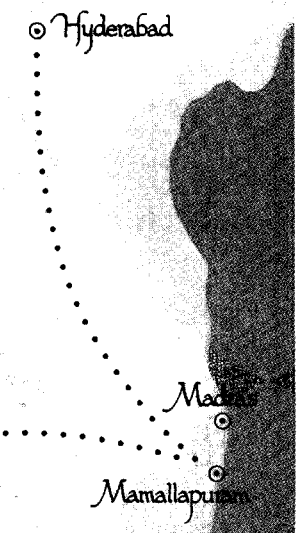
Monumental



The Char Minar, Hyderabad.

Alluring

Bharatanatyam Dancer, Bangalore.



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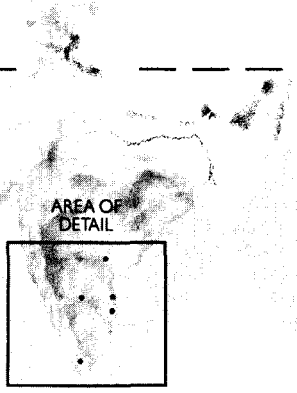

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Asia, Oceania, & Africa

which no work is done and the island's roads are deserted.

Religion in Bali has two overwhelming features—it's absolutely everywhere and it's good fun! You can't get away from religion in Bali, there are temples in every village, shrines in every field, offerings being made at every corner. The fun element comes in because the Balinese seem to feel that religion should be an enjoyable thing—something the mortals can enjoy as well as the gods. It's well summed up in their attitude to offerings—you make up a lot of fancy food for the gods but once they've eaten the 'essence' you've got enough 'substance' left over for a fine feast.

—*from* Bali & Lombok: A Travel Survival Kit *by Tony Wheeler, Mary Covernton, and Alan Samagalski. Lonely Planet, $10.95.*

For information: Indonesian Consulate General, 3457 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 383-5126.

ISRAEL

DECEMBER 24, INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS CHOIR ASSEMBLY, Bethlehem. Christmas music at Manger Square performed by local and international choral groups.

Christianity's shrines are tucked within [Bethlehem's] low, grey stone buildings, bordered by terraced vineyards and pastoral olive groves that have not changed these past 2000 years.

It is a town of steeples and spires, of Franciscan monks in brown habits and sandals and Greek Orthodox priests cutting stately figures in long black robes. There are pealing church bells and scenes reminiscent of biblical times, with overburdened donkeys struggling up the cobbled lanes.

During the period of the Judges, the biblical romance of Ruth and Boaz was played out in the fields on the eastern side of the town.

King David was born in Bethlehem. The Bible relates how the Philistines were garrisoned within, yet David's warriors stealthily drew water from the town's wells for their monarch.

Bethlehem is awesomely lovely, with narrow streets and cool stone structures. It is ideal for meandering at whim through the lanes and alleys, into the souq for the aura of the Orient, and out past the elders sitting on stools as they draw on hookahs or sip strong coffee.

—*from* Bazak Guide to Israel 1989-1990 *produced by Avraham Levi. Harper & Row, $14.95.*

MARCH 25–APRIL 30, FESTIVAL AT THE LOWEST POINT ON EARTH, shore of the Dead Sea. Jazz, chamber, and contemporary concerts, plus dance performances, sports, and laser light shows.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

JAPAN

FEBRUARY 6-12, SAPPORO SNOW FESTIVAL. This winter carnival annually attracts more than two million visitors to Japan's winter-sports wonderland on the northern island of Hokkaido. Five-ton trucks haul in some 6,400 loads of snow from the mountains to provide building materials for entrants in the International Snow Statue Contest. Throughout the week the ski areas near the city are enhanced by parades and sporting and cultural events.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

MALAYSIA

JANUARY 27-29, INTERNATIONAL SINGING MERBUK COMPETITION, Kangar, Perlis. 1990 is "Visit Malaysia Year," and the country is promoting some unusual events to encourage tourism. This contest pits world-class singing merbuk birds against one another for large cash prizes.

For information: Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 818 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles, CA 90017. (213) 689-9702.

MAURITIUS

MARCH 15-30, ROUND MAURITIUS INTERNATIONAL CATAMARAN RACE. Mauritius, a handsome island in the Indian Ocean 690 miles from Madagascar, is hosting its first catamaran race around the 99.4-mile coastline. Thirty-five crews will do the course in seven legs.

For information: Mauritius Government Tourist Information Service, 415 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001. (212) 239-8367.

NEPAL

JANUARY 6-9, WORLD ELEPHANT POLO CHAMPIONSHIP, Royal Chitwan

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National Park. The event attracts an international crowd of show-biz celebrities, royalty, and world-class polo players to the Tiger Tops Jungle Lodge, a resort located in Nepal's refuge for rare and endangered animals, such as the one-horned rhino and the Royal Bengal tiger. The bad news is that those who haven't been invited can't just drop in to watch—you'd have to play, and to play, you have to pay. The good news is that no polo experience is necessary. For information call InnerAsia Expeditions, (415) 922-0448 or (800) 552-1769.

For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place, NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 667-4550.

NEW ZEALAND

JANUARY 14, WORLD RACING CHARIOTS CARNIVAL, Ohau. *Field of Dreams* South: Several years ago, a North Island dairy farmer named Don Murray got it into his head to hold a Roman chariot race in a natural amphitheater on his land. Unexpectedly, it caught on and has become an annual event. Togas and everything.

JANUARY 24–FEBRUARY 3, COMMONWEALTH GAMES AND AUCKLAND FESTIVAL. New Zealand's Sesquicentennial occurs in 1990—on February 6, to be exact. The island's residents signed a pact with Queen Victoria in 1840 and the nation was born. As a centerpiece for the year's celebration, the British Commonwealth is holding its Olympic-style sport series in the 150-year-old country's capital city. Auckland will host its own city-wide festival of arts events and cultural exhibitions to coincide with the games.

FEBRUARY 6, CELEBRATION OF A NATION, Bay of Islands region. A historical reenactment of the 1840 treaty-signing that put New Zealand under British rule. Maori chiefs will dust off their ancestral feather cloaks; descendants of British settlers will dress up like Victoria's regimentals.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024. (213) 477-8241.

ZAMBIA

FEBRUARY 24, NCWALA CEREMONY, Eastern province. This traditional Zulu dance celebration of the Ngoni people has been performed yearly since it was re-activated in 1980.

For information: Zambia National Tourist Board, 237 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 308-2155.

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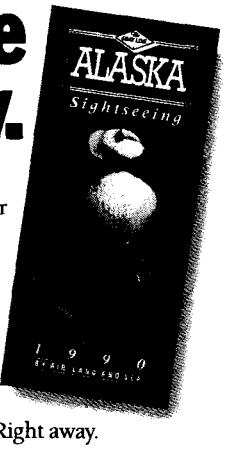

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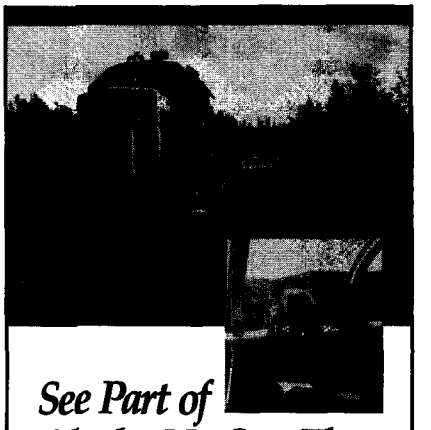

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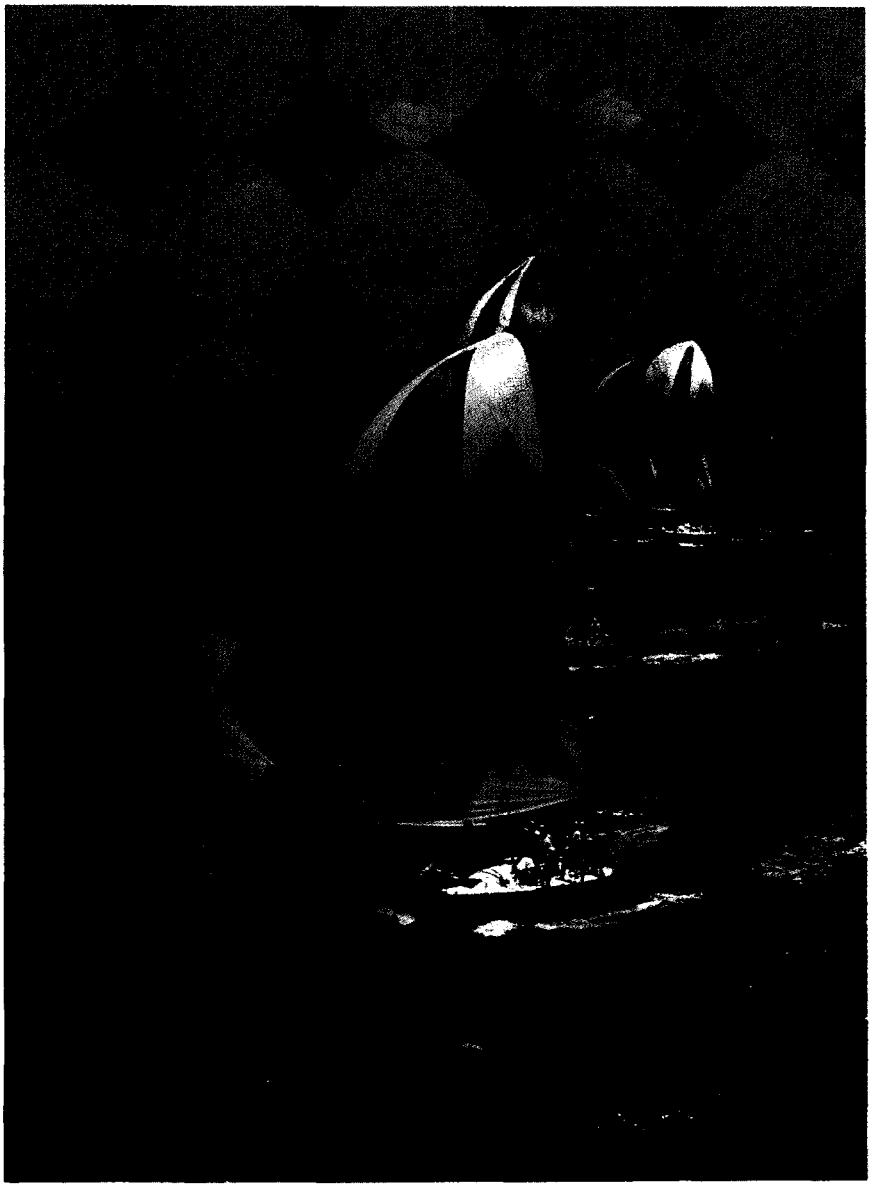

A regatta in the U.S. Virgin Islands

ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

APRIL 29–MAY 5, ANTIGUA RACE WEEK, throughout Antigua. The finale of the serious Caribbean sailing season.

As a gathering of the clans, Antigua Race Week can't be beat. It's becoming something of a madhouse as more and more yachtsmen get the word about the good sailing and good times: the mooring facilities at Nelson's Dockyard have become severely strained, and the crowds at some of the parties are taking on Woodstock proportions. But the scene and the racing are unforgettable. The courses are varied, the competitors come from all corners of the world, and the parties on the beach are truly memorable. The fun and games at the Lay Day at the yacht club, and Dockyard Day that winds up the event are spectacular.

— *from* Street's Transatlantic Crossing Guide *by Donald M. Street, Jr. W. W. Norton, $30.00.*

For information: Govt. of Antigua & Barbuda Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., Suite 311, New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.

ARUBA

FEBRUARY 17-25, CARNIVAL, Oranjestad. Unlike most Caribbean islands, this equatorial chunk of the Kingdom of the Netherlands is arid, not tropical. But like most of its more northerly island neighbors, Aruba considers its No. 1 annual event to be Carnival. The celebration peaks on February 25 with the Grand Parade—floats, costumes, steel bands, and contests galore.

For information: Aruba Tourism Authority, 521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10175. (212) 246-3030.

THE BAHAMAS

DECEMBER 26 AND JANUARY 1, JUNKANOO, Nassau and Freeport. Year-end visitors to the Bahamas can expect to be awakened at 3 A.M. on Boxing Day and New Year's by the thunderous sound of approaching goatskin goombay drums. The beat ushers in a massive parade of masked and costumed Bahamians weaving and lurching through the traditional Junkanoo Jumping Dance. The revelry continues all morning long. Elaborate floats (some weighing 500 pounds and being borne along by one man) and extravagant costumes are displayed in a competition for cash prizes. The holiday, legend says, pays tribute to one Johnny Canoe, who became a folk hero by masquerading in outlandish dress each Christmas.

JANUARY 7-14, VINTAGE GRAND PRIX, Freeport. The Sportscar Vintage Racing Association rallies for a week of parties, paste-waxing, and racing. The point isn't speed so much as automotive elegance.

APRIL 27-29, FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA, George Town, Exuma. Bahamian work sloops take the day off and sail for cash prizes, in and around Elizabeth Harbor.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 758-

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2777. Bahamas Tourist Office (Sports Department), 255 Alhambra Circle, Suite 412, Coral Gables, FL 33134; (800) 327-7678.

BARBADOS

THROUGH NOVEMBER 30, NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE FESTIVAL OF THE CREATIVE ARTS, Bridgetown. An annual performing-arts competition organized by the National Cultural Foundation. The categories include dance, theater, short stories, poetry, visual arts, and jazz, gospel, and calypso music. The finals are held on the Barbadian Independence Day, November 30, at Frank Collymore Hall.

DECEMBER 2-3, RUN BARBADOS SERIES, Bridgetown and Grantley Adams Airport to Heywoods. 10K and marathon races for international competitors. The short runs take place in and around the capital; the marathon challenges runners with a course from Adams Airport to the island's west coast.

FEBRUARY 12-18, HOLETOWN FESTIVAL. Parades, pop and folk concerts, a street fair, an open-air market, a Military Tattoo, a performance by the Royal Barbados Police Band, and a church service featuring ancient music are among the highlights of this celebration of the landing of the island's first settlers, at Holetown in 1627.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516 or (800) 221-9831.

BELIZE

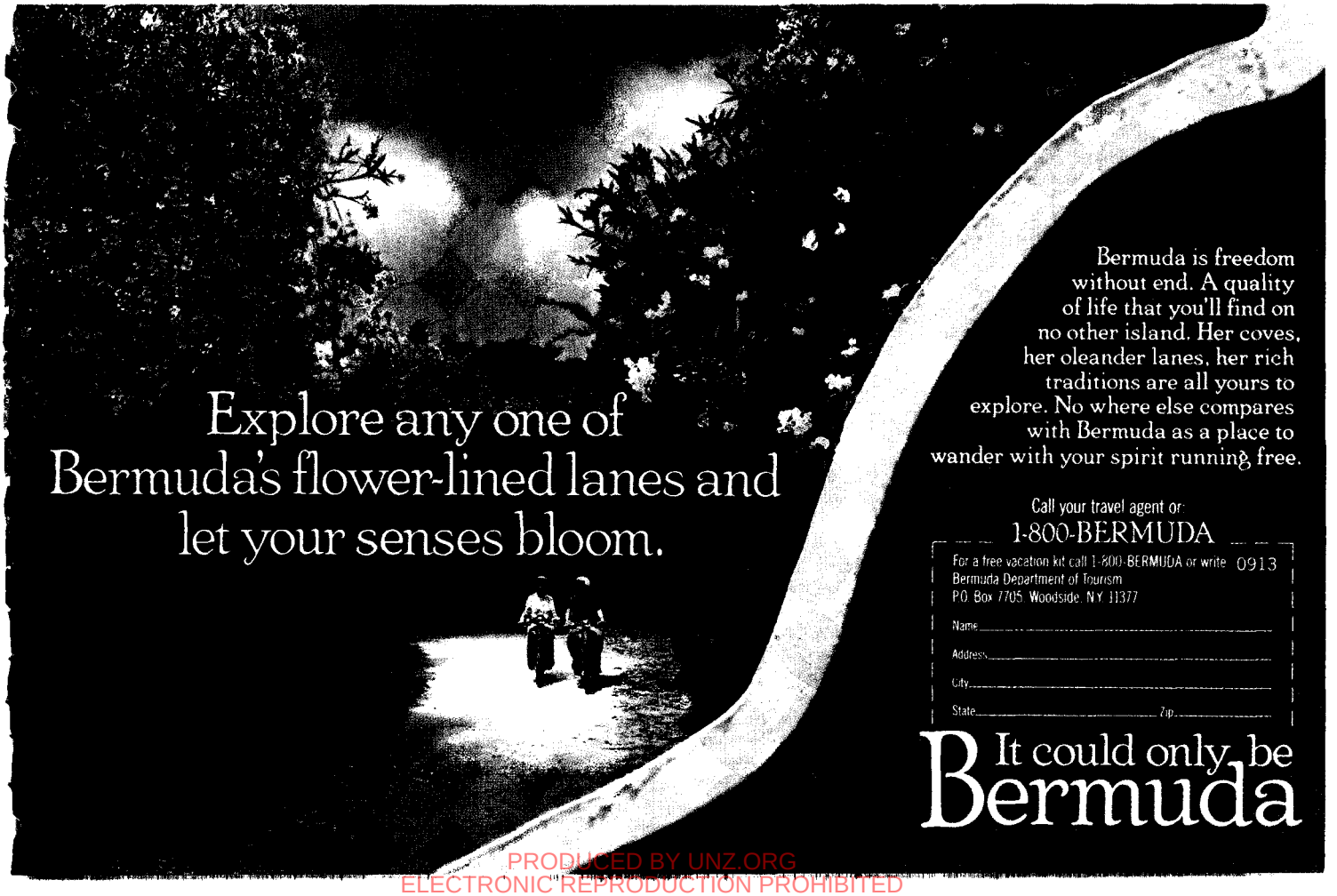
MARCH 9, BARON BLISS DAY, Belize City. An all-day regatta crowns this annual celebration in honor of the Baron Henry Edward Ernest Victor Bliss, who died aboard his yacht in Belize Harbor on March 9, 1929. Baron Bliss, somewhat mysteriously, willed some $1.7 million in a philanthropic trust to the Belize government to fund civic improvement and, his estate stipulated, this annual race. The mysterious part is that Bliss never set foot on Belizean soil.

For information: Belize Tourism Industry Association, P.O. Box 62, Belize City, Belize, Central America.

BERMUDA

JANUARY 15–FEBRUARY 24, BERMUDA FESTIVAL, Hamilton. This nightly arts-festival series at City Hall features such disparate performers as the Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company, January 15-18; the Brandenburg Ensemble, January 31 and February 2-3; Victor Borge, February 9-10; the Billy Taylor Jazz Trio, February 12-13; the Chinese Golden Dragon Acrobats and Magicians of Taipei, February 14-17; and the Tokyo String Quartet, February 23-24. Mixed in between all that, there's more.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 310 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 818-9800 or (800) 237-6832.



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The Islands & Latin America

BRAZIL

NOVEMBER 12-19, ALEIJADINHO WEEK, Ouro Preto. This festival of plays, lectures, concerts, and art and handicraft exhibits celebrates the life work of the 18th-century sculptor Antonio Francisco Lisboa, a.k.a. Aleijadinho, much of whose work remains in Ouro Preto.

DECEMBER 29–JANUARY 1, BOA VIAGEN FESTIVAL, Salvador. A tribute to Senhor Bom Jesus dos Navegantes (Lord Jesus of the Sailors), which begins with a procession of boats bearing the image of Christ to Boa Viagen beach. The celebrating continues on the beach with samba-group and *capoeira* (martial arts) performances and Bahian food.

The sign at the airport says it all: "Smile—You're Arriving in Bahia!" And, indeed, there's a lot to smile about. Picture a fat thumb of land tapering southward from Brazil's northern Atlantic coast some 30 miles into the inky blue Atlantic. Along the eastern shoreline stretches mile after mile of golden sand beaches lined with tall coconut palms, while on the other side lies a vast bright blue bay studded with islands. And perched on the narrow tip of the peninsula, where 365 days a year the sea breezes blow from the ocean to the bay, is one of the loveliest cities in the world: Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, known affectionately as Bahia or simply Salvador.

— *from* Birnbaum's South America 1990 *edited by Stephen Birnbaum and Alexandra Mayes Birnbaum. Houghton Mifflin, $13.95.*

FEBRUARY 24-27, CARNIVAL, Rio de Janeiro. What fun-loving excesses don't take place in the streets find shelter in the city's numerous nightclubs. There's dancing, costumes, samba-school parades, music, and just about every what-have-you in the wild-abandon catalogue.

[Carnival] has been an important theme in Brazilian literature for as long as it has been an important event in Brazilian life. Machado de Assis, founder of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, wrote about it in the 19th century. All the great poets make of it a metaphor for Brazil itself. Vinicius de Morais placed it at the center of his lyric play *Orfeu Negro, Uma Tragedia Carioca* (Black Orpheus, A Carioca Tragedy), which audiences the world over know as the luminescent 1959 film *Black Orpheus*. The turn-of-the-century poet, Olavo Bilac described the *carnavalesco*, or Carnival fanatic, eloquently: "He is a different person altogether, from another race. Those who merely love Carnival do not deserve the title, "*carnavalesco*". . . .

A young Frenchman named Edouard Manet was deeply impressed by the many moods and colors of Carnival when he visited Rio in 1875. According to historian João Ribeiro, the French artist later confessed the images he recalled from Carnival influenced the development of Impressionism.

— *from* Rio *(an Insight City-Guide) edited by Edwin Taylor. Prentice Hall, $14.95.*

MARCH 3, PARADE OF THE CHAMPION SAMBA SCHOOLS OF THE 1990 CARNIVAL, Rio de Janeiro. Rio's Carnival parades are actually competitions among working-class social clubs, or "samba schools," to present the best float, costumes, and original music. In this parade, the winners repeat their Carnival performance along the Avenida dos Desfiles.

For information: Brazilian Tourism Foundation, 551 Fifth Ave., No. 519, New York, NY 10176. (212) 286-9600.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

APRIL 5–7, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS SPRING REGATTA, Tortola. The second leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

FRENCH WEST INDIES

DECEMBER 1-9, MARTINIQUE FESTIVAL OF JAZZ AND POPULAR MUSIC, Fort-de-France. The focus is jazz and pop from the islands. Performers will include the Caribes Jazz Ensemble from Guadeloupe, the French West Indian group Ixun, the alto saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera and the Havana/New York Ensemble, Cuba's Schucho Valdes Quartet, and the U.S. jazz singer Diane Schuur. Plus jazz films and Latin-jazz seminars. All at the Centre Martiniquais d'Action Culturelle.

JANUARY 7–FEBRUARY 28, CARNIVAL, Guadeloupe and Martinique. January 7 kicks off Carnival season with the first of a series of weekend costume parades in practically every town. Continuous celebrating, in Fort-de-France, Martinique, and Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, begins on February 24. On February 27 the two cities will celebrate with parades of "red devils" through town. The merriment continues right through Ash Wednesday, February 28, with black-and-white-costumed funeral processions for King Carnival. These conclude with wild dancing, heavy drinking, and a festive interment.

MARCH 22, MI-CAREME (MID-LENT), Guadeloupe and Martinique. Lent takes a holiday, as most towns suspend all prohibitions and host respite balls and parties.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

GRENADA

JANUARY 21, INTERNATIONAL TRIATHLON, Grand Anse Beach. If you can manage a triathlon, you won't mind that the starting time is 6:30 A.M. Swim for 1.5 kilometers, bicycle for 25, then run (don't jog) for five final Ks. Or just watch and go back to bed.

FEBRUARY 24-27, CARNIVAL, Carriscou. The festivities wind down (or up) on Shrove Tuesday, February 27, with a Monty Pythonesque competition in which contestants in padded costumes recite Shakespeare from memory. A slip of the tongue attracts a ("harmless") penalty lash from the judge's bullwhip. Fun for all ages.

For information: Grenada Tourist Office, 141 E. 44th St., Suite 701, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-9554.

GUATEMALA

APRIL 9-15, HOLY WEEK, Antigua. The nation's principal Spanish colonial city observes Easter elaborately. The streets are paved with brightly colored sawdust, painstakingly arranged in floral patterns on Maundy Thursday. On Good Friday purple-robed worshippers bearing massive religious floats parade through town, in the process destroying the colorful carpet.

For information: Guatemalan Tourist Commission, Box 144351, Coral Gables, FL 33114-4351. (305) 854-1544.

JAMAICA

THROUGH NOVEMBER 30, THE SEASON OF EXCELLENCE, Kingston. The

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Ward Theater in Kingston—one of the oldest performance venues in the hemisphere—offers a nonstop schedule of drama, music (classical, pop, and reggae), and dance.

FEBRUARY 10-11, FINISH OF THE MONTEGO BAY/PINEAPPLE CUP YACHT RACE. The 811 miles from Miami to Montego Bay is a long haul by any standards. This is the longest single-hull sailing race off the East Coast. Ted Turner won it thrice—in 1967, 1973, and 1979.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., 10th Floor, New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

MEXICO

FEBRUARY 2, CANDLEMAS DAY, Tlacotalpan and Veracruz. In these cities the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary (or the Blessing of the Candles) is accompanied by non-religious fiestas in which costumed revelers fill the brightly lit streets.

As a coastal resort, the port city of Veracruz has less to offer than most places on the Pacific or Yucatán coasts (though its relative cheapness makes it a favourite among Mexicans). But it's one of the liveliest truly Mexican cities, with a tropical port atmosphere, a zócalo that swings late into the evening, and the biggest carnival between Rio de Janeiro and New Orleans. An hour away are the Totonac ruins of Zempoala. . . .

[In the zócalo, or main square, p]eople are the main attraction. One side of the zócalo is lined with cafés designed for sipping beer or coffee while people-watching. Here in the space of a few minutes you might see a man selling a two-metre-long model of a sailing ship, prostitutes meeting Korean sailors, a middle-class family trying to control its children, a visiting band of New England folk dancers, another man selling leaping foam-rubber lizards with flashing eyes—all to the accompaniment of wandering mariachis, marimba-players, trumpeters and guitarists vying to be heard above each other. The zócalo is busy and noisy every night into the early hours, especially at weekends.

— from* Mexico: A Travel Survival Kit *by John Noble, Dan Spitzer, and Scott Wayne. Lonely Planet, $17.95.

FEBRUARY 22-27, CARNIVAL, Mazatlan, Veracruz, Merida, and La Paz. Seaport cities in Mexico host a week of parades, floats, music, and street celebrations.

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For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 755-7261 or (800) 262-8900.

NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

JANUARY 1–FEBRUARY 28, CARNIVAL, Curacao. The celebrating starts at New Year's with impromptu free-for-all street dances called "jump-ups." February 3, 6, 7, and 9 will see the island's best tumba bands competing for the title of Tumba King at Antoine Maduro Stadium, near Willemstad. The bands, and also the Carnival Queen and other notables, will take part in the Grand Carnival Parade on February 25. The season closes with a Farewell Parade on February 27.

FEBRUARY 17-26, CARNIVAL, Bonaire. Children's parades are scheduled for Rincon on February 17 and Kralendijk on February 18. The adults will celebrate with processions in Rincon on the 24th and Kralendijk on the 25th. Carnival Monday, the traditional day of recovery, will be February 26.

APRIL 14-30, CARNIVAL, St. Maarten, Saba, and St. Eustatius. On these islands the steel bands and parades come out *after* Easter. The celebration features parades, jump-ups, and street parties.

For information: Bonaire Government Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 242-0000.

Curacao Tourism, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 751-8266.

St. Maarten/St. Eustatius/Saba Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 989-0000 or (800) 344-4606.

PUERTO RICO

JANUARY 24–FEBRUARY 4, THE BUDWEISER PUERTO RICO SURF CHALLENGE, Isabela, Aguadilla, and Rincon. Two hundred American surfers and 40 of the world's top-ranked bodyboard pros ride in on the wave of the 1990 Bud Pro Surfing Tour. The competitions will be held on five days when conditions seem propitious, along Puerto Rico's northwest coast.

FEBRUARY 16-19, THE COFFEE HARVEST FESTIVAL, Maricao. This town an hour east of Mayaguez plays host to the Puerto Rican coffee-growing region's annual harvest fest. Folk music, a parade, local foods, and crafts demonstrations.

FEBRUARY 22-27, CARNIVAL, throughout Puerto Rico. Ponce, 90 minutes south of San Juan, hosts the island's largest Carnival, with an especially colorful parade of masked and costumed devils led by the figure of King Momo. The Ponce Carnival also features *plena*, a style of African-rhythm music, and a "traditional burial of the sardine."

MARCH 15-18, VELASCO CUP REGATTA, Humacao. The first leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

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For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 575 Fifth Ave., 23rd Floor, New York, NY 10017. (212) 599-6262 or (800) 233-6530.

ST. LUCIA

FEBRUARY 26-27, CARNIVAL, Castries. Calypso and steel-band competitions highlight this celebration. Also featuring parades and the crowning of a Carnival King and Queen.

For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 820 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950 or (800) 456-3984.

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

MID-NOVEMBER–LATE DECEMBER, PARANG, throughout Trinidad and Tobago. An ongoing celebration of *parang*, traditional songs sung in Castilian Spanish to the accompaniment of guitar, mandolin, and tambourine.

There is no sibling rivalry today between the two islands. What Trinidad offers in terms of nightlife, good restaurants, sightseeing, and a most exciting carnival scene is perfectly complemented by neighboring Tobago's dreamlike sands. It would be almost impossible to find a better combination for a Caribbean visit. Tobago, with its spectacular beaches, pastel houses, shoreline roads, and endless lanes of coconut palms, soothes where Trinidad titillates. To visit one without the other is certainly possible, but not recommended. These two work like a team.

— from* Birnbaum's Caribbean, Bermuda, and the Bahamas 1990 *edited by Stephen Birnbaum and Alexandra Mayes Birnbaum. Houghton Mifflin, $13.95.

JANUARY 12–FEBRUARY 27, CARNIVAL, Trinidad. This Carnival is to the Caribbean what New Orleans's Mardi Gras is to the United States. The highlights, taking place February 25-27, are competitions in the form of parades, for two titles: Calypso King or Calypso Queen, and Band of the Year.

For information: Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 118-35 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, NY 11375. (718) 575-3909.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

DECEMBER 25–JANUARY 6, CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FIESTA, St. Croix. An all-out Christmas party, mingling such traditions of the season as carol-singing (from 4 to 7 each morning, yet) with Carnival-style festivities. The finale comes on Three Kings Day, when a grand and fanciful costume parade calypsos through Christiansted.

APRIL 13-15, ROLEX CUP REGATTA, St. Thomas. The third leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

APRIL 23-28, CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. Music and dance competitions, and, on the last day, a parade featuring costumed bands of as many as 200 revelers.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Division of Tourism, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

VENEZUELA

APRIL 8-14, HOLY WEEK CELEBRATIONS OF THE CULT OF MARIA LIONZA, Chivacoa. Despite the objections of church and state, belief in the munificent female diety Maria Lionza persists in the mountains surrounding this otherwise obscure rural community. Maria Lionza, often depicted as a beautiful woman riding through the forest on a tapir, is believed to be able to grant favors and wishes to her devotees. During Holy Week her followers gather en masse to camp and conduct all-night rituals in her honor.

For information: Venezuela Government Tourist and Information Center, 7 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 355-1101.

THE UNITED STATES

NEW ENGLAND

THROUGH JUNE 24, LONG WHARF THEATRE SEASON, New Haven, Conn. In its 25th-anniversary season Arvin Brown's repertory company will present Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, which was the first play the Long Wharf ever attempted, November 21–January 7; the American premiere of *Re: Joyce!*, by James Roose-Evans and Maureen Lipman, January 16–March 4; the American premiere of *Marie Galante*, a "lost" musical by Kurt Weill, March 13–April 29; and the world premiere of *Is He Still Dead?*, by Donald Freed, May 8–June 24. (203) 787-4282.

Follow any of a thousand threads in the cultural tapestry of America, and sooner or later you'll find yourself in New England. Held in the short swell of ground that rises from the north shore of Long Island Sound to the chilly blue waters of Passamaquoddy Bay—less than 2 percent of the nation's total land area—are the underpinnings of much of our religion, our economic structure, our politics, our art, and our literature. As historian Bernard De Voto wrote in 1932, New England was "the first old civilization, the first permanent civilization in America."

—from* Walks of New England *by Gary Ferguson. Prentice Hall, $13.95.

NOVEMBER 24–JUNE 3, AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE SEASON, Cambridge, Mass. Robert Brustein's company will present a repertory season of *The Bald Soprano* and *The Chairs*, by Eugene Ionesco, opening November 24; Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, opening December 8; *The Father*, by August Strindberg, opening January 26; *Major Barbara*, by George Bernard Shaw, opening February 9; and Bertolt Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*, opening May 11. (617) 547-8300.

DECEMBER 31, FIRST NIGHT, Boston, Mass. Boston's was the nation's first First Night; it remains the foremost. In the city's churches, theaters, concert halls, and shop windows, and on its streets and plazas, environmental art, ice sculptures, music, dance, theater, performance art, storytelling, film, poetry, and, finally, fireworks greet the new year. (617) 542-1399.

JANUARY 15–FEBRUARY 10, YALE REPERTORY THEATRE'S WINTERFEST, New Haven, Conn. Lloyd Richards's company will celebrate the tenth anniversary of its annual festival of new plays with four new works in repertory at the University Theatre and the Yale Rep. Readings, seminars, and other activities are also planned. (203) 432-1234.

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APRIL 6-8, DESIGN AND DECORATION WEEKEND, Sturbridge, Mass. At Old Sturbridge Village, discussions, workshops, and demonstrations on the design and restoration of American houses from the 1750-1850 period. (508) 347-3362.

APRIL 20-22, MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans, Vt. An arboreal harvest fair, featuring sap boiling, a maple-pancake breakfast, a maple cooking contest, syrup tastings, and a maple parade. (802) 524-5800.

MID-ATLANTIC

THROUGH NOVEMBER 26, CHRYSANTHEMUM FESTIVAL AT LONGWOOD GARDENS, Kennett Square, Pa. Chrysanthemums in shades of red, yellow, white, lavender, and gold. This year's theme is dinosaurs, being realized with topiary likenesses and displays of prehistoric plants. (215) 388-6741.

THROUGH JUNE 2, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SEASON, New York City. Music director Zubin Mehta will conduct the orchestra in the world premieres of two works this season: Roger Kellaway's *Songs of Ascent*, for tuba and orchestra, November 24; and *Steps* by David Del Tredici, the Philharmonic's composer-in-residence, March 8. (212) 799-9595.

THROUGH JUNE 10, ARENA STAGE SEASON, Washington, DC. This season Zelda Fichandler's company will emphasize the art of the director, with interpretations of Tennessee Williams's *Glass Menagerie*, through November 26; Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's *Man Who Came to Dinner*, November 16–December 23; Bill Cain's *Stand-Up Tragedy*, January 12–February 18; Stephen Sondheim and George S. Furth's *Merrily We Roll Along*, January 26–March 18; Henrik Ibsen's *Doll House*, March 2–April 8; August Wilson's *Fences*, April 20–June 10; and Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, May 4–June 10. (202) 488-3300.

NOVEMBER 6, NEW YORK MARATHON, New York City. For the 20th year traffic will be shoulder-to-shoulder on a course that traverses all five boroughs and finishes in Central Park. (212) 397-8222.

NOVEMBER 10-12, WATERFOWL FESTIVAL, Easton, Md. More than 500 wildlife exhibitors display arts and crafts that celebrate Maryland's waterfowl population. Also, retriever demonstrations, world championship goose and regional duck calling contests, and a decoy auction. (301) 822-4567.

NOVEMBER 24, MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE, New York City. For once, floats that float. The parade makes its way from 77th Street and Central Park West to 34th and Broadway. (212) 397-8222.

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MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
IAGO
SCARPIA
DON GIOVANNI
LADY MACBETH
ORTRUD

DECEMBER 14, LIGHTING OF THE NATIONAL CHRISTMAS TREE, Washington, DC. A rare opportunity to see a Bush light a tree. (202) 789-7000.

DECEMBER 25, RE-ENACTMENT OF WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, Washington Crossing, Pa. Four boats and two hundred participants will re-enact the crossing of the icy Delaware River which George Washington and his troops made in 1776. The site of the crossing is now a park, with 13 historic buildings, a reconstructed boat barn containing replicas of the Durham boats used in the crossing, and a 100-acre wildflower preserve. (215) 493-4076.

JANUARY 1, MUMMERS PARADE, Philadelphia, Pa. String bands, floats, "fancy brigades," comics, feathers, sequins, and a circular, two-step "strut." No wonder it takes twelve hours for the Mummers, 30,000 strong, to cover the three miles down Broad Street to City Hall. (215) 336-3050.

JANUARY 1–DECEMBER 31, FRANKLIN: 1990, Philadelphia, Pa. Benjamin Franklin, who died 200 years ago, will be honored in Philadelphia all year. The scholarly tributes will include an exhibition, "The All-Embracing Dr. Franklin," at the Rosenbach Museum and Library, featuring Benjamin Franklin manuscripts, documents, and letters, including one with the intriguing title "Advice to a young man on the choice of a mistress." The University of Pennsylvania will display Franklin books, essays, and artifacts; and a three-day symposium, "Reappraising Benjamin Franklin," will be held April 17-22. Festive weekend events are also planned: a birthday party, January 12-15; a jazz festival, February 16-19; and a food festival, March 22-25. Throughout the year Franklin Court, the site of Franklin's home, print shop, and post office, at the Independence National Historical Park, will present exhibits, plays, armonica concerts, and walking tours. (215) 636-3330.

JANUARY 14–JUNE 30, AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE 50TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON, New York City. This season, the last under artistic director Mikhail Baryshnikov, will begin with an anniversary celebration at the Metropolitan Opera House, featuring a retrospective of works closely associated with the company over the past 50 years. The company will then make tour stops in Miami Beach, January 20–February 3; Chicago, February 5-17; San Francisco, February 19–March 3; Costa Mesa, Calif., March 5-17; Toronto, March 19-24; and Washington, DC, March 26–April 7; before settling down for a seven-week run in New York, May 7–June 30. (212) 362-6000.

Formerly a star-studded glamor company, [the American Ballet Theatre] has become "Balanchinized" and now stresses ensemble dancing rather than star "turns." The company's corps de ballet is now virtually unparalleled, and many exciting

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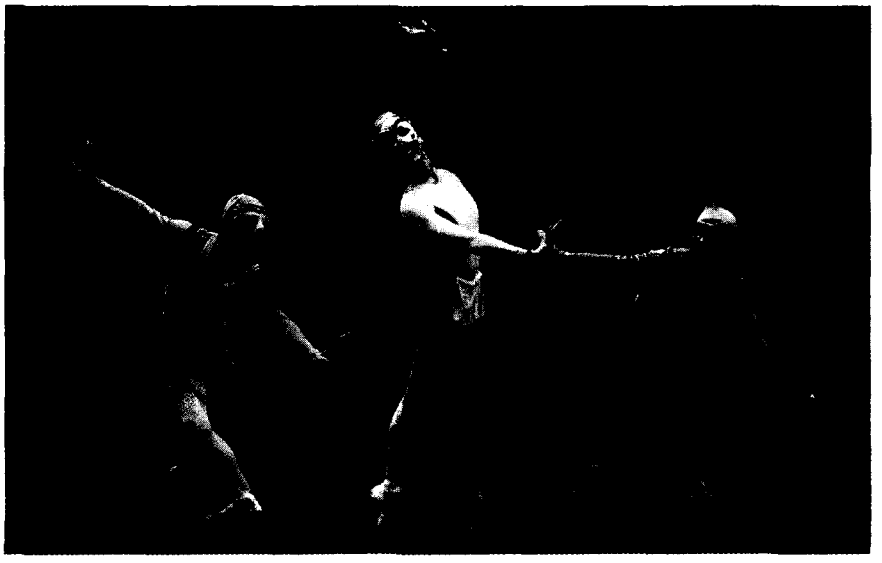

The Miami City Ballet

principals (for example, Susan Jaffe and Amanda McKerrow) have risen from its ranks. The repertory includes 19th-century classics such as *Swan Lake* as well as contemporary works by modernists such as Twyla Tharp and Mark Morris.

—*from* The Penguin Guide to New York City 1989 *edited by Alan Tucker. Penguin, $12.95.*

JANUARY 27, REOPENING OF THE GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE, Rochester, NY. The 50-room mansion, lovingly built and furnished by the inventor of the Kodak camera, has been under restoration for two years. Among the objects that will be on exhibit when the house reopens are clocks, thermostats, and telephones designed exclusively for Eastman by his friend Thomas Edison. (716) 271-3361.

It was an American, George Eastman, who in 1888 put cameras into the hands of the millions by introducing the simple Kodak camera with its gelatin-coated flexible film. Thanks largely to Eastman, photography soon became the most democratic art form the world has ever known. . . .

It is almost impossible to relive today the sense of amazement with which photography was first achieved. To those who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century the ability to have an exact likeness of themselves, their loved ones, their friends, their presidents—not in artists' renditions but in completely true-to-life images—was truly a miracle. Imagine preserving your image for posterity or sending a picture of your new house to relatives overseas!

—*from* American Image: Photographing One Hundred Fifty Years in the Life of a Nation *by Martin W. Sandler. Contemporary Books, $40.00.*

APRIL 1-9, NATIONAL CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Washington, DC. The festival begins unofficially when the city's 6,000 Japanese cherry trees come into bloom, in late March or early April. The formal celebrations will take place during this week; they include fireworks, a Japanese-lantern-lighting ceremony, and a parade. (202) 789-7000.

SOUTHEAST

THROUGH MAY 20, MIAMI CITY BALLET SEASON, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, and West Palm Beach, Fla. Edward Villella's company, which jetes among three theaters on Florida's east coast, is featuring three of George Balanchine's most celebrated works this season: *Bugaku*, *Who Cares?*, and *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*. The world premiere of a work by resident choreographer Jimmy Gamonet De Los Heros is also scheduled. (305) 532-4880.

THROUGH JULY 15, ALABAMA SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Montgomery, Ala. Kent Thompson's repertory company will present plays including Alfred Uhry's *Driving Miss Daisy*, November 29–January 14; Tennessee Williams's *Cat on A Hot Tin Roof*, February 14–July 14; Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, February 15–July 14; Michael Frayn's *Noises Off*, February 28–July 11; and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, March 1–July 11. (205) 277-2273.

NOVEMBER 2-4, COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG HISTORY FORUM, Williamsburg, Va. This year's forum, "American Wealth, American Welfare," will examine how the United States addressed issues of wealth and poverty during its first fifty years. Other Williamsburg offerings include an antiques forum, "Classical America," February 4-9; a weekend program, "Foodways in Colonial America," March 1-4; and a garden symposium, "Vintage Plants and Contemporary Gardens," April 1-5. (804) 220-7255.

NOVEMBER 2-5, NATIONAL BALLOON RACING ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS, Jacksonville, Fla. (704) 873-2233.

NOVEMBER 25–JANUARY 15, TOYS DESIGNED BY ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Little Rock, Ark. A national competitive exhibition organized by the Arkansas Arts Center. (501) 372-4000.

NOVEMBER 30–DECEMBER 3. RE-ENACTMENT OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, Franklin, Tenn. On the 125th anniversary of one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War thousands of authentically outfitted soldiers will re-enact selected troop movements and clashes on the original site. There will also be period exhibits, on subjects including blacksmithing, hospital care, weaponry, and cooking. (615) 794-0483.

DECEMBER 10-16, 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF "GONE WITH THE WIND," Atlanta, Ga. Atlantans have set aside an entire week to celebrate their piece of movie history. The festivities include a re-creation of the parade held for the movie's premiere in Atlanta, appearances by all the living stars, and tours of historic homes associated with the book and movie. (404) 827-3230.

JANUARY 12-14, EAGLE AWARENESS WEEKEND, Lakeview, Ark. The first of no fewer than six eagle-related weekends to be held in Arkansas this winter. The other organized attempts to view the wintering bald eagles are the Eagle Extravaganza Weekend in Mt. Ida, January 19-21; Eagles Et Cetera Weekend in Bismark, January 26-28; Eagle Awareness Day in Morrilton, February 3-4; a second Eagle Awareness Weekend in Lakeview, February 9-10; and Eagle Awareness Days in Roland, February 17-18. By spring these birds of prey should be feeling self-aware, even self-important. (501) 682-7777.

FEBRUARY 16-18, SOUTHEASTERN WILDLIFE EXPOSITION, Charleston, SC. Charleston goes wild during this exposition

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of wildlife art and crafts. Paintings, prints, carvings, collectibles, and crafts will fill 14 buildings in the city's historic district. (803) 723-1748.

FEBRUARY 27, MARDI GRAS, New Orleans, La. (504) 566-5068.

FEBRUARY 28–APRIL 7, HUMANA FESTIVAL OF NEW AMERICAN PLAYS, Louisville, Ky. This annual festival by Jon Jory's Actors Theatre of Louisville will feature full-length commissioned plays by E. L. Doctorow, Christopher Durang, and Tama Janowitz. Tickets will be available February 1. (502) 584-1205.

MARCH 30–APRIL 1, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS–NEW ORLEANS LITERARY FESTIVAL, La. Performances of and symposiums on Williams's plays, and tours of his French Quarter haunts. (504) 522-9958.

APRIL 26-29, AMERICAN QUILTERS SOCIETY QUILT SHOW, Paducah, Ky. Seminars, workshops, and displays of more than 400 quilts. The show happens to coincide with Paducah's Dogwood Trail Celebration, which consists of theater productions, art shows, home tours, a concert, and a whole lot of flowers along the twelve-mile Dogwood Trail. (502) 443-8783.

In Appalachia, speech is laconic, but hands are eloquent. Skilled at repairing, mountain people are frugal. They save scraps and pieces, old wood, old nails. They make use of what lies at hand. Isolation and a lack of ready cash drove past generations to make what they needed: quilts, baskets, axe handles, crockery. But what drives their descendants to produce an outpouring of art unique as a thumbprint, native as a split-rail fence?

The mountains nurture visionaries. And visions are the seeds of art.

—*from* O, Appalachia: Artists of the Southern Mountains *by Ramona Lampell and Millard Lampell with David Larkin. Stewart Tabori & Chang, $50.00.*

MIDWEST

THROUGH JUNE 9, CHICAGO SYMPHONY SEASON, Ill. Sir Georg Solti's orchestra will perform Bach's *Mass in B minor,* January 25-28, and the world premiere of *Symphony No. 1* by composer-in-residence John Corigliano, January 18. (312) 435-8122.

THROUGH JULY 14, GOODMAN THEATRE SEASON, Chicago, Ill. Robert Falls's company will present Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale,* January 12–February 17; *'Tis Pity She's a Whore,* by John Ford, March 2–April 7; *Uncle Vanya*, by Anton Chekhov, adapted by David Mamet, April 20–May 26; and a final production yet to be announced. (312) 443-3800.

FOR 50 YEARS, TEXACO HAS BEEN SUPPORTING THE MOST HEROIC MEN.

SIEGFRIED
PARSIFAL
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CAVARADOSSI
SAMSON
ANDREA CHÉNIER

NOVEMBER 2, STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS: NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA. South Dakota is presenting a re-enactment, in Watertown, of the ceremony that transformed Arthur C. Mellette, the last governor of Dakota Territory, into the first governor of South Dakota. On November 3 and 4 Pierre will host a celebration including fireworks, a parade, a rededication of the Capitol, and a Centennial Ball. (800) 843-1930. In North Dakota, at 3:40 P.M. on November 2—the 100th anniversary of statehood, to the minute—the entire state has been asked to stop what it's doing, step outside, and "make some noise." Further celebration will be centered in Bismarck, where four commissioned musical and literary works will be given their premieres on November 2 and 3. (800) 437-2077.

About the nicest send-off we ever got was in Pierre, South Dakota. We were there for the wheat harvest, and we were getting ready to pull out one morning at about six o'clock. We were headed to Custer, South Dakota, about 200 miles away, and we wanted to get an early start. Anyway, at about five o'clock in the morning, we were getting the big vehicle together, and we heard this strange hammering noise. We didn't think anything of it at first. It was dark out, pitch black, and they had been working the combines until twelve, one o'clock at night. So we just forgot about the hammering, and continued to collect the rest of our things. So, we were ready to pull out at just about sunrise.

Now picture this: out in front of us, lit only by the fresh rising sun, was a twenty-five-foot-long homemade sign. We were all packed up before we saw it. It was made out of brown shopping bags from the supermarket, cut and taped together, and driven into the ground with a couple of long stakes and broken-off broomsticks. That was the hammering we heard. . . .

We just stood there and looked at this sign and cried. We melted. The way the sun crept up just behind it on the horizon, it framed the whole thing in a magical light. Definitely a moment neither one of us wanted to end. While Jane was standing there wiping away the last of her tears, I rolled up the sign to take with us. There was no way I was leaving that behind.

— *from* Heartlands: An American Odyssey *by Jane Sobel and Arthur Klonsky with Daniel Paisner. Simon and Schuster, $29.95.*

NOVEMBER 2-5, WILL ROGERS DAYS CELEBRATION, Claremore, Okla. Rogers's 110th birthday will be celebrated with a party at his birthplace, an all-day powwow, a country fair, a dinner and an auction at the Will Rogers Jockey and Polo Club, and, on Sunday, a parade. (918) 341-0719.

JANUARY 18-21, INTERNATIONAL FINALS RODEO, Tulsa, Okla. The world's

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top 10 cowboys and five regional winners compete in seven contests. Also, country and western dances, and a bucking-stock sale. (918) 584-2000.

FEBRUARY 22-24, AMERICAN BIRKEBEINER, Cable to Hayward, Wisc. The largest cross-country ski race in North America. (800) 722-3386.

MARCH 12-18, CRANE WATCH, Kearney, Neb. Each spring nearly half a million Sandhill cranes, on their way north, gather along the Platte River in central Nebraska for several weeks. Kearney celebrates their arrival with tours, workshops, seminars, and early-morning treks to blinds along the river. A similar festival will take place at nearby Grand Island March 16-25. (308) 237-3101.

WEST

NOVEMBER 8, STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION: MONTANA. Helena will be hosting an Admission Day Birthday Party and Ball. This and other centennial parties around the state, from black-tie events to hoedowns, will be linked by closed-circuit TV. (800) 541-1447.

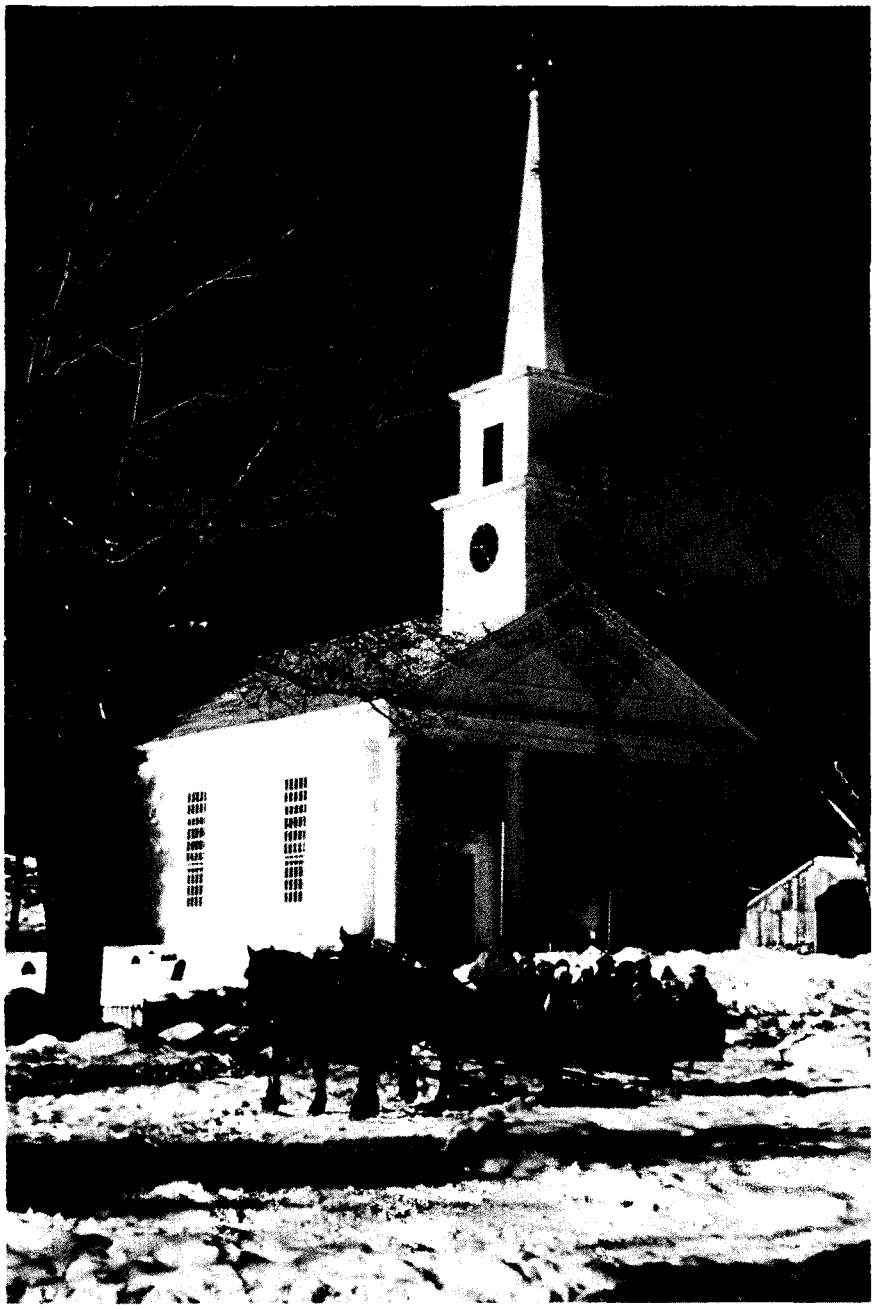
NOVEMBER 17–DECEMBER 15, PAINTED PONY CELEBRATION OF NATIVE AMERICAN ARTS, St. Stephens, Wyo. A centennial celebration of native American arts, at the North American Indian Heritage Center. (307) 777-7742.

JANUARY 13, STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION: IDAHO. A day-long celebration at the capitol, in Boise, will launch a centennial year crammed with more than 1,500 events. These include a centennial winter carnival in McCall, January 26–February 3; and numerous celebrations, border to border, for Statehood Day, July 3. (208) 345-1990.

JANUARY 19-28, U.S. FILM FESTIVAL, Park City, Utah. An annual showcase for new work by independent filmmakers, sponsored by Robert Redford's Sundance Institute. (801) 649-6100.

JANUARY 26-28, SUN VALLEY WINTERFEST, Idaho. An ice-sculpture contest, the Winterfest Ball, and the Duchin Celebrity Invitational Ski Cup, for adventurous celebrities. (800) 634-3347.

FEBRUARY 10–MARCH 4, FESTIVAL IN THE SUN, Tucson, Ariz. The debut of an ambitious performing-arts festival, based at the University of Arizona. Highlights will include the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, in residence from February 16-21; recitals by Isaac Stern, February 22, and Jessye Norman, March 1; dance performances by the David Parsons Company; a film and video festival; and visual-arts exhibits at the Center for Creative Photography. (602) 621-3364.



At Old Sturbridge Village, Massachusetts

Plan to spend a long time in Tucson. If you don't, you'll always regret it. There are sights to see, canyons to explore, mountains to hike in, horses to ride, golf courses to play on, outstanding restaurants to dine in. Tucson itself deserves as long as you can possibly spend. Then there are day trips to a score more places.

Once you're in Tucson, whatever choices you make, you can't help but be fascinated by the saguaro cactus. The Sonoran Desert is the only place that it grows. Many are as tall as 30 or 40 feet, some even taller. With multiple arms growing in every direction,

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each cactus is different. It's easy to understand why the Indians believed that the cacti dance. As soon as a human looks at them, they stop—freezing their arms in all sorts of contortions.

—*from* Best Places to Stay in the Southwest *by Gail Rickey. Harvard Common, $10.95.*

MARCH 31–APRIL 1, NCAA FINAL FOUR TOURNAMENT, Denver, Colo. College hoop-hoopla at its most frenzied. (800) 234-6257.

PACIFIC

THROUGH NOVEMBER 11, SAN DIEGO ARTS FESTIVAL, Calif. This year's theme is "Treasures of the Soviet Union," for which the festival has gathered the most extensive collection of Russian and Soviet arts and culture ever seen in the United States. Just for example, on view is the largest aggregation of Faberge Imperial eggs ever assembled. (800) 245-3378.

THROUGH SEPTEMBER 2, MARK TAPER FORUM SEASON, Los Angeles, Calif. Gordon Davidson's company will present two American premieres: *Mystery of the Rose Bouquet*, by Manuel Puig, November 16–December 17; and *Artist Descending a Staircase*, by Tom Stoppard, January 18–March 4. A springtime festival, "Plays and Playwrights That Changed the Theatre," March 11–May 13, will feature thirteen ground-breaking plays from the 1950s and 1960s. (213) 972-7373.

NOVEMBER 9–DECEMBER 12, DEATH VALLEY 49ERS ENCAMPMENT, Death Valley National Monument, Calif. A 140th-anniversary celebration, with lectures and hiking and camping activities. (619) 786-2345.

NOVEMBER 11, STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION: WASHINGTON. This celebration has an understated elegance: Washington residents will turn on their porch lights from 5 P.M. to midnight. Mapping satellites will probably record a small, soft glow. (206) 586-1989.

DECEMBER 2–JANUARY 4, TRIPLE CROWN OF SURFING, Oahu, Hawaii. Top professional surfers from around the world converge on Oahu to take part in three major competitions. The specific times, dates, and locations will depend on weather and wave action. (808) 923-1811.

Surfing was born in Hawaii and the islands are still the world center for the sport. There is no record of when it started, but it was well established when the first Europeans arrived. Captain Cook and his sailors were incredulous at both the daring and the pleasure exhibited by native surfers. In these years and before, skilled surfers earned lasting renown in song and dance and Hawaiian royalty practiced the sport to prove the worthiness of their leadership.

—*from* Best Places to Stay in Hawaii *by Bill Jamison and Cheryl Alters Jamison. Harvard Common, $10.95.*

DECEMBER 3 AND 5, SING-IT-YOURSELF "MESSIAH," San Francisco, Calif. The fun promises to be in the singing, not the listening, at Davies Symphony Hall. (415) 979-8098.

DECEMBER 31, BALBOA PARK'S 75TH ANNIVERSARY, San Diego, Calif. A yearlong celebration begins tonight, with a recreation of the opening ceremonies for the 1915 Panama–California Exposition, which was held at Balboa Park. (619) 232-3101.

JANUARY 1–DECEMBER 31, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK'S CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, Calif. A series of special programs on the founding, and the future, of the nation's second national park will culminate in a big celebration on September 22-23. (209) 595-3341.

FEBRUARY 17-26, NATIONAL DATE FESTIVAL, Indio, Calif. Ten days, ten nights. The 44th annual. "Exotic exhibits of dates and citrus." "Camel and ostrich races every afternoon." "America's Most Unusual Exposition." (619) 342-8247.

Even Arabia itself isn't *this* much fun: Bedouin tents, camel races, pashas in satin pants, date-flavored ice cream and milkshakes, daily performances of *Scheherazade*, and a *Kismet*-like midway basking in the desert sun like a shimmering mirage. Is Indio a member of OPEC? Not exactly, but it is the date-growing center of the Western hemisphere. Indio's massive date crop is just an excuse for the locals to turn the fairgrounds into a Middle Eastern fantasyland. Thrill seekers head straight for the comical camel and ostrich races to watch hapless jockeys struggle futilely to guide their steeds.

— *from* America Off the Wall: The West Coast *by Kristan Lawson and Anneli S. Rufus. Wiley, $10.95.*

MARCH 3, START OF THE IDITAROD TRAIL SLED-DOG RACE, Anchorage, Alaska. Three-time winner Susan Butcher and defending champ Joe Runyan will both be back to compete, in this grueling 1,049-mile race to Nome. (907) 376-5155.

MARCH 25-26, PILLAR MOUNTAIN GOLF CLASSIC, Kodiak, Alaska. A one-hole, par-70 golf tournament, up 1,400-foot Pillar Mountain. Entrants may bring hand tools for extricating golf balls from thick underbrush. No power tools allowed. (907) 486-6445.

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Radio

	1989
MET MARATHON	December 2
DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN (R. Strauss)	December 9
IL TRITTICO (Puccini)	December 16
IL TABARRO	
SUOR ANGELICA	
GIANNI SCHICCHI	
LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN (Offenbach)	December 23
DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER* (Wagner)	December 30
	1990
WOZZECK (Berg)	January 6
TURANDOT (Puccini)	January 13
COSÌ FAN TUTTE (Mozart)	January 20
PORGY AND BESS (Gershwin)	January 27
LA GIOCONDA (Ponchielli)	February 3
LA TRAVIATA* (Verdi)	February 10
SAMSON ET DALILA (Saint-Saens)	February 17
RIGOLETTO* (Verdi)	February 24
FAUST* (Gounod)	March 3
50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION	March 10
MANON LESCAUT (Puccini)	March 17
DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL (Mozart)	March 24
LA BOHÈME (Puccini)	March 31
DIE WALKÜRE (Wagner)	April 7
DON GIOVANNI* (Mozart)	April 14
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Wagner)	April 21

*New Production

Television

	1989
AIDA (Verdi)	December 27
	1990
TEXACO/MET 50TH ANNIVERSARY HIGHLIGHTS	March**
DAS RHEINGOLD (Wagner)	June 18
DIE WALKÜRE (Wagner)	June 19
SIEGFRIED (Wagner)	June 20
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Wagner)	June 21

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CANADA

THROUGH MAY 9, VANCOUVER OPERA SEASON, BC. In April the company, under Guus Mostart's artistic direction, will celebrate its 30th anniversary. The season's productions include Bellini's *Norma*, Massenet's romantic tragedy *Werther*, and Lehar's *Merry Widow*. (604) 682-2871.

Vancouver, residents are fond of saying, is one of the few cities in the world where you can go skiing and sailing on the same day. How remarkable, then, that it should also be one of the few where, sitting outside a Neapolitan cafe, you can eavesdrop on an impassioned argument in Hungarian and see graffiti in Khmer.

More than any other city in the Northwest, Vancouver marches to a different drummer. The rest of Canada, on the other side of the Rockies, is as remote as Mexico. Seattle, just a couple of hours' drive down I-5, is definitely another country, despite the shared heritage of fishing and tall trees. Vancouver's chameleon identity is that of home to the children of the dispossessed, whether they be Scottish Highlanders or Hmong tribespeople. To the sculptors and the screenwriters, the dancers, jugglers, retired war correspondents, and exiled aristocrats, to the drifters and dreamers who have settled here in such disproportionate numbers, this is as close to the Promised Land as it's possible to get.

—*from* Northwest Best Places 1990-1991 *by David Brewster and Stephanie Irving. Sasquatch Books, Seattle, $15.95.*

THROUGH MAY 30, MONTREAL SYMPHONY SEASON, Que. Charles Dutoit's *Orchestra symphonique de Montreal* will perform Handel's *Messiah* with the OSM choir in the Notre Dame Basilica, December 19-21, under Georg Tintner. The Orchestre National de France will give a guest performance March 26. The season will close with the world premiere of *Concerto for English Horn* by the OSM's composer-in-residence, Denis Gougeon. (514) 842-9951.

THROUGH JUNE 16, TORONTO SYMPHONY SEASON, Ont. Gunther Herbig has become music director designate, and Andrew Davis conductor laureate. November 22-25 Davis and Elmer Iseler will conduct joint performances with the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, in the premiere of a work by Derek Holman. The orchestra of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields will appear as guests March 31. (416) 598-3375.

NOVEMBER 1-24, NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA FALL SEASON, Toronto, Ont. Reid Anderson has been named artistic director. The season opens with *Giselle* and closes with a Veronica Tennant 25th-anniversary tribute gala. As post-season productions the company will perform *The Nutcracker*, December 19–January 7, and *The Nutty Nutcracker*, a just-for-fun spoof of the Tchaikovsky warhorse, on New Year's Eve. (416) 362-1041.

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FEBRUARY 1-11, QUEBEC CITY WINTER CARNIVAL, Que. Sports, cultural exhibits, parties, parades, fireworks, ice sculptures, canoe racing, and even a beach party highlight the world-famous Quebec winter celebration. (418) 626-3716.

Quebec is the only really European city in North America; its life is untouched by the tourists who flood in in search of the picturesque. It is as European as Poitiers, and only the citadel of Cartagena in Colombia can compare with it. From its cliff, the sight of the wide, forested river is stirring to the imagination. The gray stone of the city has rudimentary colonial primness and harshness. The appearance is a mixture of the severe and gracious, and the trees are tall and fine.

Above all, old Quebec does not look excessively preserved or even preserved at all. There is no "ye olde" note in the *tavernes*, nor, for example, in the shabby little square on the quays where the sailors' church of Notre Dame des Victoires stands. The famous seminary of Laval, founded in 1663 and externally altered in 1820, is a fine classical object; but the most attractive thing is the intimacy of Quebec's shops and restaurants. But if one comes away from Quebec with the impression that it is simply a picturesque spot that leads to the playground created in the Laurentians in the last thirty or forty years, one is quite wrong. The industrial region outside is full of life.

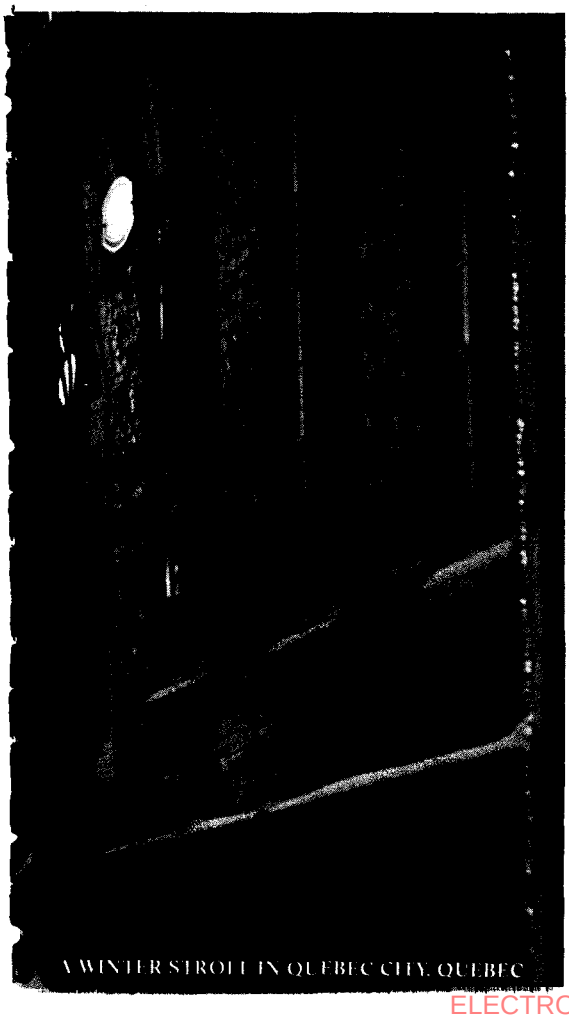
—*from* At Home and Abroad *by V. S. Pritchett. North Point, $19.95.*

FEBRUARY 2-11, WINTERLUDE, Ottawa, Ont. Speed skating, iceboating, outdoor curling, harness racing, snowshoeing, barrel-jumping, sleigh rides, and a snow-sculpture display—all on the world's longest man-made skating rink, the Rideau Canal. The Canadian Ski Marathon will be held February 10-11. (613) 239-5209.

MARCH 5-11, WORLD FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Dartmouth and Halifax, NS. The championships themselves will be held at the Dartmouth Sportsplex. The concluding Parade of Champions, on March 11, will be at the Halifax Metro Center. All-event tickets are sold out; single-event tickets will go on sale February 9. (902) 451-1221.

MARCH 11-17, ARCTIC WINTER GAMES, Yellowknife, NWT. The 20th-anniversary edition of this annual competition, which is the largest event regularly held in northern Canada. It will feature traditional Inuit games, cultural exhibits, and performances. More than 1,200 athletes will compete in 17 sports, including curling, biathlon, hockey, and figure skating. New this year will be a two-day, 200-km ski marathon, spear-throwing, and dog mushing. (403) 873-5858.

For information: Canadian Government Office of Tourism, 235 Queen St., Ottawa, Ont. K1A 0H6, Canada. (613) 954-3852.



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And *après*? There are dozens of gourmet restaurants so close. At ours, you can try reindeer or buffalo. And we have, we think, the best pastry chef in Québec. Ah yes, but you know I think it's the people that make all the difference. Québecers, we enjoy life so much. How can you help but feel wonderful when you're here?"

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Canada

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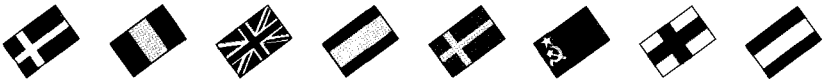

EUROPE

BELGIUM

APRIL 21-29, GENTSE FLORALIEN 1990, Gent. Held every five years, this flower show fills a 13-acre covered garden with a colorful arrangement of international exhibitors.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.

DENMARK

APRIL 16, QUEEN MARGARETHE'S 50TH BIRTHDAY, Copenhagen. Actually, Denmark has earmarked all of 1990 for a celebration in honor of Queen Margarethe. The high point of "Royal Year 1990" will be her birthday itself, when parades will be held and concerts given in the capital.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/ Events Desk, (800) 221-2350.

FINLAND

FEBRUARY 24, FINLANDIA HIIHTO, Hameenlinna to Lahti. One of the world's largest cross-country skiing marathons, with more than 15,000 participants each year. The 75-km Finlandia is on the Worldloppet circuit.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

THROUGH APRIL 26, ORCHESTRE DE PARIS SEASON. The first season for Semyon Bychkov as music director will include an ambitious performance of Stravinsky's *Noces* with the Orchestre de Paris Chorus, March 14-15.

NOVEMBER 18-20, THREE GLORIOUS DAYS, Beaune. A celebration of Burgundy's latest vintage. Tastings, auctions, and banquets.

> **[Beaune] is a charming town, with cobbled streets lined by old houses, their steeply pitched roofs colorful with designs in polychrome slate. Everywhere you turn there are wine shops, wine information bureaus, tourist centers, and antique and souvenir shops with wine as their main motif. The town unabashedly exploits wine, but—thanks in part to imaginative architectural controls—its center is not garish or vulgar. Unlike Bordeaux, which seems to have inherited from the English a sense of being above "trade," Beaune cheerfully promotes its wares and in the process not only enriches its merchants, restaurateurs, and winegrowing neighbors but also welcomes the novice into the mysteries and rewards of the grape.**
>
> **—*from* Alexis Lichine's Guide to the Wines and Vineyards of France *by Alexis Lichine. Knopf, $18.95.***

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 628 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2452. (212) 757-1125.

WEST GERMANY

THROUGH JUNE 30, BERLIN PHILHARMONIC SEASON. Maestro Herbert von Karajan will be missed. Daniel Barenboim, Andre Previn, Bernard Haitink, Yehudi Menuhin, and Seiji Ozawa are among the guest conductors who will lead the orchestra this season.

NOVEMBER 10, THE OPENING OF DEICHTORHALLEN, Hamburg. After a $10 million restoration Hamburg's former flower market will reopen as an exhibit space. Early shows include *Anatolien 6000 Years*, March–May; and *Contemporary Paintings From the Saatchi Collection*, June–September.

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., 33rd Floor, New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

HUNGARY

MARCH 16-25, BUDAPEST SPRING FESTIVAL. The claim made for this festival is "10 days, 100 venues, 1,000 events." Classical-music concerts; opera, ballet, theater, mime, and folk-dance performances; folk-art fairs; sports events; and programs for children.

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upriver to the scenic Danube Bend, and hot thermal baths in authentic Turkish bathhouses and you have Budapest.

The city has many fascinating aspects. Eastern Europeans come for the shopping and to get a taste of the west, while we westerners revel in the nightlife, theatres, museums, restaurants and cafes, all at a fraction of the cost back home. It's hard to get enough of Budapest.

—*from* Eastern Europe on a Shoestring *by David Stanley. Lonely Planet, $14.95.*

For information: Hungarian Travel Service, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10111. (212) 582-7412.

ITALY

APRIL 13, GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION, Rome. The Pope leads a religious procession along a torchlit route from the Colosseum past the Forum and up the Palatine Hill.

Emerson arrived in time for Easter and its impressive celebrations, the preferred season for visiting Rome, and he made St. Peter's his first destination. In the next eight or ten hours, he covered the city almost from one end to the other, crossing and recrossing the Tiber as he took in Raphael's frescoes, the "FORUM," the Tarpeian Rock, the house of Rienzi, celebrated by Byron, the Capitoline Hill and its museums; then he turned around and retraced his steps to the great cathedral, probably for vespers. Rome lay all before him, but only for four weeks, and he was determined to let none of it escape.

Gradually, however, his pace slowed as his sense of his own taste developed. He visited and studied the major ruins, but as he wrote, "In Rome all is ruinous. In the garden before my window the flowerpots stand upon blocks made of the capitals of old columns, turned upside down." . . .

By the end of Easter week he had gone from saying "There is no true majesty in all this millinery & imbecility," to the assertion that Pope Gregory's public Easter blessing was a "sublime spectacle," and the simple admission, "I love St Peter's Church. It grieves me that after a few days I shall see it no more. . . . It is an ornament of the earth. It is not grand, it is so rich & pleasing; it should rather be called the sublime of the beautiful."

—*from* Emerson in Italy *by Evelyn Hofer and Evelyn Barish. Henry Holt and Company, $45.00.*

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

LUXEMBOURG

NOVEMBER 13, 25TH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE TO H.R.H. GRAND DUKE JEAN, Luxembourg City. Throughout 1989 the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has been celebrating 150 years of independence and 25 years under the reign of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Jean. Concerts, exhibits, and theatrical performances will continue through December. Tonight's festivities include a torchlight parade, ovations, and a tribute from the scouts of the Grand Duchy to their Chief Scout.

The city of Luxembourg is of surpassing beauty, one of the most satisfying and photogenic small cities in Europe. Coming into the center from almost any direction is an exciting experience, seen from any angle, in any light, and most particularly at night, when it is illuminated.

Almost anything you want to look at in Luxembourg is diverting. The city itself is perched on a rock, oddly cut into an M by the very deep valleys, which are spanned by sixty impressive bridges. It is a city of ancient fortifications and battlements turned into parks, of ancient towers, palaces, cathedrals, and elaborate monuments, and of a rich and fascinating history. Cultural events of all sorts abound.

—*from* Country Inns and Back Roads: Continental Europe *by Norman T. Simpson. Harper & Row, $11.95.*

For information: Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-9850.

NORWAY

MARCH 12-18, HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL, Oslo. Including one of the world's largest cross-country races for amateurs.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

SPAIN

MARCH 13-19, FALLAS DE SAN JOSE, Valencia. Hundreds of elaborate, satirical cardboard *falla* figures—many of them a year in the making, and some several stories

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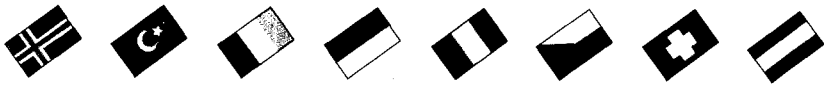

Europe

high—are on display throughout this mischievous festival. On Saturday at midnight, in the Nit del Foc, they are ignited, to spectacular effect.

For information: Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

DECEMBER 10, NOBEL PRIZE FESTIVITIES, Stockholm. Many Swedes say that Stockholm is particularly inviting around the time of the Nobel Prize ceremonies—a recommendation not to be confused with the formal invitation necessary to attend the ceremonies themselves.

Long ago I identified The Best Meal in the World—the best meal, that is, of the kind that restaurant guides like to call an *experience*, or even a *happening*. Having enjoyed over the years a succession of meals which I wrongly thought were the best imaginable, I tracked it down definitively to Stockholm, Sweden, on a Sunday lunchtime shortly before Christmas.

I got there the day before, and found the city all celebration, all candles on its head. It dazzled me with its festivity. Out from their quays with siren-toots the little pleasure steamers sailed one by one, bedecked with lights and tinsel, taking happy office parties on cruises through the archipelago. Music rang out perpetually above the outdoor skating rink, where young and old swooped and staggered beneath the floodlights, while all along the wharves suburban burghers and their wives, attended by burbling children, loaded their Volvos with Christmas trees from waterfront vendors. . . .

There were Lappish-looking people around, with high cheeks, slant eyes and fur-lined boots. There were gaunt elderly aristocrats in astrakhan hats. Rosy girls ate ice-creams in café windows, and old men in boats pottered around the ice-strewn harbor fishing.

—*from* Pleasures of a Tangled Life *by Jan Morris. Random House, $18.95.*

FEBRUARY 12-14, ANDREE MEMORIAL BALLOON MEET, Granna. Europe's largest annual hot-air balloon competition, to honor the Swedish pioneer balloonist August Andree in his home town.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

UNITED KINGDOM

DECEMBER 31, HOGMANAY, Glasgow, Scotland. The traditional New Year's Eve party will be especially festive this year, for it launches Glasgow's year, 1990, as the EEC Cultural Capital of Europe. Fireworks, a carnival midway, opera, and concerts are planned.

JANUARY 27–FEBRUARY 24, JORVIK VIKING FESTIVAL, York. The Vikings occupied York some 1,100 years ago, and called the city Jorvik. By now the Anglo-Saxons have forgiven them and each year celebrate the Viking period with torchlight processions, banquets, exhibitions, and boat burnings. Well, almost forgiven them.

In no other English city are the strata of history more visible than in York. Its peat-rich soil has preserved, layer upon layer, the buildings and artifacts of almost two millennia of civilization. Every epoch since the Roman occupation has left its mark on York.

Three miles of stout limestone wall, with just a few gaps here and there, encompass an almost theatrically Medieval city dominated by York Minster, the largest Gothic cathedral north of the Alps; its great square towers are visible for miles across the relatively flat countryside. "The antiquity of York," wrote Daniel Defoe in 1724 in *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, "showed itself so visibly at a distance that we could not but observe it before we came quite up to the city."

—*from* The Penguin Guide to England & Wales 1989 *edited by Alan Tucker. Penguin, $12.95.*

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

USSR

DECEMBER 25–JANUARY 5, RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow. Traditional music, dance, and pageantry. Also outdoor parties "hosted" by fairy-tale characters, with troika rides and folk games. Leningrad celebrates as well.

MARCH 26–APRIL 1, MURMANSK FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH. Reindeer-sled races, folk dances, and, on the final day, a cross-country ski race that visitors are welcome to enter. For information call Worldwide Nordic, (201) 378-9170.

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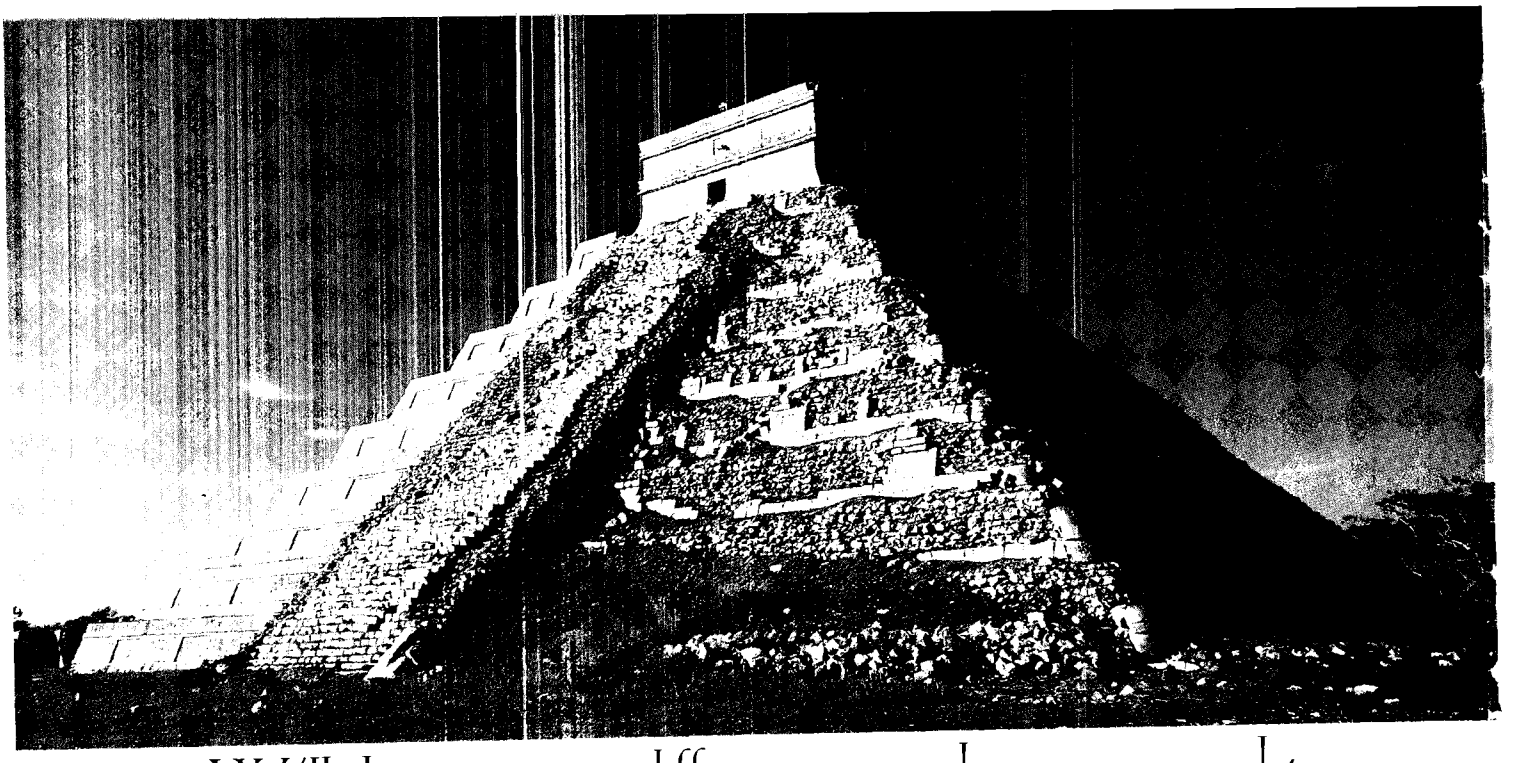

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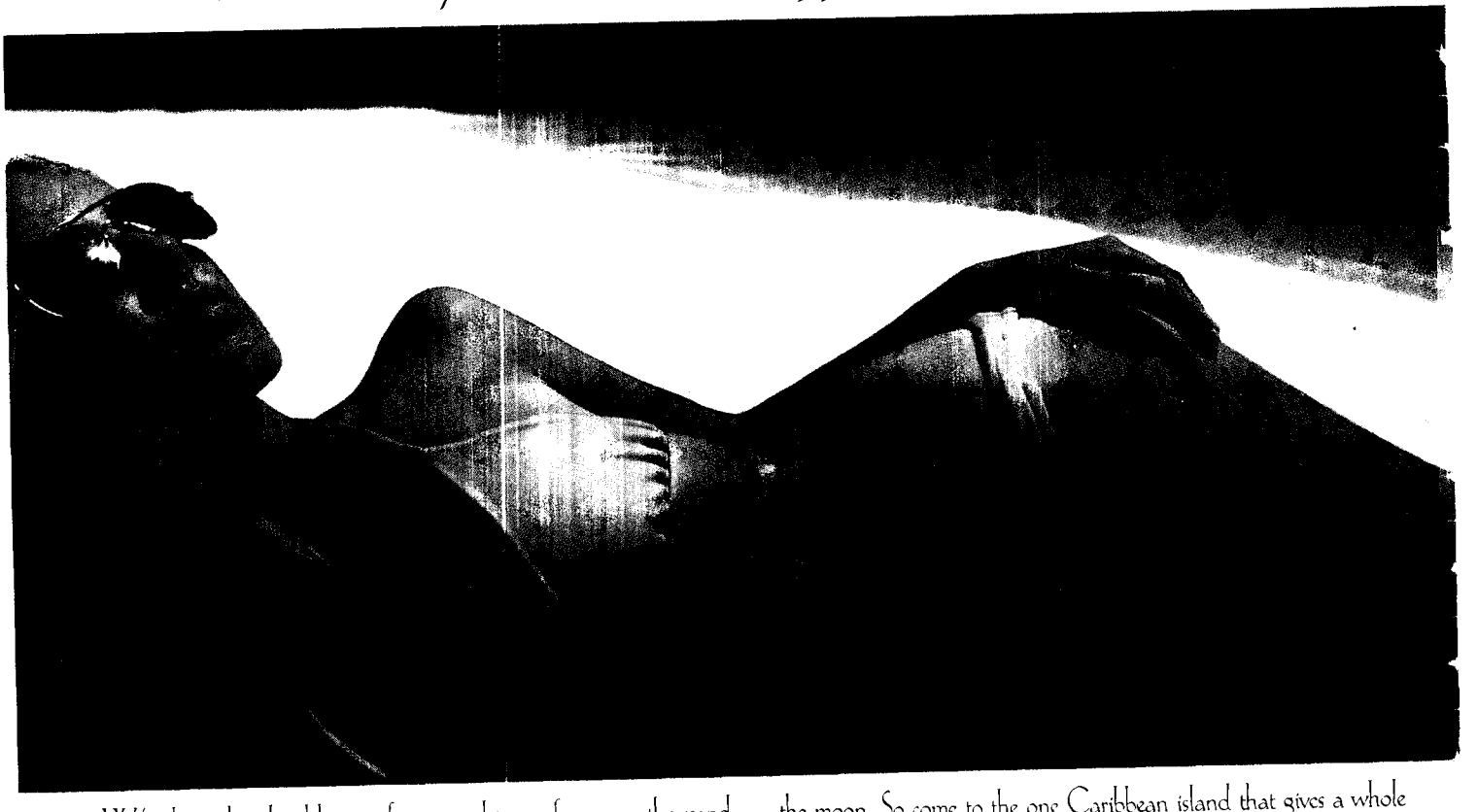

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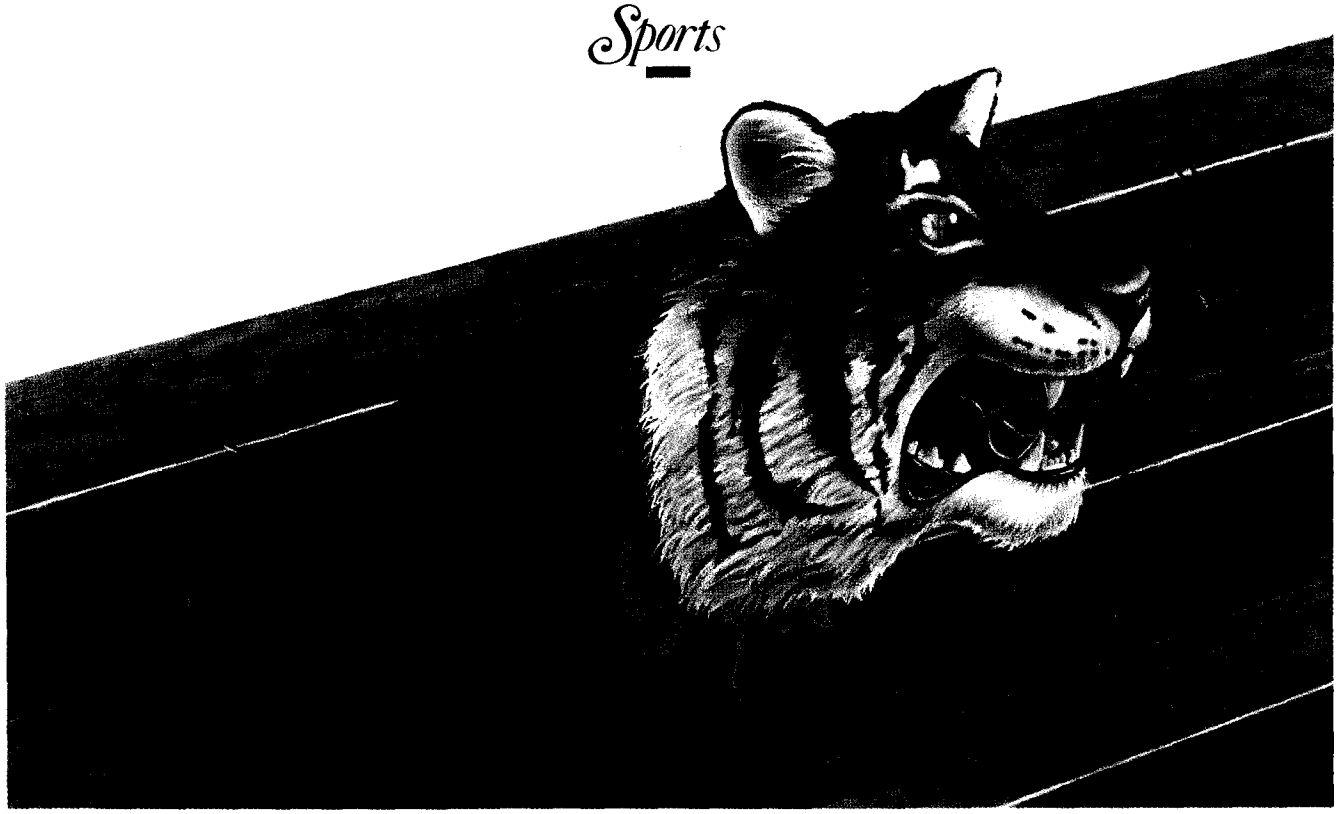

Playing the Cerebral Game

Princeton's Carril is a thinking man's basketball coach

by Sam Toperoff

When knowledgeable college-basketball fans discuss the game's excellent coaches, they mostly mention men who direct teams that are almost always among the highest ranked nationally. Dean Smith (University of North Carolina), Bobby Knight (Indiana University), and John Thompson (Georgetown) are unfailingly mentioned. To connoisseurs and among coaches themselves, however, Pete Carril, about to start his twenty-third season at Princeton, is renowned for getting remarkable results from players whose natural abilities are usually significantly below those of players at schools well known for basketball.

During his tenure at Princeton, Carril has won 377 games and lost 209; his teams have won seven Ivy League championships (they tied for two others) and a National Invitation Tournament. A very successful coach by all standards, Carril is best known as a giant-killer. John Thompson says, "If you were to take a poll of coaches and ask them which coach they'd least like to play against, Peter Carril's name would be right up top."

Over the years, Carril's undermanned Princeton Tigers have beaten such national powers as North Carolina, Indiana, Duke, St. John's, Providence, and Notre Dame, among a host of other teams. Last March, in the first round of the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament, in a game memorable for its quality and drama, the Tigers lost to Georgetown, one of the most powerful teams in the nation, by a single point: 50–49. Before the game a sportswriter sarcastically estimated Princeton's chances at a billion to one. Carril took exception: "We're no more than four hundred million to one."

Princeton rooters still swear that Kit Mueller, the Tiger center, was fouled on his last-second shot. No foul was called, and the Georgetown players ran off the court of the Providence Civic Center, fortunate not to have been Carril-ed.

Pete Carril and Princeton were an unlikely marriage. In 1967, when Butch van Breda Kolff, who was leaving Princeton to coach the Los Angeles Lakers, recommended Carril as his successor, he didn't believe that Carril had much of a chance for the job. "I told President Goheen I thought Petey was the best man he could find but that he probably wouldn't be hired. Petey just wasn't 'Princeton.'"

Precisely how not "Princeton"? "Well," van Breda Kolff, who coached Carril at Lafayette College, explains, "I knew Petey had been a great player and he really knew the game, but I was thinking about how he'd get along with the alumni. Petey's intense style takes

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some getting used to. He's not the most tactful guy in the world. Not the best dresser. He wasn't gray slacks and tasseled loafers. His shoes were scruffy. He was five feet six inches tall, had big floppy ears, and was going bald."

Carril's style is very much like that of Columbo, the TV detective. A rumpled little man, seemingly unfocused and rambling, Carril carries the same stubby cigar, uncanny intelligence, commitment to detail, and ferocious persistence that make the fictional sleuth so exasperatingly effective. Both cultivate underestimation as a way of surprising smug and superior opponents.

Carril's teams—absent players of the quality of Bill Bradley, a three-time All-American and then NBA star, who graduated shortly before Carril arrived—have been successful underdogs so often you'd think opponents would be on to him by now, and some of them are. But adversaries continue to underestimate his team, and the tenacious intelligence of Princeton's players keeps the Tigers very competitive against teams with more skillful athletes.

Carril, a recognized master of the "slow-down" game, employs an uncommonly disciplined offense that patiently waits to develop the best possible shot. Last season Princeton won nineteen of twenty-seven games but averaged only 58.3 points per game, a scoring pace equivalent to that of comparably successful teams twenty-five years ago. Pete Carril makes time stand still on a basketball court.

However, slow-down basketball is not necessarily a slower-paced game. The only thing that diminishes is the number of baskets scored. Players must move the ball and themselves continually; they must remain constantly alert to opportunities; they must be masters of deception.

PRINCETON IS AN automatic underdog when it plays any major basketball school, because its stringent recruiting rules limit it to players of high academic achievement. Academic excellence doesn't preclude basketball excellence, of course, but the pool of players who can maintain both is minuscule. "We have something called an AI [academic index] that tells us which kids might be accepted for admission," explains Bill Carmody, who has been Carril's assistant for the past seven years. "The entire Ivy League uses it. It's a complicated formula, but basically it weighs SATs, Achievement Exams, and class standing. We can't even look at kids who aren't top flight academically."

Carril puts it this way: "Sometimes I'll see a kid I'd love to have here and who would love to come. He's smart and capable of doing the work, but I know they're going to shoot him down at Admissions."

Since no athletic scholarships are offered at Princeton—only financial aid on the basis of family need—exceptionally talented players who meet the school's high academic standards tend to be drawn to schools like Duke and Virginia, which play big-time basketball, offer a fine education, *and* give full athletic scholarships.

Most of the young men who play for Carril are essentially culls left by recruiters from major basketball programs. They are rarely superb runners and jumpers, don't have extremely elongated or muscular bodies, aren't what most college scouts call athletes. The trend among big-time college recruiters is to snap up a number of "athletes" and turn them loose to run, jump, "alley-oop," and slam-dunk the ball in what is known as the running, or full-court, game. It is flashy, fast-break, high-scoring basketball, exciting for the fans to watch and easy for coaches to instruct.

After his initial success at Princeton, Carril had a few offers to coach at some of the larger basketball schools, and for much more money than he was making at Princeton. (Some of the prestige college coaching jobs now pay more than $500,000; Carril makes a small fraction of that.) A combination of comfort and scruples has kept him at Princeton. He says, "I guess it's possible to run a clean program at a big-time school; it's almost impossible not to here."

Critics argue that Carril would not have been effective at a big-time school, that he can only coach overachievers to play slow-down basketball. Since he'll probably never accept an opportunity to prove otherwise, the point is moot, but Carril has no doubts. "Of course I could coach talent, but they'd be a team when I got done, not a collection of stars."

When Carril evaluates a high school player, he looks first for something oth-

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er coaches tend to undervalue. "Passing's the key," Carril says. "If a kid can pass, it means he can see the floor. That means he can also see to cut, can see to screen, can see to clear an area. If I get myself these kinds of players, we can win with the cerebral game. It's the only kind of basketball that interests me."

Another important consideration for Carril is individual decision-making. "Mostly the game comes down to a situation where each player must decide to shoot, pass, or dribble. I like the kid who knows the right thing to do in most situations, and can do it."

Carril also values character very highly. "A person's character is right there in his game; you can't miss it. He's either smart or dumb, selfish or unselfish, honest or phony. A few years ago I went to see a high school player I liked, and he ended up not playing very much, fouling out of the game early. But he was off the bench rooting for his teammates. Afterward his father said to me, 'I guess you probably aren't interested in him anymore.' I said, 'Are you kidding? I want him more than ever.' He turned out to be a light bulb for me. That's what I call a kid who loves to play and play hard. I was a light bulb for Butch at Lafayette. Every time a light bulb walks into my gym, I come alive."

Once Carril has been energized, his chief task is to teach players how to run his constant-motion, possession offense. Rarely does a Princeton player have the virtuoso ability to work himself free in a one-on-one situation—nor would Carril be interested in such individualism. "This is still a team game, five individuals trying to find the right combination between the individual and collective parts." Since Carril hardly ever recruits stars, he rarely has ego problems on his teams.

WHEN YOU SEE his constant-motion offense, you suddenly realize why Carril values passing and ball-handling skills. Very few other college teams have the ability to move the ball and individual players as well or as long as Princeton does. Since most players can execute defense intensely and well for only about twenty-five or thirty seconds, the chances of a defensive breakdown, and a better shot, increase with the duration of the Princeton players' patience. Another

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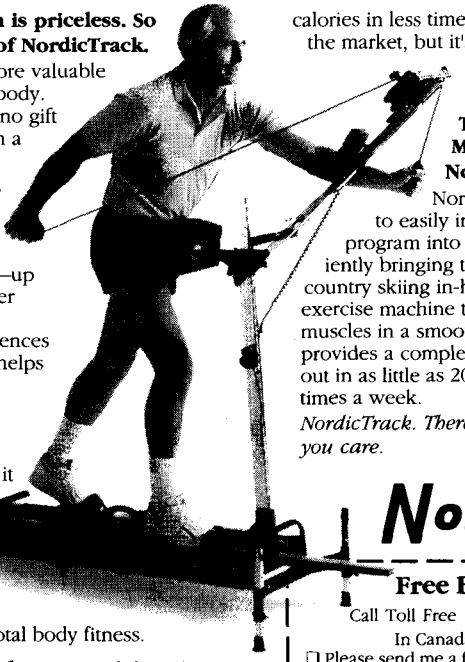

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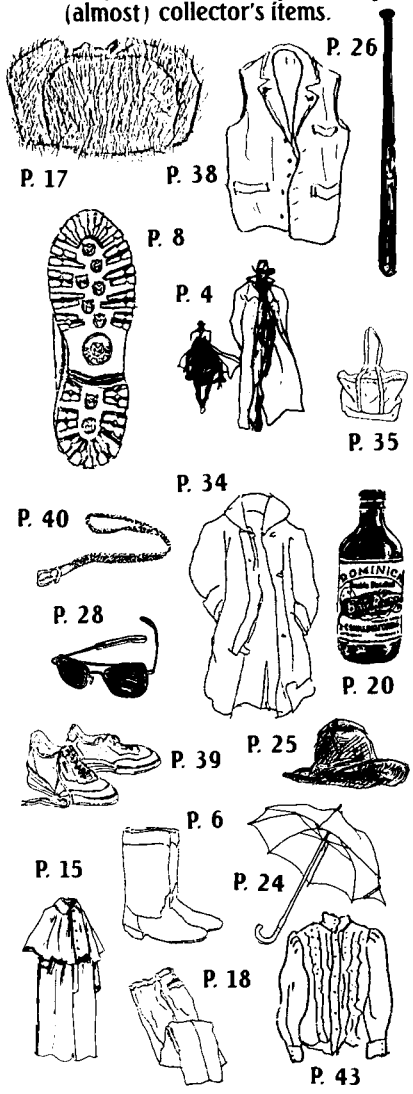

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advantage, according to Carril, is that "when we've got the ball, the other team isn't scoring, and that evens things up quite a bit."

Last season Princeton's tenacious zone defense led the nation, allowing an average of only 53 points. "Defense," Carril declares, "is desire. It's pure character. Anyone who wants to can play tough defense. If you react to ball movement a microsecond faster than usual and keep your hands up, they have to try another pass, then still another. Most teams can't pass well or be patient, so they'll eventually rush a shot, and we've won the battle." Carril squeezes those microseconds out of his players with torturous practice sessions.

Most observers assumed that the forty-five-second clock (requiring a team to attempt a shot within that time), adopted by the NCAA in 1985, would finish Carril's cerebral game. "Actually," Carril says, "it hasn't changed anything. Forty-five seconds is a long, long time. We hardly ever used to hold the ball longer than that."

Princeton forwards, who tend to operate out of the corners, sometimes gliding out to the backcourt to replace guards who have cut through, sometimes running across the middle of the court to clear out a side, are active agents of Carril's deception. If one of them is being overplayed or has lulled a defender into false anticipation, he will suddenly flash to the basket along the baseline and, if he's a step ahead of the defender, receive a pass from the center for a lay-up. It's called "going back door," a tactic almost as old as basketball but rarely attempted by most teams these days, because of the patience, timing, and subtle passing skills involved. No modern players have ever back-doored better than Carril's, who continually practice the play.

Preparing for Princeton's back-door play is almost impossible, because the play tends to exploit a good defender's deep-seated aggressive instincts. "Every time you move the ball toward a guy who is very closely guarded," Carril explains, "the back door is there, as long as you don't run it to death." Princeton's back-door maneuvering figured crucially in the ten easy lay-ups the team earned in the first half of the Georgetown game, precisely because the Hoyas are extremely aggressive defensively.

To be effective, Carril's offense must attain an error-free character that is difficult for most players to achieve and maintain. Carril gets his players to attain it by insisting on attention to detail. Almost any other coach would be satisfied with a player's driving through the middle and passing the ball to an open teammate. Not Carril. He expects such a pass to be delivered nowhere but to the player's shooting hand, so that the ball can be caught and released quickly and efficiently.

Carril works on such details by the hour, and this is not usually a pleasant experience for the team. The world may see Carril as an engaging elf; his players know better. In addition to endless repetition, repeat offenders face a constant stream of vicious needling and occasional browbeating. This, too, fits Carril's world view: "It's old-fashioned, I know, but I've always believed that the sterner the discipline, the greater the devotion. That's the way it worked for me, at least."

John Thompson's respect for Carril had been established long before Carril gave him the scare of his coaching career in last year's NCAA tournament. Thompson says, "My feelings about Princeton can be summed up this way: I sent my son [John Thompson III] to play for Pete. If I did not think a lot of him, my son would never have gone to Princeton. I paid for that, and he could have gone to Georgetown for free. I think as a man and as a coach, he's excellent."

Since only one player has graduated from last season's Ivy League champion team, fans assume that this year's team will be a very good one too. Carril is not sure. "The player I lost was my light bulb, Bobby Scrabis." Does he have another? "Maybe Kit Mueller, if I can get him—and myself—to turn up the wattage."

As successful as Carril's tenure has been at Princeton, attendance at Jadwin Gymnasium in recent years hasn't been what it once was. "The character of the student body has changed," he told me. "I asked a female runner why she didn't come to our games. She asked me why I didn't come to her cross-country meets. How could I argue with that?" Then Carril smiled slyly and said, "But the crowds are starting to come back again." He chuckled like a villain. "They just can't resist the cerebral game." □

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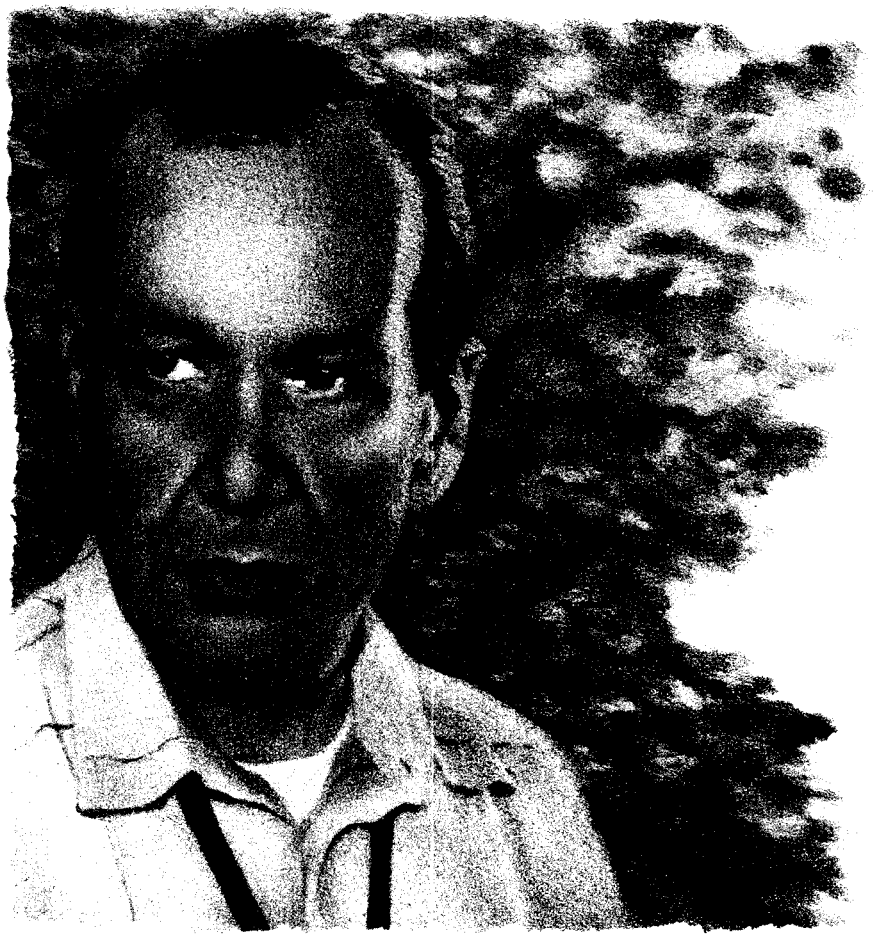

An American in Paris

The soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy has always gone his own way

by Francis Davis

I ONCE HEARD A radio interviewer introduce the soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, who was born in New York in 1934 and has lived in Paris since 1970, as a musician who has played every jazz style from the most archaic to the most advanced. Yes, but not exactly. It's true that Lacy started off as a Dixieland revivalist in the mid-fifties, only to wind up in the forefront of the jazz avant-garde before the decade was out. But his evolution hardly parallels that of jazz, because he skipped a crucial step in between—and this is part of what makes him such an original. He was briefly a sideman with Thelonious Monk in 1960, and he has since distinguished himself as Monk's most steadfast interpreter. But Lacy has never really played bop, the dominant style now as in the 1950s, when he began his career.

Lacy has always gone his own way. Even his choice of instrument contributes to his individuality. Sidney Bechet, the first great jazz soloist (he preceded Louis Armstrong), favored soprano saxophone over clarinet, and the alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges frequently played soprano with the Duke Ellington Orchestra in the thirties and forties. But until Lacy recorded with the pianist Cecil Taylor in 1955, the long straight horn, which looks more like a clarinet than a saxophone, had no credibility in modern jazz. Even now that many alto and tenor saxophonists double on soprano, Lacy is one of very few musicians playing it exclusively. Its newfound popularity has little to do with him, except indirectly: he piqued the interest of the late John Coltrane, whose 1960 recording of "My Favorite Things" made him the dominant influence on the horn—though Coltrane never achieved the fluency on it that he had on tenor saxophone, his main instrument.

Soprano is the most antagonistic member of the saxophone family, the most difficult to tame and keep in tune. "It took a certain combination of ignorance and courage," Lacy told me last spring about his decision to play soprano, when he was back in the States for an engagement at Sweet Basil, in New York. "I didn't know it was hard to play. I didn't know it wasn't being used, and I didn't know I wouldn't get gigs with it." The trombonist and critic Michael Zwerin, Lacy's friend and fellow expatriate in France, has said that Lacy now gives the impression of playing soprano *despite* its popularity.

In contrast to the snake-charmer drone of Coltrane's many imitators, Lacy's tonal flexibility makes him sound as distinctive now as he must have in the late fifties, when the soprano's virgin status disguised the influence of the tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins on Lacy's phrasing and sense of improvisational design. Bechet was his first inspiration. Lacy told me that what he responded to, on first hearing Bechet's 1941 recording of Ellington's "The Mooche," was Bechet's "*throb*—the vitality, the intensity, the passion, the sheer sound." In that sense Lacy, too, has a throb, although his quicker vibrato and his penchant for sustained notes that are implicitly microtonal make it more of a flutter. His sound is centered in his fingers rather than his throat, but is no less seductive or vocal in pitch for it. He says that Monk once admonished him to "stop playing the piano part"—Monk's typically cryptic way of telling him that his solos were becoming harmonically overcrowded. Lacy obviously took this advice to

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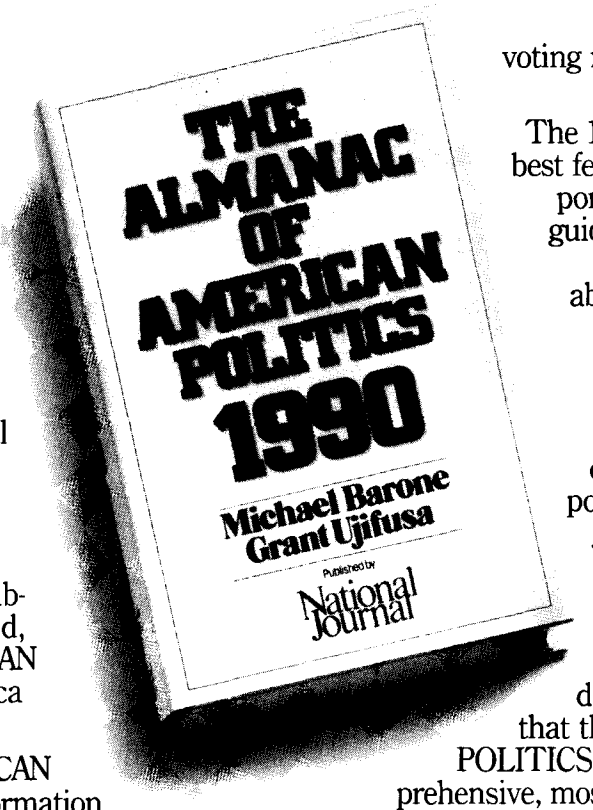

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heart: like Monk, he makes structural use of silence, often seeming to measure rhythm as the distance between notes. Once you've heard Lacy, there's no mistaking him for anyone else. His timbre and his attack, the way he lands on notes, are brisk, tart, and comically threatening—like a duck calling your name, as the British jazz critic Richard Cook described it.

LACY'S CAREER, like that of any musician, can be broken into tidy biographical chapters, but it's the continuity between chapters that gives his work its integrity. Recently reissued, *The Complete Jaguar Sessions* (Fresco Jazz FJ-1)—a two-record set of Lacy's first recordings, made when he was a member of the trumpeter Dick Sutton's sextet—reveals that there was something suspiciously progressive about Lacy's brand of revivalism in 1954. In contrast to most traditional bands of the period, whose players took stubborn pride in how *few* pop songs they knew, Sutton and Lacy's repertoire included "A Foggy Day," "As Long as I Live," and "How About You," to cite three songs that no New Orleans brass band would think of blowing on its way back from a funeral.

Sutton's group had more in common with the original Gerry Mulligan Quartet than with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band: it was piano-less, its pivot was a baritone saxophone, and it experimented with shadings and dynamics. Lacy wasn't exactly taking a blind leap when he joined Cecil Taylor two years later to play a nascent form of free jazz, or when he formed a band in 1962 with the trombonist Roswell Rudd (another former revivalist), which eventually played only Monk tunes.

In his two decades in Europe, Lacy has participated in chance improvisations and performed unaccompanied concerts. In the past decade he has also emerged as an ambitious and prolific composer, which is surprising, given that until he reached forty he was known strictly as a free improviser and an interpreter of Monk, Taylor, Gil Evans, Duke Ellington, and Billy Strayhorn. "I had to find out what music was before I could write my own music," Lacy told me, revealing an analytical bent also present in his improvisations, which tend to examine pitch and intervalic relationships. "I studied Stravinsky, Webern, Prokofiev, Ellington, Charlie Parker, and especially Monk."

As a composer, Lacy has revived the concept of combining jazz and poetry, although the designation "jazz and poetry," with its bad memories of bongos and berets, hardly does justice to Lacy's experiments with music and texts by Lao Tzu, Herman Melville, Samuel Beckett, Blaise Cendrars, William Burroughs, Brion Gysin, Robert Creeley, and Anne Waldman, among others. His partner in this endeavor is Irène Aebi, a Swiss-born singer who also plays violin and cello in his sextet and who has been his companion since 1966. The task of accommodating a singer has brought about subtle changes in Lacy's music, the most beneficial of which has been a return to something resembling song form.

But Lacy hasn't put free improvisation—or his studies of other composers—behind him. Although the pieces he writes for his sextet are no longer open-ended, there is plenty of room for leeway within them. When Lacy plays on his own, he still plays Monk. And although it has been almost three decades since he last worked with Cecil Taylor, the pianist's music still influences Lacy's own. "His scraps were really my vittles," Lacy once told an interviewer, meaning that he employs many strategies that Taylor has abandoned—improvisations on an unstated theme, for example, or what Lacy calls "cellular" improvisation on harmonic intervals or rhythmic motifs.

Lack of work drove Lacy from the United States in the late sixties. He and Aebi first went to Rome, where for two years they performed with groups mostly made up of amateurs. "I was writing music like I'm writing now, but I couldn't find anyone to play it," he said. "We went to Paris because I knew there would be good musicians there."

Lacy has a keen interest in developments in the other arts, and his experience as an American in Paris has thus been more like that traditionally associated with novelists and painters than like that of his fellow jazz expatriates. "It was that other stuff that attracted me too—all the arts, with a capital *A*," he told me. "I like to rub up against it." The audience for Lacy's music isn't much larger in Paris than it was in New York, but, as he pointed out, drawing an analogy to the visual arts, "You're considered a failure if you have an empty gallery in New York. In Paris

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you're not." Lacy's larger works—which involve dance and visuals, as well as texts—might not have been realized in the United States, where jazz remains somewhat isolated from the "fine" arts because of its low pedigree and its ancestral ties to show business. Lacy could even be called a French composer. Earlier this year he was commissioned by Jack Lang, the French Minister of Culture, to compose a piece for the French bicentennial, *Anthem Hymn on a Revolution*. Because Lacy is white, he has not experienced Europe as a haven from racism, as many black American musicians have. Still, race indirectly plays a part in his decision to remain in France. When I asked Lacy what it would take to bring him back to the United States permanently, he said, referring to two of the three black expatriates in his sextet, "You'd have to uproot my band, and my drummer and piano player might not want to come."

Keeping up with new developments back home and finding competent European sidemen—these are the challenges facing the typical jazz exile. But the first is of little concern to Lacy, who has never been in the mainstream anyway, and the second has long since ceased to be a worry, because he has kept a band together since the early seventies, with no changes in personnel since the expatriate American pianist Bobby Few joined in 1981. The group's other members, in addition to Lacy and Aebi, are the alto and soprano saxophonist Steve Potts, the drummer Oliver Johnson, and the French bassist Jean-Jacques Avenel. Paris is Lacy's gateway to the rest of the Continent. He performs with his sextet throughout Europe, and returns to the United States for a three- or four-week string of engagements once or twice a year. He wouldn't necessarily be in greater demand in the United States if he lived here year-round, and he would probably have to spend a good deal of time in Europe anyway, because that's where most of the work is for jazz musicians now.

EUROPE IS ALSO where the recording opportunities are, as Lacy's bulging discography confirms: he averages a half dozen or so albums a year for foreign labels. In the past two years these have included (not counting Lacy's dates as a sideman) two

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Israel and Human Rights

How does Israel behave in the face of Arab uprising?

The so-called "intifada," the uprising of the Arab population in the territories administered by Israel has been going on for almost two years. In that time, over 500 Arabs and many Israelis have been killed and wounded. The U.S. State Department, in its Report on Human Rights, has been critical of some aspects of Israel's human rights posture.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a society based on law. Every measure taken by civilian or millitary authorities is scrutinized by the country's legal authorities. In dealing with the "intifada," Israel is faced with a difficult problem—the uprising of a civilian population. This is a problem very similar to that faced by the British in Northern Ireland, by the Filipinos in its southern islands and the Spanish in the Basque provinces. Responsible government has the obligation to maintain order and to preserve law and to do so with as little loss of life and with as little injury to the civilian population as possible.

■ Israel has done just that. The loss of over 500 Arab and Jewish lives is of course a tragedy—every human life is precious. But seen in context, the number of casualties is really very small and a reflection on the care and restraint of the Israeli military. Israeli soldiers are confronted daily with violent riots—massive stoning and fire bombing of persons and moving vehicles, attacks with iron bars, chains, knives, Molotov cocktails and other lethal weapons. Such violence is meant to kill. Israeli soldiers and civilians have lost their lives. Almost 1300 Israelis have been injured, some of them critically.

■ The task of the IDF (Israeli Defense Forces) is made more difficult by the tactics of the Arabs in having their able-bodied adult men stay behind and having their children and their women confront the IDF. It is a no-win situation for the Israelis. They try to avoid death and injury at all cost. But death and injury are sometimes unavoidable in riot situations. Since Israel is an open society, reporters and television crews from all around the world have access to the happenings, quite a few of which are staged for their benefit. Obviously it is a public relations disaster for the Israelis to have the world see their troops confronting women and children. Those women and children, however, wish to inflect as much damage as they possibly can. They mean to kill.

■ The IDF, one of the finest armies in the world, is trained to defend the country's borders, and not for riot control. Therefore, almost inevitably, errors were made in the initial phases of the uprising. But from the very beginning, detailed instructions were given to the troops on how to react to any given provocation. The orders under which Israeli military personnel operate are specific and well known to every soldier. Those who break the rules are subject to military trial and punishment. The principles of restraint and gradual response are applied. Tear gas is used to control riots. Live bullets are fired only in life-threatening situations. But to some, every means of riot control used by the Israelis, including police batons or rubber or plastic bullets is objectionable.

■ Those residents of the territories who are suspected to have committed serious security offenses are dealt with in full accordance with international law and the humanitarian provisions of the Geneva Conventions. All residents have full access to the Israeli legal system—even to the Israeli Supreme Court. Prisons are unhappy places in every society. But Israeli prisons and detentions centers in which those arrested for security offenses are held, are fully comparable to and adhere to the standards of those in other advanced Western democracies. Certainly, not even the most rebellious Arab detainee in Israel would prefer to serve time in a Syrian, Jordanian, Iraqi or Saudi prison instead.

Within the context of massive human rights abuses throughout the Arab world, the focus on Israel seems to be entirely out of perspective. Other countries in the Middle East lack the most basic elements of human rights—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, free elections, equality for women, freedom of religion, freedom of association. Opponents, instead of facing television cameras, face execution. Those countries do not have to defend themselves against foes who are single-mindedly intent on their destruction. Yet, those nations do not draw the enormous degree of attention that Israel receives. Israel adheres to the highest moral and legal principles. It does so, surrounded though it is by implacable enemies, and consistent with its own security requirements and with its obligation to the international community to maintain law and order in the territories it administers.

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albums by his sextet, another with just the sextet's bassist and drummer, another with those musicians plus the alto and baritone saxophonist Charles Tyler, three solo albums (including one of Monk tunes), an album of five improvisations with his fellow soprano saxophonist Evan Parker, and three albums of duets with the pianists Gil Evans, Ulrich Gumpert, and Mal Waldron.

Fortunately, Lacy's strongest recent releases are those that are easiest to find in U.S. record shops. *Momentum* (RCA Novus 3021-1-N) and *The Door* (RCA Novus 3049-1-N) are his first U.S. releases since 1977, and his first ever for a major U.S. label. Both feature his sextet, and demonstrate his success in forming a band in his own likeness. Although Steve Potts's scattershot soprano solos are the antithesis of Lacy's, his alto solos sound like fatter and juicier versions of Lacy's soprano ones. Bobby Few is a splashy pianist given to heavy chording and semi-classical allusions; he should be all wrong for Lacy's band, but the density and extravagance of his playing effectively counterbalance Lacy's austerity. Avenel and Johnson are an impeccable, close-knit rhythm team.

Lacy excepted, the member of the group who best defines its sound is Aebi, whose singing—a not always blissful marriage of *Sprechstimme* and scat—takes some getting used to. In the past Aebi has often sounded uncomfortable singing in English. On *Futurities* (hat Art 2022), the only one of Lacy's large-scale collaborative works available on record, Aebi's absurdly trochaic declamation undermined the offbeat colloquialism of Robert Creeley's poetry—though, to be fair about it, Lacy was also to blame for the rigidity of his settings. Aebi's singing forces her to put down her strings, thus depriving the group of the illusion of a third horn that she creates with her deliciously sour violin.

Momentum's vocal tracks—Brion Gysin's translation of an Islamic poem, Herman Melville's "Art," and Giulia Nicolai's "Utah"—are surprisingly gratifying, perhaps because the texts are unfamiliar and one has no preconceived notion of how they should be declaimed, or perhaps because Lacy is becoming steadily more confident in exploiting Aebi's theatricality. The most finely wrought of the instrumental tracks is "The Bath," a blues in which Lacy and Potts converge in slightly sharp unison on the main theme before pulling apart on the canonlike bridge. "The Bath" exemplifies another valuable lesson that Lacy absorbed from Monk: "He used to tell me the inside of a tune was what made the outside sound good. I've never heard a better explanation of the function served by a bridge."

The Door, which is all instrumental, includes themes by Monk, Ellington and Strayhorn, Bud Powell, and George Handy, in addition to three compositions of his own that Lacy has recorded before in different settings. The full sextet performs only on Ellington and Strayhorn's "Virgin Beauty," on which the late Sam Woodyard, once Ellington's drummer, makes a cameo appearance, combining with Johnson for an irresistible exotic groove. Avenel provides an effortless, hammocklike swing on Monk's "Ugly Beauty." Potts deftly expands a simple rhythmic motif into austere complexity on Lacy's "Blinks," and Few sparkles throughout the album.

But Lacy himself is the reason this is a memorable album. On "Clichés," with Avenel creating an appropriately hypnotic backdrop on African thumb piano, Lacy quietly plays overblown and split notes of the sort that most saxophonists would scream. The performance is a veritable inventory of the freak effects the saxophone is capable of in the wake of John Coltrane, but it's also an exercise in subtlety. Lacy and Few's duet on "Forgetful," a George Handy ballad originally recorded by the Boyd Raeburn Orchestra in 1945, is even better. Experimental for its era but rather dated-sounding now, the Raeburn recording surrounded David Allen's Sinatra-like vocal with a discordant cackle that Lacy wisely ignores in penetrating to the song's melodic heart. Avoiding sentimentality by calling attention to the melody's steep inclines and by exploiting the soprano saxophone's natural tendency to buzz, Lacy offers little more than straightforward embellishments. But in the vitality and character it projects, this is a modern ballad interpretation to place beside those of such old masters as Johnny Hodges and Ben Webster. It's one of Lacy's finest recorded performances, in what has been an exemplary career. □

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The Novel as Status Symbol

by Alexander Stille

FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM
by Umberto Eco.
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $22.95.

UMBERTO ECO'S first novel, *The Name of the Rose,* was one of the most astonishing publishing successes of the 1980s. A 500-page historical detective story set in a medieval monastery, laced with quotations in Latin and abstruse theological debates, it sold nine million copies in twenty-four languages. Eco's American publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, is betting heavily that the book's success was not a fluke. Whereas it bought *The Name of the Rose* for a mere $4,000, reportedly Harcourt paid well over $1 million for *Foucault's Pendulum*. Eco has increased the stakes by writing a novel whose density and intellectual complexity make *The Name of the Rose* seem like beach reading.

Last June, Eco—a medieval scholar and a professor of semiotics at Italy's University of Bologna—stood on the dais of the cavernous ballroom in the Washington Hilton before a crowd of more than a thousand American booksellers.

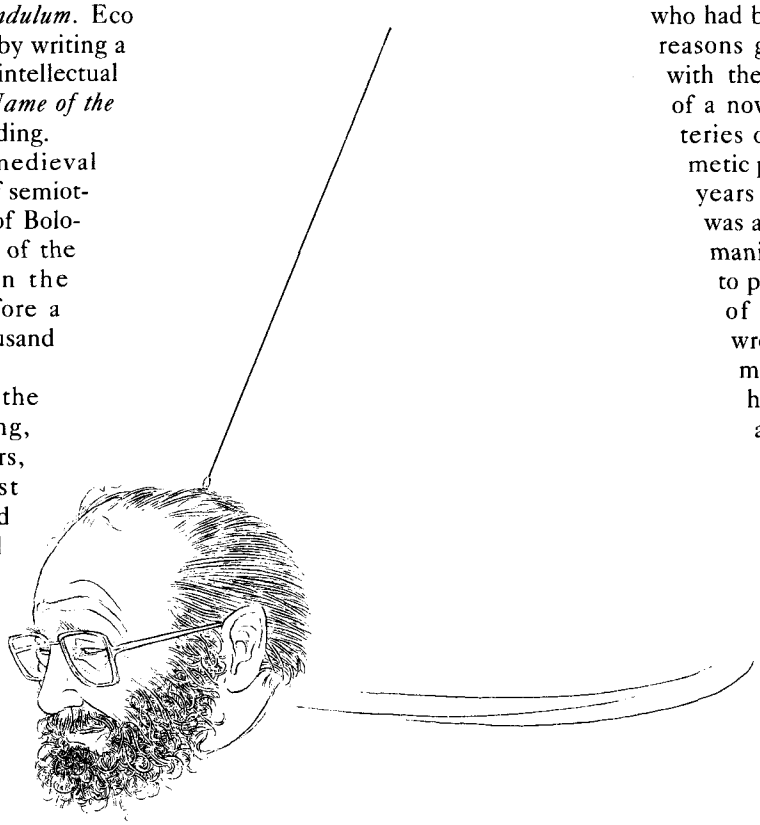
In open defiance of the usual laws of marketing, Eco told the booksellers, he had written his first novel for about a thousand readers and had decided to write the second for five hundred. "With my first book I was criticized for putting in too many quotations in Latin, so I started my new book with a long quotation in Hebrew. That's my challenge." But Eco is not a naive professor who was catapulted to stardom by an unlikely turn of fate. As a professor of semiotics (the theory of signs), a former publishing executive, a journalist, and the author of some twenty books, Eco is an expert on mass media and the machinery of popular fiction. "The world of media is full of free gifts, wash-and-wear philosophy, and instant ecstasy," he explained to the booksellers. "Readers want a little more; they want to be discouraged in order to be respected."

Eco has invented the literary equivalent of Studio 54, making exclusivity a point of attraction. The Hebrew quotation that begins *Foucault's Pendulum* serves the same function that the line outside the discotheque did. Excluding readers seems to make them only more eager to be admitted.

SINCE ITS PUBLICATION in Italy last fall *Foucault's Pendulum* has provided several new twists to what has come to be known as the Eco phenomenon. The novel has sold more quickly than any book in Italian publishing history, while becoming the center of a fierce national controversy.

Rumors that Eco was working on the book were eagerly picked up by the Italian press as early as two years before the book appeared. Fearful that advance publicity would cheapen the book's image and dilute the impact of publication, Eco and his publisher tried to keep the book under tight wraps as long as possible, releasing its title and nothing more. If the strategy was intended to prevent prepublication publicity, it backfired. In a fever of curiosity, the Italian newspapers competed ferociously in acts of journalistic espionage, trying to obtain pirated copies of the novel and writing articles based on leaks, rumors, and thirdhand information. Anticipation built to such an extent that when the book finally appeared, 500,000 copies were sold before the first buyers had a chance to grapple with it and tell their friends what they thought.

But within several weeks the Eco phenomenon boomeranged. Readers who had bought the book for faddish reasons gave up when confronted with the labyrinthine complexities of a novel that explores the mysteries of the Jewish cabala, hermetic philosophy, and a thousand years of esoteric thought. Eco was accused of having shrewdly manipulated the press in a plot to push sales. "Eco is a genius of our culture," one critic wrote, "a genius of self-promotion." To his dismay, Eco has become a kind of literary Midas: everything he does makes news and sells copies. Even his decision not to appear on television was perceived as another clever maneuver to attract attention. But the attacks, predictably, only had the effect of selling more copies. The same papers that were busy creating the Eco phenomenon



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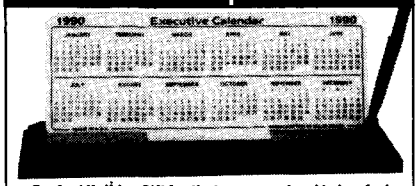

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were often the ones denouncing it: the Milanese newsweekly *Epoca* published a long extract from the book and in the same issue put the author's picture on the cover with the headline "TROPPO ECO" ("TOO MUCH ECO").

Lost amid all the hype and controversy is the book itself, a highly ambitious but not altogether successful novel that is far less well suited to the role of best seller than was *The Name of the Rose*. Underneath the scholarly dress of *The Name of the Rose* beats the heart of a standard detective novel—it is no accident that it was adapted into a Hollywood movie starring Sean Connery. *Foucault's Pendulum* is almost the opposite: a genuinely serious (and genuinely difficult) book masquerading as a detective novel. *Rose* has a conventional narrative structure, with a single story that unfolds over the course of a week; *Foucault's Pendulum* is a sprawling and structurally innovative novel that moves back and forth in time, and in and out of various literary genres, in emulation of James Joyce's *Ulysses* (about which Eco has written extensively).

It is difficult to make a single, overall assessment of *Foucault's Pendulum*, precisely because it is several books wrapped up in one, some more successful than others. It is, simultaneously, a realistic novel of the Second World War, a contemporary novel about the failures and disillusionment of Italy's revolutionary left, a comic satire of the Milan publishing world, a history of Western mysticism, and a detective story set in the lunatic fringe of occult sects. At the same time, it is a study of literary creation, which looks inside the computer of the book's main character and examines the process of writing *Foucault's Pendulum*. The novel's structure embodies its mystical subject matter: it is divided into ten parts—named for the ten *sephirot* (or "lights") of the Jewish cabala—and 120 chapters (120 being a number of special significance in mystical numerology).

The book begins at the end, as the narrator, Casaubon, hides inside the French museum where the Pendulum of Foucault hangs. (The Pendulum was invented in 1851 by the French physicist Léon Foucault to demonstrate the earth's rotation and, in fact, hangs today in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in Paris.) Casaubon's friend and colleague Jacopo Belbo has been kidnapped by an occult sect, and Casaubon believes that something terrible will happen under the Pendulum at midnight.

The rest of the book is an attempt to explain what has led the two characters to this desperate pass. When they first met, in 1972, Belbo was an editor at a small Milan publishing house called Garamond, and Casaubon was a university student writing a dissertation on the medieval Knights Templars, the religious order that fought in the Crusades but was brutally liquidated by the King of France in 1307.

Unlike Eco's first novel, *Foucault's Pendulum* contains a strong autobiographical element. The central character, Belbo, like Eco himself, is a skeptical intellectual from the northern region of Piedmont. Both were born in 1932, members of what Belbo calls the wrong generation: too young to have fought in the war or in the anti-Fascist resistance, but too old to have participated in the student movement of the late 1960s. One of the pleasant surprises of the novel is that Belbo's autobiographical writings (which Casaubon reads on Belbo's computer disks) reveal Eco to be a realistic novelist of genuine talent. The scenes of the final days of the Second World War, which draw on Eco's adolescent experiences, have an elegiac beauty and warmth that are a welcome contrast to the artificiality and cold cerebral tone of other sections.

Equally successful is Eco's comic portrait of the publishing world, which he knows well from his years as an editor at Milan's Bompiani. Belbo and his colleagues relieve the boredom and futility of their jobs by inventing courses for an imaginary School of Comparative Irrelevance specializing in useless or impossible subjects such as the history of agriculture in Antarctica, crowd psychology in the Sahara, contemporary Sumerian literature, Morse syntax, and urban planning for nomads.

Casaubon becomes involved with the publishing house when a potential author arrives with a book on his favorite subject, the Knights Templars. The author, Colonel Ardenti, claims to have proof that the Templars never disbanded but went underground and devised an elaborate plan according to which their descendants would reunite every 120 years, with the final aim of gaining

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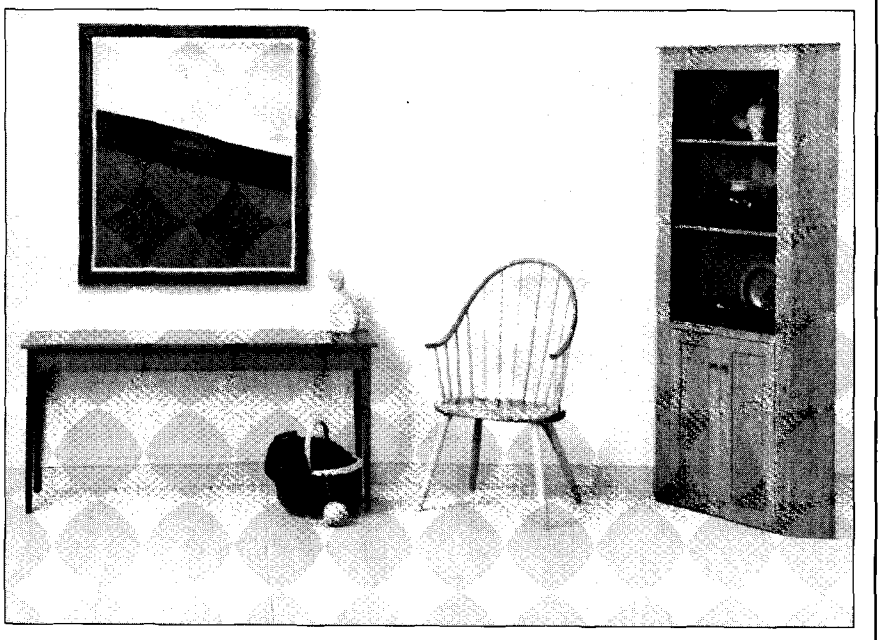
world domination. Before Belbo and Casaubon are able to read his manuscript, the colonel disappears under suspicious circumstances.

When a brief investigation ends inconclusively, the editors forget about Ardenti's disappearance and Casaubon moves to Brazil. Several years later he returns to Milan to find Italy completely changed. The idealism and revolutionary fervor of the 1970s have given way in the 1980s to terrorism, disillusionment, and escapism. To exploit a new boom in mysticism and astrology, Garamond begins publishing a line of occult books. As Casaubon, who has been hired by the publishing company, and Belbo wade through the avalanche of oddball manuscripts, they amuse themselves by outlining an occult book of their own. Recalling Colonel Ardenti's story, they rewrite the entire history of esoteric thought as the fulfillment of the Templars' secret plan. The quest for the Holy Grail, the cabala, German Rosicrucianism, English Freemasonry, the secret teachings of the Jesuits, and even Nazism are interpreted as efforts to acquire a map the Templars have hidden. The map is supposed to reveal a point on the earth from which its geology can be controlled—giving the owner the power to create or destroy entire continents.

When members of a modern-day occult sect get wind of the plan and take it seriously, Belbo starts to believe it might be real. Belbo is lured to Paris, where he is executed in a satanic rite underneath Foucault's Pendulum.

In preparing *Foucault's Pendulum*, Eco assembled a library of some 1,500 volumes on black magic, astrology, alchemy, and mysticism. He has stuffed as much of his library of esoterica as would fit between the covers of *Foucault's Pendulum*, including a list of 720 variations in the Hebrew name of God, the mathematical dimensions of the Egyptian pyramids, the prophecies of Nostradamus, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and the rituals of the Brazilian macumba. Several characters are little more than talking encyclopedias of the occult, and their long monologues have all the narrative excitement of the average Ph.D. dissertation.

Although scholarship is supposed to be Eco's forte, the erudite sections of *Foucault's Pendulum* are perhaps the



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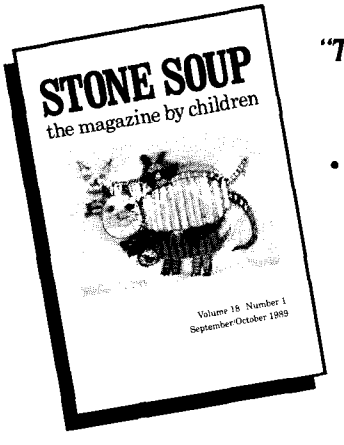

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weakest elements of the book. His affection for medieval philosophy made some of the theological disputes in *The Name of the Rose* come alive, but Eco fails to do the same with esoteric thought. By linking every disparate occult movement and secret society into a single crackpot conspiracy, Eco makes all the groups he examines seem monotonously similar and equally absurd.

In order for the novel to work, Belbo and Casaubon's plan must seem compelling and at least partly plausible, both because Belbo is eventually seduced by it and because we are forced to read about it for roughly half of the book's 656 pages. Instead, it is about as convincing (and as interesting to read) as Lyndon LaRouche's conspiracy theories. Even Eco's publisher, Valentino Bompiani, admits that one of his first reactions to the book was that it needed rigorous cutting.

But just as one is about to throw up one's hands in exasperation over a long digression, Eco will return suddenly with one of the many flashes of brilliance that almost redeem the novel's tedious stretches. Interest invariably picks up when the novel returns to Belbo's personal experiences. Indeed, one often wishes that Eco had centered the book more on Belbo. But as a literary modernist, Eco is determined not to write simply a realistic novel. Instead, he has produced a post-modern novel, which combines various literary forms and is both a story and its own interpretive guide. As Eco explained in an interview last June, "It was important for me that Belbo was a blocked writer. This allowed me to make the story of the novel the story of how the novel was written."

Defending the obscurity of his novels and the scholarly quotations strewn through them, Eco insists that he is creating a participatory experience for the reader similar to that of his characters. Since the characters plow through piles of occult nonsense, so must the readers of *Foucault's Pendulum*. "Even in my scholarly work, I have always operated on the theory of the modern reader as a reader constructed by the work," Eco says. "The reader has to undergo a sort of ordeal in order to become what the book wants. . . . I am always a little discouraged by people who say 'But I don't understand Latin'. . . . if I wanted you to understand it I would have translated it. . . . Sometimes difficult ideas and passages are put there as magic spells."

The ideas that underlie *Foucault's Pendulum* are extremely interesting, but often they are more intriguing to contemplate in the abstract than to experience on the written page. The result is that *Foucault's Pendulum* is more a brilliant idea for a novel than a fully satisfying creation.

IRONICALLY, *Foucault's Pendulum* has indeed created its own kind of reader, but not one that Eco likes very much. He laments, "People who bought the novel [in Italy] don't care a thing about it, while others who might have been genuinely interested didn't buy it for the same reasons that I wouldn't have—because of all the publicity."

One Italian magazine reported that only 20 percent of the people who bought the book have bothered to read it. Finding even that figure suspiciously high, the magazine quizzed people who claimed to have read the book and found that most could not recall key incidents in the novel. The Eco phenomenon provides an example of a trend in modern publishing: the unread best seller.

Eco blames this sorry state of affairs on the excessive publicity given the book in Italy. He notes that *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum* sold in completely different ways: Although *Rose* was an instant best seller, its sales built steadily and gradually, indicating that its success was at least partly based on word of mouth. *Foucault's Pendulum* sold in a single avalanche, in direct response to the media blitz.

But Eco bears some of the responsibility too. His willful obscurity invariably plays on snob appeal and the intellectual insecurity of a public increasingly alienated from written culture. His books tap into the same pool of readers who bought E. D. Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy*, another book that holds out the prospect of initiating the reader into an elite group of cognoscenti. One Italian critic protested that no one wanted to admit that he didn't enjoy *Foucault's Pendulum*, because Italians are "as terrified of being thought unintelligent as of being considered sexually inexperienced."

Whether Eco likes it or not, he is bound by the logic of the marketplace,

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according to which the only way to sell difficult scholarly novels is to play on their status value. Eco insists that he wants *Foucault's Pendulum* to be judged in the United States on its merits, unmagnified by the lens of publicity. But with the amount of money that's at stake, that is clearly impossible. Harcourt Brace has planned a first printing of 250,000 copies and a six-figure advertising budget, and it is bringing Eco here to help with promotion. The Literary Guild has paid at least $100,000 to make the novel a main selection of its book club, and the bidding for the paperback rights to the novel is to begin at $925,000. Almost inevitably, *Foucault's Pendulum* will be a prisoner of the Eco phenomenon, unlikely to reach the relatively small audience who might appreciate its innovations, and destined to be sold as a blockbuster mystery to confused chain-bookstore customers too intimidated by its aura of intellectual authority to protest. □

The Compleat Historian

by William Leuchtenburg

THE FUTURE OF THE PAST: Historical Writings
by C. Vann Woodward.
Oxford University Press, $24.95.

NO ONE WHO WAS there that night will ever forget the stormy Washington convention of the American Historical Association in December, 1969, where hundreds of usually mild-mannered professors jostled one another for a chance to vent their rage at the Vietnam War or racial injustice while others, no less intransigent, sought to prevent them from politicizing the profession. "Vann Woodward," *The New Republic* reported, "presided over the cacophony with the puzzled air of a kindly Southern judge at a hearing for psychiatric commitment." Quite so. But what that account neglects to say is that he alone could command the respect of both the warring factions. For C. Vann Woodward, now Emeritus Sterling Professor of History at Yale University, has been regarded by many for quite some time as, in the words of one recent assessment, "the most significant historian of our age."

The Future of the Past offers an excellent opportunity for readers unacquainted with Woodward's work to become familiar with it, and even historians who think they know it well will be rewarded by a rereading. The book collects his addresses, occasional papers, and review essays of the past generation; it is organized into subsections, with new commentaries by the author, around topics such as comparative history and reinterpretations. All the pieces have appeared before, save for a "counterfactual" speculation on Reconstruction and a tribute to his longtime friend Robert Penn Warren, in a segment in which he importunes historians to be more open to the relevance of fiction to their craft.

An assemblage of papers is not the highest art form, and at times the book does not hold together quite as well as does one of Woodward's narratives. Since each of the contributions was originally written as a discrete essay, without any notion that it would eventually be called upon to serve as a chapter, there are, inevitably, some repeated thoughts. And readers may quarrel with some of the author's arguments. Not everyone, for example, will be persuaded by his vindication of Mary Chesnut's "diary," a re-creation long after the event. Yet what is striking about this volume is not the few flaws, which are minor, but the consistently high quality.

Confronted by such a cornucopia, some readers may be inclined to read selectively, and they can do no better than to begin with the presidential address Woodward delivered to that turbulent gathering of the AHA in the Christmas season of 1969. "The Future of the Past," the oration from which the book's title is drawn, gives a taste of the themes that are to come—distrust of faddishness, disapproval of seeking comfort in reassuring myths, and insistence on the need for self-scrutiny. Woodward twitted his listeners about "the current vogue of combining Cavalier hairstyles with Roundhead earnestness"; cautioned them against being ensnared in what the historian Roy F. Nichols once called "the clutches of heedless optimism";

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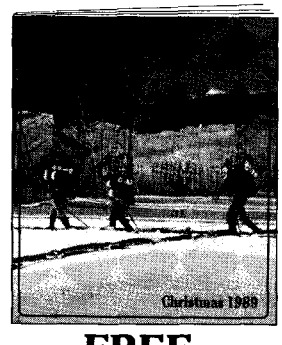

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and, above all, urged historians always to be ready to rethink their premises. "Deafness or indifference toward criticism of the guild, whether it comes from artists, scientists, or philosophers, or from our own students, would appear to be singularly perilous at this time," he declared. "The last resort of Philistinism would be for professional historians to take refuge from intellectual problems and critical attacks in what remains of popular sentimentality and nostalgia about the past."

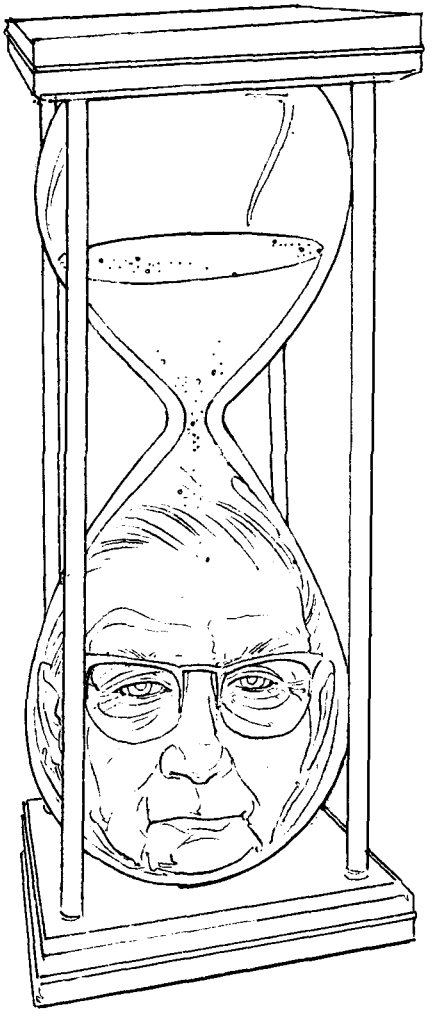
Throughout the volume Woodward laments that "historians wind up talking to each other or to themselves." He adds, "They forget, in their absorption with the past, that it is the quick and not the dead they are addressing. The dead, of course, could not care less, and the quick tend to lose interest if they are not themselves addressed." In like manner, in his absorbing essay "The Age of Reinterpretation," in which, characteristically, he dares to take on the most obstinate historical problems, he exhorts his colleagues to cope with the issues raised by an age of accelerated change. "If historians evade such questions," he warns,

> people will turn elsewhere for answers, and modern historians will qualify for the definition that Tolstoy once formulated for academic historians of his own day. He called them deaf men replying to questions that nobody puts to them.

In the same year that Woodward spoke to the American Historical Association, he had the honor of giving another presidential address, this time to the Organization of American Historians. Recalling the circumstances of this speech before a gathering of specialists in the history of the United States, Woodward remarks: "Who can forget the academic scene of those times? Dashikis were the uniform of the day, Swahili the *lingua franca*, Afros the prevailing hair style, and jive talk the medium of intellectual discourse." He knew what his colleagues had come to hear, but that was not what he was prepared to tell them.

In his talk on that occasion, "Clio With Soul," Woodward acknowledged that "the Negro . . . has understandable causes for dissatisfaction" even with respect to well-disposed whites.

> For however sympathetic they may be, white historians with few exceptions are primarily concerned with the moral, social, political, and economic problems of white men and their past. They are prone to present to the Negro as *his* history the record of what the white man believed, thought, legislated, did and did not do *about* the Negro.



But, he insisted, "Negro history is too important to be left entirely to Negro historians. To disqualify historians from writing Negro history on the grounds of race is to subscribe to an extreme brand of racism." "Misguided," too, he went on,

> are impulses of self-flagellation and guilt that encourage the deprecation of all things European or white in our civilization and turn its history into a chorus of *mea culpas*. The demagoguery, the cant, and the charlatanry of historians in the service of a fashionable cause can at times rival that of politicians.

Historians were to keep in mind "that the charlatans and knaves and rakehells of Malcolm X's Harlem were probably as numerous as their white counterparts and represent a neglected field of Negro history."

The whimsicality implicit in that observation led naturally to his next point—an expression of hope "that white as well as black historians will reserve some place for irony as well as for humor." He continued:

> If so, they will risk the charge of heresy by pointing out in passing that Haiti, the first Negro republic of modern history, though born of a slave rebellion, promptly established and for a long time maintained an oppressive system of forced labor remarkably similar to state slavery. . . .

And the second Negro republic, Liberia, "ruled by former slaves from the United States, established a flourishing African slave trade." He also found "suspect" the assumption that the subject may only be approached solemnly.

> Anything so full of tears as the black experience, and anything so full of the absurd as the relations between the races in America, cannot be wholly devoid of existential laughter.

"They did not shout me down," Woodward writes of that evening when he spoke to the OAH in 1969, "but neither did they—at least at the time—pay the slightest heed to my admonitions." That response did not deter him, though, from continuing to afflict the comfortable. Instead of concentrating his attention on the shortcomings of his foes, he chose to present riddles to his friends. In one of the essays in this chrestomathy he looks painstakingly at each of the scholarly explanations for the origins of the Southern Renaissance, and then dismisses each in turn. Perhaps, he suggests, those who seek a solution are doomed "like some modern Sisyphus" to keep trying again and again.

Woodward can well claim, especially given the distinction of his doctoral students at Yale and at Johns Hopkins, that he has "aided and abetted and egged . . . on" the revisionists of Reconstruction, but he still does not think that either he or they can answer the one big question: Why did Reconstruction fail? The revisionists corrected the old error that the story of Reconstruction was one of evil carpetbaggers and ignorant freedmen, but if

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the architects of Reconstruction were as skillful as the revisionists indicated, would one not, he inquires, anticipate success rather than failure? That question reminds him of the first historical conundrum he came upon, as a boy in Arkansas: "If Marse Robert was all that noble and intrepid, if Stonewall was all that indomitable and fast on his feet, if Jeb Stuart was all that gallant and dashing, and if God was on our side, then why the hell did we *lose* that war?"

MUCH OF WOODWARD'S work has stressed the theme of irony, and he has especially implored historians to be sensitive to the way that even great victories carry with them disappointments. Few scholars have been so deeply committed to the end of racial segregation. As a young man, he headed the defense committee for a black Communist facing a death sentence for fighting Jim Crow in Atlanta; he was a leader in the effort to integrate the Southern Historical Association in 1949; he provided material for the NAACP team preparing the brief for the landmark *Brown* case to integrate the schools; and not long ago he testified in behalf of extending the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Yet he notes the "poignant" irony that the civil-rights movement would have been "inconceivable without . . . all-black churches, colleges, and schools," and he asks how "teenage mothers with fatherless families in crime-infested and drug-plagued ghettos will fare bereft of such communal support and protection as the old black segregated communities were able to give." He further instructs historians: "All these grim and paradoxical sequels to a noble cause will have to be incorporated before our revision of its history is completed and its story brought up-to-date."

Woodward is especially impressive in showing how beguiling myths have distorted the thinking of critics of the American way as well as that of traditionalists. He is on familiar ground in saying that America got into difficulties in Vietnam because of adherence to the myth of invincibility. But, unlike others, he also sees the more rabid opponents of the war as captives of myth. "To restore lost innocence or stop the increment of intolerable guilt," they would forswear the use of force in any circumstances. Furthermore, he con-

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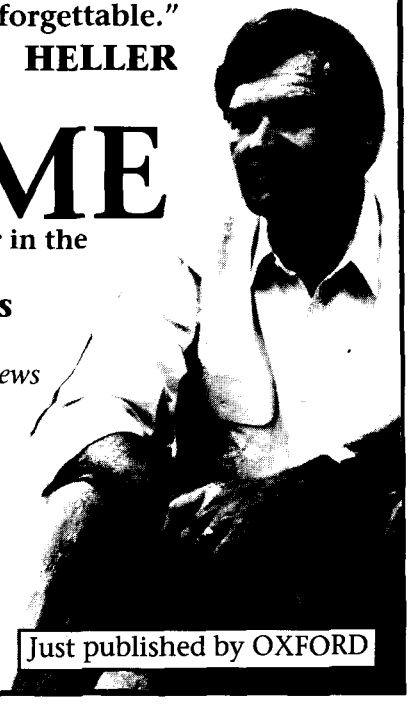

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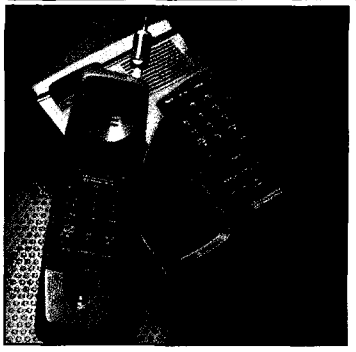

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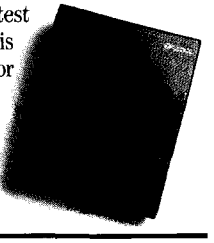

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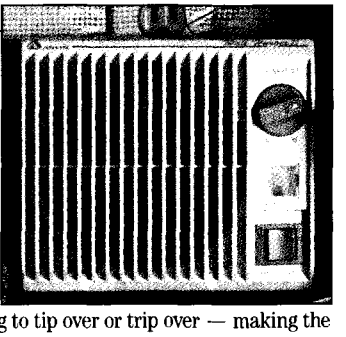

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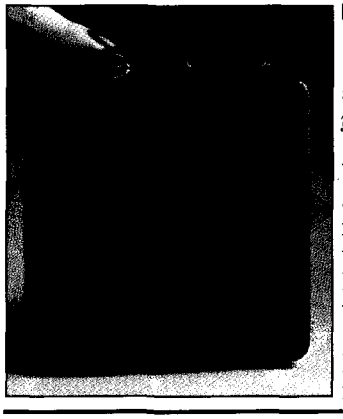

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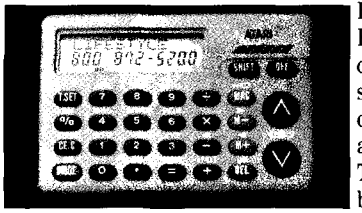

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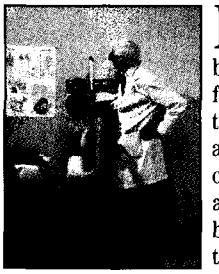

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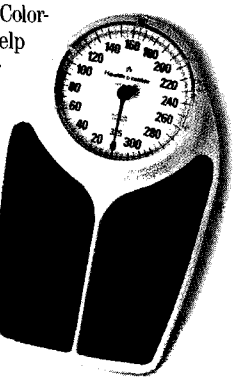

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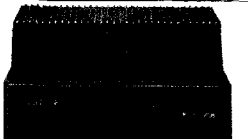
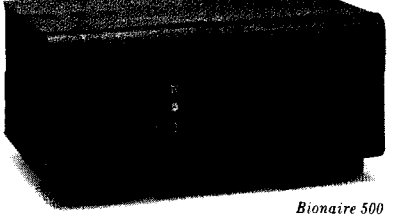


Bionaire 1000



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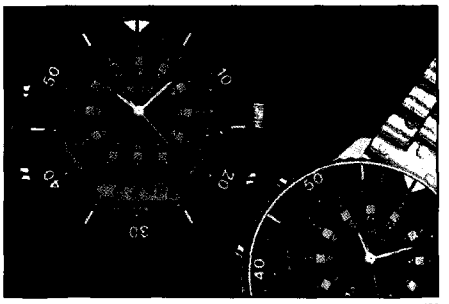
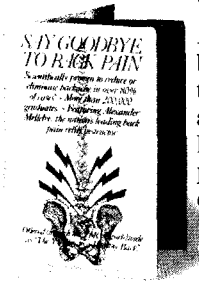
A WATCH FOR ALL REASONS



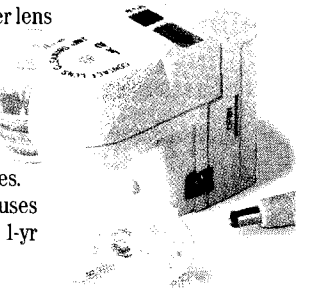
This handsome digital-analog chronometer will swim with you (to a depth of 150 feet), fly with you, calculate your speed, wake you in the morning, and tell you the day and date. A push of a button will convert the digital display to 24-hour timekeeping. All functions—digital and analog timekeeping, calendar, alarm, chronometer and tachymeter—are powered by a highly accurate electronic quartz movement. The analog hands and hour markers are luminous. The stopwatch times to 1/100th of a second, and the rotating bezel can be used for such practical matters as telling you when the parking meter will need another quarter. Adjustable fit. **$39.95**. Teflon-coated durable black-matte anodized stainless steel #1051; Stainless steel and gold-plated #1061.

GOODBYE BACK PAIN



More than 6.5 *million* Americans suffer from back pain daily...and more than 8 out of 10 will eventually suffer from it. Research has shown that 83% of back problems are caused by muscles that have become weak due to stress and lack of exercise. But that's actually good news, because it means that most back pain is preventable! The "Say Goodbye to Back Pain" video is derived from the YMCA's "Y's Way to a Healthy Back" program which is based on research by noted back care expert, Dr. Hans Kraus. This doctor-recommended program is used at YMCA's nationwide, and has helped hundreds of thousands of people where other methods have failed. *Scientifically proven* to reduce or *eliminate* back pain in more than 80% of cases. Consult your doctor before beginning this six-week program of easy, relaxing and amazingly effective exercises which will help restore the strength and flexibility of your back...no matter how long you've neglected it. 96 minutes. **$39.95** #2370.

TAKE YOUR CONTACTS FOR A SPIN



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A major scientific breakthrough — The Viralizer System — gives you relief from cold, sinus and allergy symptoms. It's the newest development of a concept pioneered at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. The cause of the common cold is the heat sensitive Rhinovirus family which lives and multiplies in the nose and throat. Viralizer delivers a gentle, controlled heat which penetrates the nose and throat and dispenses either of two mild, over-the-counter, medicated sprays. Vira-Spray I is an analgesic, anti-bacterial spray. Vira-Spray II is a decongestant that relieves nasal congestion due to colds, hay fever, sinusitis or allergies. The Viralizer can produce effective relief by using it for only a few minutes, several times a day. Clinical tests prove the Viralizer System 90% effective in treating symptoms of upper respiratory infection. Doctor-recommended, the Viralizer works in 24 hours or less without pills. Safe for children and adults. Comes with a 3-pack refill of Vira-Sprays. **$39.95** #1691.

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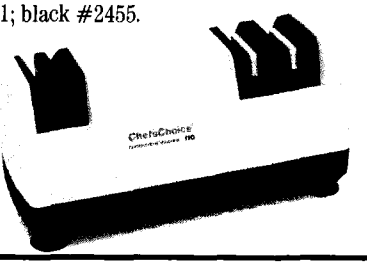
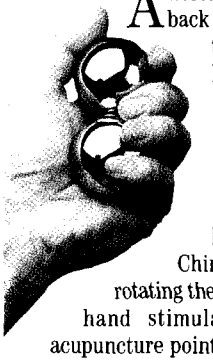


TO YOUR HEALTH



Ancient Mandarins dating back 800 years believed that these Chinese Exercise Balls induced well-being of the body and serenity of spirit. These treasured gifts were given to President Reagan and his wife while visiting the People's Republic of China. The Chinese say that rotating the balls in the palm of each hand stimulates the fingers and acupuncture points, and improves circulation of vital energy throughout the body. Sports enthusiasts, musicians, computer users and health-conscious people everywhere consider them great muscle conditioners. Arthritis sufferers feel a decided benefit from this gentle but challenging exercise. Very effective for relaxation and meditation, Chinese Exercise Balls emit a distantly mysterious chime as you turn them. Beautifully handcrafted, 45mm. hollow polished chrome balls are perfectly weighted and fit comfortably into the average man's or woman's hand. In exquisite silk brocade box. **$29.95** #1702.

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Answers to the October Puzzles

"WASTE RECYCLING"

Across. 1. CHART-REUSE 10. A-ROSE 11. OPT-I-MUM 12. S(PO)ILAGE 13. ETU-IS (*Ute* rev.) 14. HI(THERMOS)T 16. ACE(R)-B 17. S-TILLER 21. PIE-TIES 23. S(P)IRE 26. TOILE-TRIES (*Eliot* rev.) 28. ANGIE (anag.) 29. C(AR)A-MELS 31. TEASE-L-S 32. HEM-AN 33. BELA-BORING *Down.* 1. SHASTA (hidden) 2. FA-R(OUCH)E 3. R-OSIER 4. REAR (hidden periph.) 5. W-EIGHT 6. A-SPAR-TAME 7. P-I-STOLE 8. EMIT-S (rev.) 9. Q-UESTED (*Q* + anag.) 15. INFER-TILE 18. LOIS LANE (anag.) 19. DICTATE (anag.) 20. STY-LIST 22. CI(CAD)A 24. P(EEL)ER 25. EA-SING 27. (d)INNER 30. GARB (rev.)

Extra clue: Computer program is for waste recycling. Answer: SOFTWARE (anag.)

H	A	R	T	R	E	U	S	E	P	E	Q	
A	R	S	E	E	I	O	P	T	I	M	U	
S	O	I	L	A	G	E	A	E	T	I	S	
T	U	E	H	I	H	E	R	M	O	S	T	
A	C	R	B	N	T	S	T	I	L	L	E	
D	H	S	O	F	T	W	A	R	E	O	D	
I	E	T	I	E	S	C	M	S	P	I	E	
T	I	L	E	T	R	I	E	S	E	S	A	
A	N	I	E	I	C	A	A	M	E	L	S	
T	E	S	E	L	S	D	R	H	E	A	N	
E	R	T	B	E	L	A	B	O	R	N	G	

ACROSTIC NO. 51

"[Mozart]. . . had . . . plump hands. (Most great pianists have had plump hands with wide palms and a big stretch between thumb and forefinger. The romantic notion of a great pianist's hand being long, tapered, and beautiful seldom is borne out in actual life.)"

—(Harold C.) Schonberg, *(The Lives of) The Great Composers*

tends, those who fancy themselves to be liberated realists when they blame America for everything that goes wrong elsewhere in the world are actually only recapitulating the old illusion of "American omnipotence and moral responsibility" and the trait of "cosmic self-centeredness."

Woodward recognizes how "skewed" was the perspective of those who believed that "Americans were the darlings of divine destiny" and who harbored "the delusion that they could control history for their own ends." (Though history has thus far spared Americans the trials of Job, he says, "history may be presumed to have them still in store for us, and come they will in time.") But he rejects the trite notion, popular in the bicentennial year of 1976, that the United States can be thankful for the maturing influence of recent tribulations. "There is no assurance that the school of adversity teaches the right lessons," he asserts. "Nor does an adverse childhood assure any quicker or riper maturity than a happy one."

He agrees that events such as Watergate and the defeat in Vietnam have been sobering, but he denies that they should be seized upon as evidence that the country is experiencing the senescence of an aged republic. "To my mind they do not evoke, as they have for some, images of Diocletian and late Roman calamities," he comments. "Worse things have happened in recent times to regimes much younger than America's—for example those of India, China, or Russia—without setting off Spenglerian reflections."

WOODWARD ENGAGES his fellow historians and his other readers in these conversations about history in the most disarming manner. The essays of this tough-minded scholar are imbued with a generosity of spirit toward those with whom he takes issue and a charmingly self-deprecatory attitude toward his own importance. The president of every major historical association, a winner of the Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes, the author of any number of significant books since his study of the Georgia demagogue Tom Watson burst upon the world more than half a century ago, Woodward, as he has in his earlier works, expresses gratitude to

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his critics and proffers frank admissions such as "I know that I was not always as careful as I might have been" and "I bear heavy responsibility for the mischief."

Yet for all his genial comportment and engaging wit, Vann Woodward is a very serious man, for he believes strongly in the contribution that the historian can and should make to the humanistic enterprise of helping us understand ourselves and our times. "The historian," he concludes in the closing paragraph of his essay "The Future of the Past,"

> is peculiarly fitted . . . to serve as mediator between man's limitations and his aspirations, between his dreams of what ought to be and the limits of what, in the light of what has been, can be. There is no other branch of learning better qualified to mediate between man's daydream of the future and his nightmare of the past, or, for that matter, between his nightmare of the future and his daydream of the past. □

Brief Reviews

THE FUR HAT *by Vladimir Voinovich. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $17.95.* Mr. Voinovich's hero is one Yefim Rakhlin, an aging writer of harmlessly entertaining adventure novels. These works are popular with the Russian public, cause the censors no alarm, and win their author no respect in the official literary community. When the Writers Union decides to bestow fur hats on its members, the type of fur is determined by the literary prestige of the recipient. Theoretically determined, that is to say. A high-ranking union official of no accomplishment gets a reindeer-fawn hat (top-notch) while Yefim learns, to his horror, that he has been assigned fluffy tomcat (absolute nadir). His campaign to correct this outrage is grimly funny, spreading well beyond the literary mafia and enabling Mr. Voinovich to apply his satirical skill to other reprehensible areas of communist society, some of them quite recognizable kin to capitalist follies. In a way, this acidly disrespectful novel may already be outdated. Mr. Voinovich, exiled from Russia in 1980 and denied publication there, has recently been permitted to revisit his homeland, where *The Fur Hat* is also to be published.

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA *by Ian Gibson. Pantheon, $29.95.* Lorca (1898–1936) was homosexual. This is not the fact that normally stands first in the description of a man who was a good lecturer, an exceptional amateur musician, a brilliant and innovative poet, and an influential playwright-director, especially when that man made little public display of his sexual tastes and left no known documents on the subject. Lorca's discretion has, to some extent, backfired. His frustrated biographer, lacking any solid information about the poet's love affairs, has fallen prey to may-haves and might-haves and complaints about rumors that, as an honorable scholar, he cannot report. These speculations add nothing to Mr. Gibson's otherwise admirable account of Lorca's life or to his illuminating discussions of Lorca's work. Mr. Gibson has successfully evoked not only his subject's ambivalent character but also the landscape from which he came and the exuberant cultural explosion that took place in Spain and Latin America in the 1920s. The research underlying this biography is clearly enormous, culminating in a detailed, almost unreadably painful reconstruction of Lorca's murder by Fascist thugs in the early days of the Spanish Civil War. What exactly happened to Lorca has long been a mystery. Mr. Gibson deserves great credit for tracking down the facts.

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY *by Kazuo Ishiguro. Knopf, $18.95.* Unquestioning devotion to duty is hardly an unlikely theme for a Japanese novelist, but that Mr. Ishiguro should embody it in an English butler is a piquant surprise.

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust, pollen, animal fur... removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

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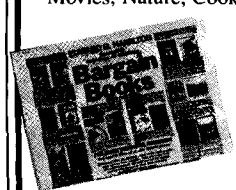

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Tim W. Clark

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At the Sierra Club, we believe that these little creatures need help. Our work to protect public lands from thoughtless development also helps preserve the habitat of the Black-Footed Ferret, giving them the breathing room they need to help their population continue to grow.

To learn more about our work protecting endangered species such as the Black-Footed Ferret or to take part in it through membership, please write us at: Sierra Club, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109. (415) 776-2211.

SIERRA CLUB

His narrator, the indispensable Stevens, describes his adventures and reflections during a trip through the West. Stevens is not addicted to the road, and his command of the car thrust upon him by his new American employer is less than expert. He has time to meditate on the value of his profession, on the nature of dignity, on the requirements of service, and on the events of his uneventful life. He is totally humorless and myopically preoccupied by his job. He should be dull. Mr. Ishiguro makes him immensely interesting by causing him to reveal to the reader what Stevens himself does not understand either about his own conduct or about the activities of the nobleman whom he served devotedly for most of his career. The author maintains this double-vision pattern without ever deviating from the overcareful style that he has created for Stevens, and the effect is funny and sad and ultimately disturbing, for questions of moral responsibility lurk behind the novel's highly polished surface.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE *by Bruce Chatwin. Viking, $19.95.* The collected stories and travel pieces of the late Bruce Chatwin range from short to long and from an interview with a tart-tongued couturiere to a collision with a very nasty African uprising. They are all fine reading, because all are based on Mr. Chatwin's lively interest in the world and all are written with his elegant economy of language. Who else would describe the façade of a building as "a reckless adventure in stucco"?

WITNESS TO THE YOUNG REPUBLIC *by Benjamin Brown French, edited by Donald B. Cole and John J. McDonough. University Press of New England, $39.95 ($45.00 after January 1).* French was a New Hampshire man whose enthusiasm for politics took him to Washington, where he held various government offices from 1833 to 1870. He was also part owner of a telegraph company, a devotee of family theatricals, a writer of rather bad verse, a do-it-yourself carpenter, and, in his native state, a lover of fishing picnics involving trout chowder and a jug in the brush. How he found time to keep a journal is a puzzle, but he did, and his editors have cut the eleven volumes to manageable size. The book is a wonderful piece of nineteenth-century Americana. French wrote well—in prose—and he was a shrewd observer of events, a sound judge of character, and a gossip. He met every President from John Quincy Adams, whom he admired while deploring the old dragon's vituperative speeches in the House, to Ulysses S. Grant, whom he liked personally while doubting his political abilities. He reported brawls and duels (congressmen in those days were a violent breed), traveling expenses, the battle of Bull Run, the misadventures of his cow, and the death of Abraham Lincoln—not with equal emphasis, to be sure, but as part of his world. He recorded his own opinions, too, and a major fascination of this fascinating book is its revelation of the process of thought through which the loyal young Democrat became, with many waverings and backslidings, the elderly Republican worshipper of President Lincoln.

WONDERFUL LIFE *by Stephen Jay Gould. Norton, $19.95.* "The Burgess Shale and the Nature of History" is the subtitle of Professor Gould's latest book, and despite the author's well-known ability to clarify scientific matters for the uninformed, abstruse terms clatter like hail on the head of the amateur reader. Fortunately, an inability to remember the difference between *Anomalocaris* and *Sidneyia* does not preclude a grasp of the author's total argument. The Burgess Shale is a rock formation containing the fossilized remains of a large number of marine creatures that no longer exist, and also the remains of some that do. The nonsurvivors appear to have been as well equipped to flourish as their contemporaries. Why did they not? Professor Gould's account of the studies, the misinterpretations, and the revisions of opinion arising from the Burgess Shale material is a detective story, an amusing illustration of paleontologists in action, and the basis of his own unorthodox and challenging view of evolution.

THE MIRROR MAKER *by Primo Levi. Schocken, $16.95.* The pieces in this collection, whether fanciful fiction or essays for newspaper publication, glitter with Mr. Levi's distinctive mixture of wit, sympathy, curiosity, and unpredictable subtlety of perception.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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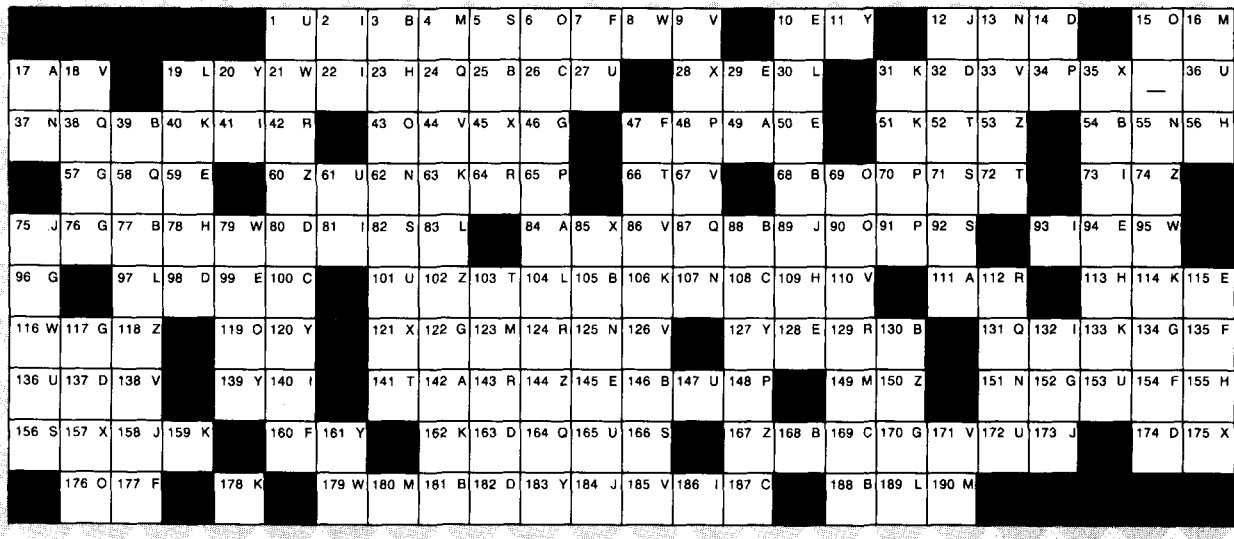
ACROSTIC NO. 52

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 51 appears on page 134.

A. Round of fire given as a salute — 17 49 142 84 111

B. Count Basie classic (3 wds.) — 168 68 130 146 105 88 181 77 39 / 188 25 54 3

C. Donnybrook — 169 108 26 187 100

D. Trellis for shrubs — 32 80 163 98 182 174 14 137

E. Winner of 1959 TV Patsy award (3 wds.) — 99 128 59 50 10 29 145 115 94

F. Lacking movement or vitality — 177 135 160 47 7 154

G. Project sponsored by De Witt Clinton (2 wds.) — 46 152 117 170 57 122 76 96 134

H. Sphairistike's modern descendant — 155 78 56 109 23 113

I. Male assistant (2 wds.) — 186 73 41 22 140 81 132 93 2

J. Sagacious; keen — 89 173 12 75 184 158

K. Hindu scriptures — 133 114 51 31 40 63 106 178 159 162

L. Director of *À Bout de Souffle* — 83 189 19 104 97 30

M. Rub elbows — 180 16 190 123 4 149

N. Two-handled storage jar — 55 107 151 13 125 62 37

O. With P., an E. A. Robinson poem (2 wds.) — 15 119 90 176 43 69 6

P. See O. — 91 48 65 70 34 148

Q. Mimosa family member — 58 24 164 38 87 131

R. Chinese art of combat (2 wds.) — 129 64 124 42 112 143

S. Paradisiacal — 92 71 166 82 156 5

T. Pop singer of "Love Is the Seventh Wave" — 72 103 66 52 141

U. Hero of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (2 wds.) — 153 36 27 1 61 165 101 136 147 172

V. Crux (hyph.) — 171 44 110 67 138 86 33 185 18 / 126 9

W. Storied septet — 95 179 79 116 21 8

X. Practitioner of self-denial — 28 157 121 35 175 85 45

Y. Understatement — 127 20 120 139 161 183 11

Z. Kind of goal in hockey (2 wds.) — 102 167 60 118 53 74 150 144

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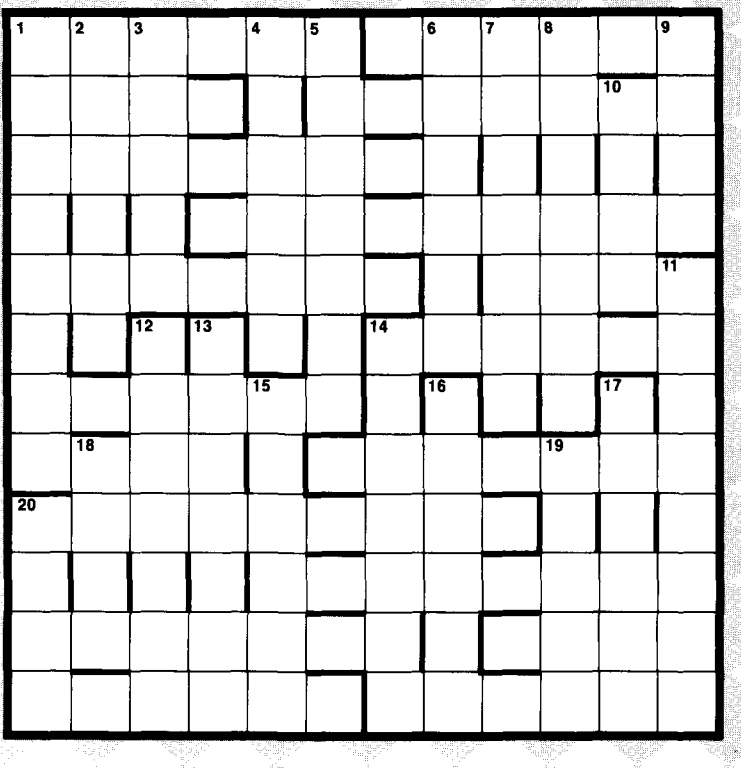
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CRYPTIC MENU

The listing below, which seems to present a dinner menu (with a number of cryptic recipes) actually comprises the 18 Across clues to this puzzle. The clues are strung together in no special order; solvers may locate the answers in the diagram with the help of the Downs, which are normal. Answers include one proper noun; the first Across answer clued in the menu is a two-word phrase.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 134.



ACROSS

Turkey Dinner
Choice piece wrapped in nutritious grain roll with a stuffing

Chicken-Seafood Supper
Meat-filled loaf done on a barbecue's top, with sole and shellfish

Heavenly Stewed Prunes
A large (nine-crate) mixture with fruit tops smothered in mace seasoning

Fish Sandwiches
uncooked, flipped with chicken article

Spanish Hero
Tart Spanish corn pieces and asparagus pieces go together with cooked eel & rat

Desserts
Gelled tripe from the East, brown outside, with mixed nuts, hand-shelled, placed around parsley or sage

Iced Treat
Fruit drinks containing cored pulp, stirred

Strudel
Flaky little piece with egg in it (top-grade)

DOWN

1. Singers brought up one drab bag (8)
2. What spies on cult use endlessly (6)
3. With one penny, English soprano gets towels (5)
4. Have faith headed by ancient god, once in a while (6)
5. Send car off with jumpers? (7)
6. Food serving overwhelms a sense of taste (6)
7. Grammatical forms in place atop Russian range (7)
8. Soldier invades nearby—that's reasonable (7)
9. Dry borders of seashore (4)
10. Music for nine lacking ultimate zip (4)
11. Twisted pretzels with salt (but no pepper) and drinks (8)
12. Crafty person gets a red stain out (7)
13. Central government supporter failed SAT—it's true (7)
14. Wearing tails, he tries again (7)
15. Flying jet, ace has stuff thrown out (6)
16. Join the heartless cat coming back (6) *(two words)*
17. Container for suds (about a thousand) (6)
18. State greeting between two oceans (4)
19. Support victory with a shout of praise for a woman (5)
20. Republican coming in used to be fighting (4)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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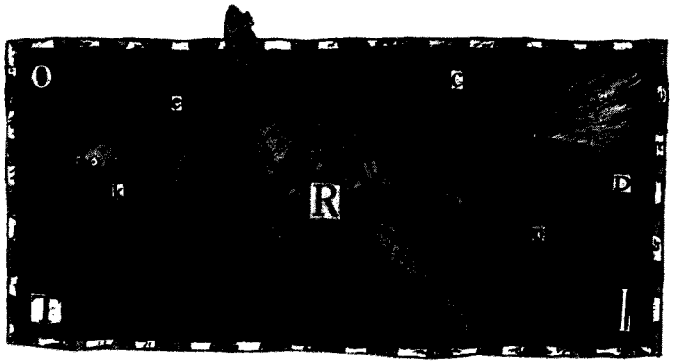
WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of The Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

cold turkey



Although some members of Congress had already concluded that the B-2 Stealth bomber was a turkey, Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, called last summer for a "*cold turkey*" freeze on funding for the half-billion-dollar bird to allow time for further debate on the issue. In other words, he wanted money for the Stealth program to be halted abruptly. To quit *cold turkey*, meaning to quit abruptly, appeared in the 1920s and probably developed from *to talk cold turkey*, meaning to speak bluntly or abruptly about something. The word *turkey* has long had a negative connotation, perhaps deriving from the tendency in this century to regard the *turkey* as stupid and ugly. Beginning in the 1920s an unsuccessful movie or play was a *turkey* ("The boys at the studio have lined up another *turkey* for us"—Groucho Marx, 1939), and a few decades later the sense had broadened to refer to a dull, inept person. The name itself is a misnomer. *Turkey* originally referred to the guinea fowl, native to Africa, which Turkish traders introduced to England in the sixteenth century. This association between bird and traders established the name. At about the same time, Spanish conquistadors introduced North American *turkeys* into Europe from southern Mexico, where they had been domesticated by the Aztec Indians. To the English, the North American bird, with its bald, wattled head, resembled a guinea fowl, so both birds were for a time called *turkeys*. When people learned to tell the two apart, *turkey* stuck with the American bird.

mumbo jumbo

Senator Joseph Biden's reaction to certain recent proposals by William Bennett, the federal drug czar, was less than encouraging. "We can't be sandbagged with *mumbo jumbo*," he told *The New York Times*. European adventurers of the eighteenth century were the first to speak of *mumbo jumbo*, which was supposedly a grotesque idol worshipped in darkest Africa. In 1738 Francis Moore reported, "At Night, I was visited by a Mumbo Jumbo, an Idol, which is among the Mundingoes a kind of cunning Mystery. . . . This is a Thing invented by the Men to keep their Wives in awe" (*Travels Into the Inland Parts of Africa*). *Nzambi* or *zumbi* means "god" or "fetish" in Kongo, a West African language, and is the origin of *zombie* (a voodoo deity, a walking dead person) and in West Indian English *jumby* (ghost, evil spirit). It may also be the origin of the *jumbo* in *mumbo jumbo*, the full expression being a rhyming combination (like *razzle-dazzle, fuddy-duddy, and teeny-weeny*). Moore's account, however, places *mumbo jumbo* among the Mandingo tribes of the Niger region, some distance from the Kongo source. According to an alternative explanation, it is a borrowing from the Mandingo *mama* (ancestor) + *dyumbo* (pompon-wearer). Regardless, a century later a *mumbo jumbo* was any object of foolish veneration, and by the 1890s the sense had been broadened to refer to obscure or meaningless talk or nonsense.

guy

Among the many linguistic innovations that George Bush has introduced to the presidency is the frequent use of the words *guy* and *guys*, meaning "fellow" and "fellows," even on formal occasions. Here is Bush, in his own words, inviting the former Prime Minister of Jordan onto the Truman Balcony of the White House: "You *guys* have to come out here and see something before you leave." If Bush were a President early in the last century, his use of *guy* in this context would have been a diplomatic faux pas. At that time a *guy* was a person of grotesque appearance, like the *guys*, or effigies of Guy Fawkes, that were paraded and burned in English streets every November 5, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes, of course, was a conspirator in that botched attempt to blow up the King and Parliament in 1605 to protest punitive laws against Catholics. The pejorative connotations of *guy* eventually faded, especially in America, where the name Guy Fawkes had little resonance. By the 1890s *guy* was a neutral if slangy way of referring to a male person. The name *Guy* is an old one, and may go back to the Slavic god Svanto-Vid, who was worshipped with frenzied dancing. When Christianity arrived on the Baltic scene, the pagan god became Sanctus Vitus, or Saint Vitus, whose name was later given to a nervous disorder (Saint Vitus's dance). *Vitus* then became *Guido* in Italian and *Guy* in French and English.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRIK DRESCHER

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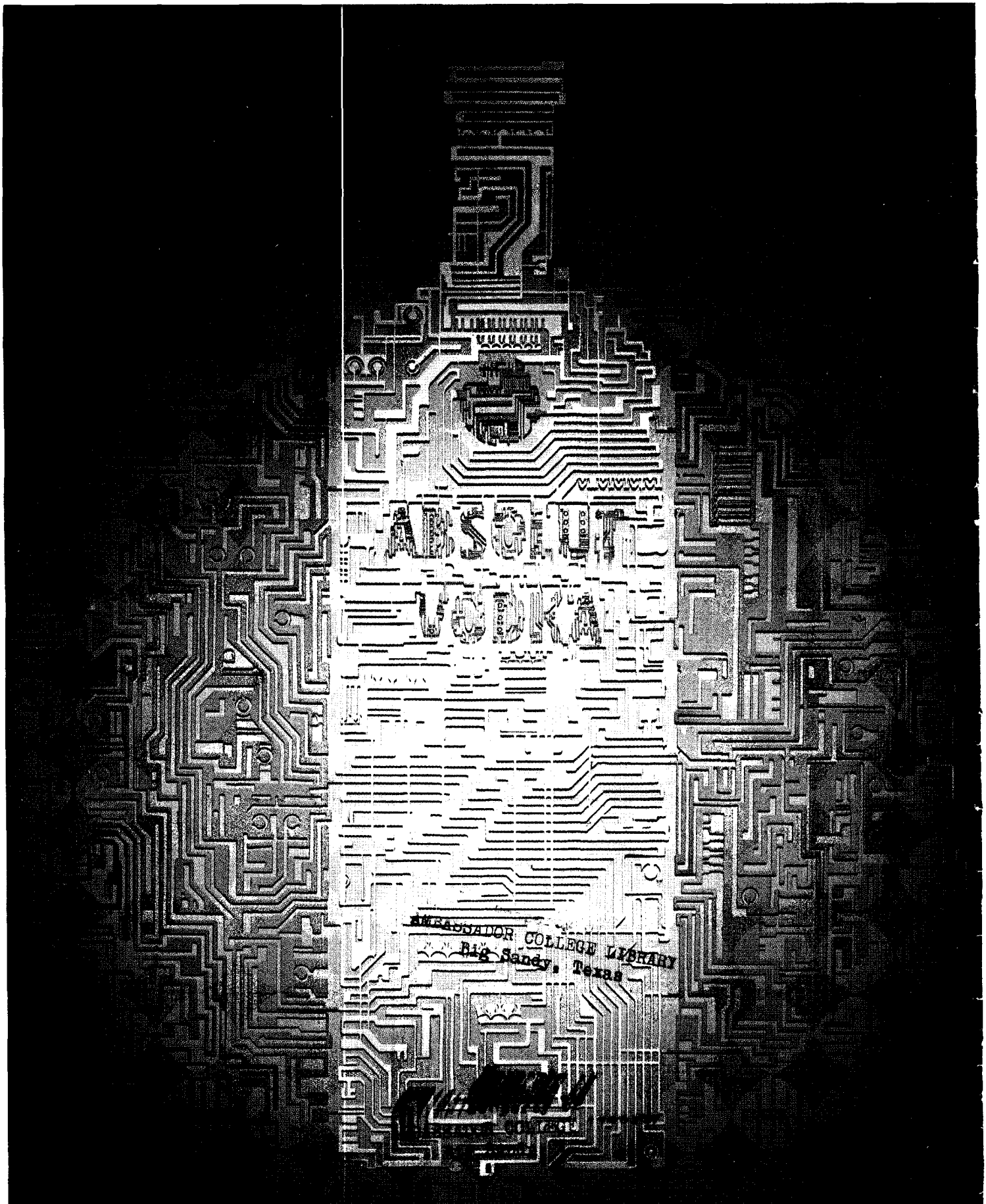

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